★ Dec. 2, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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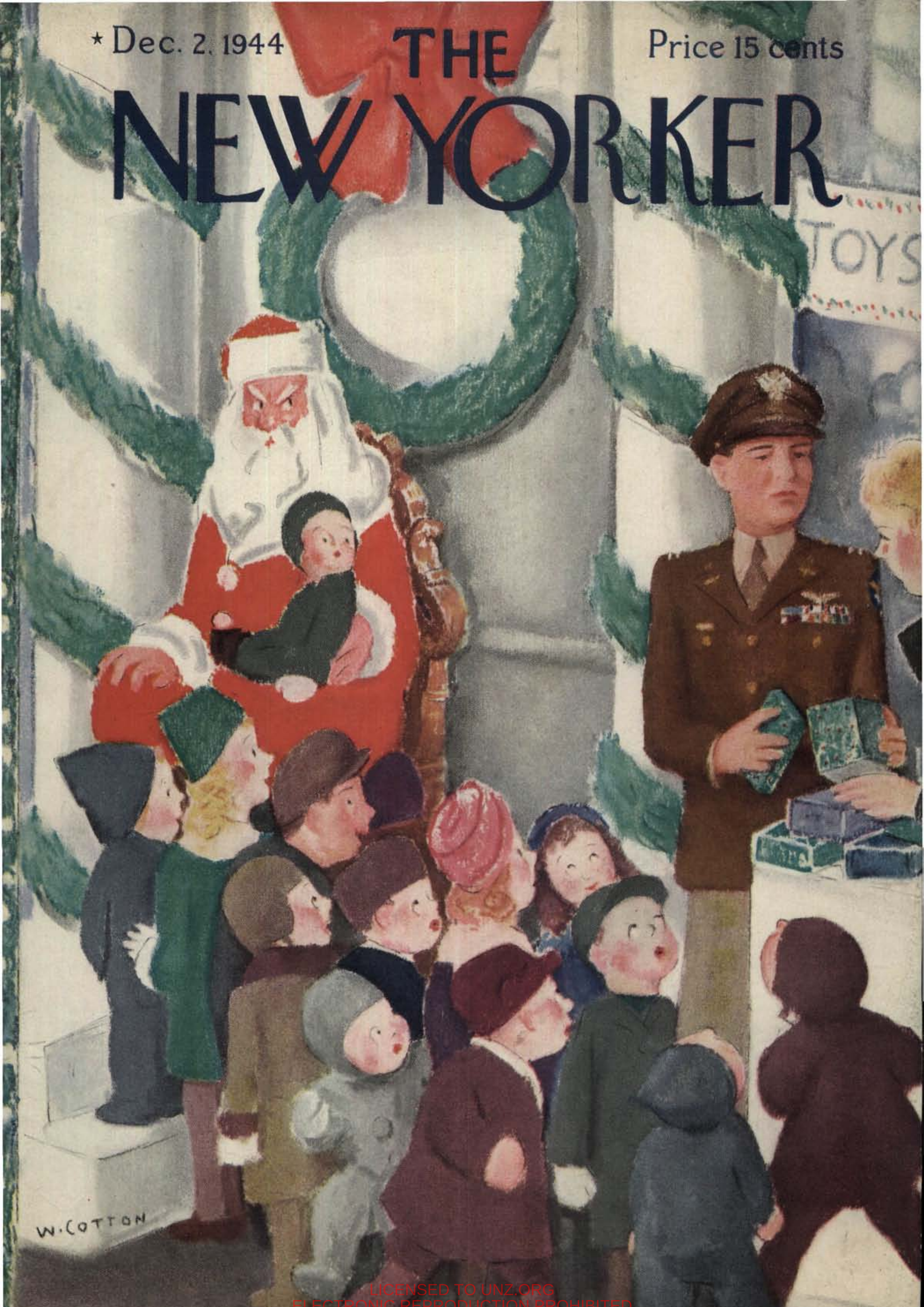
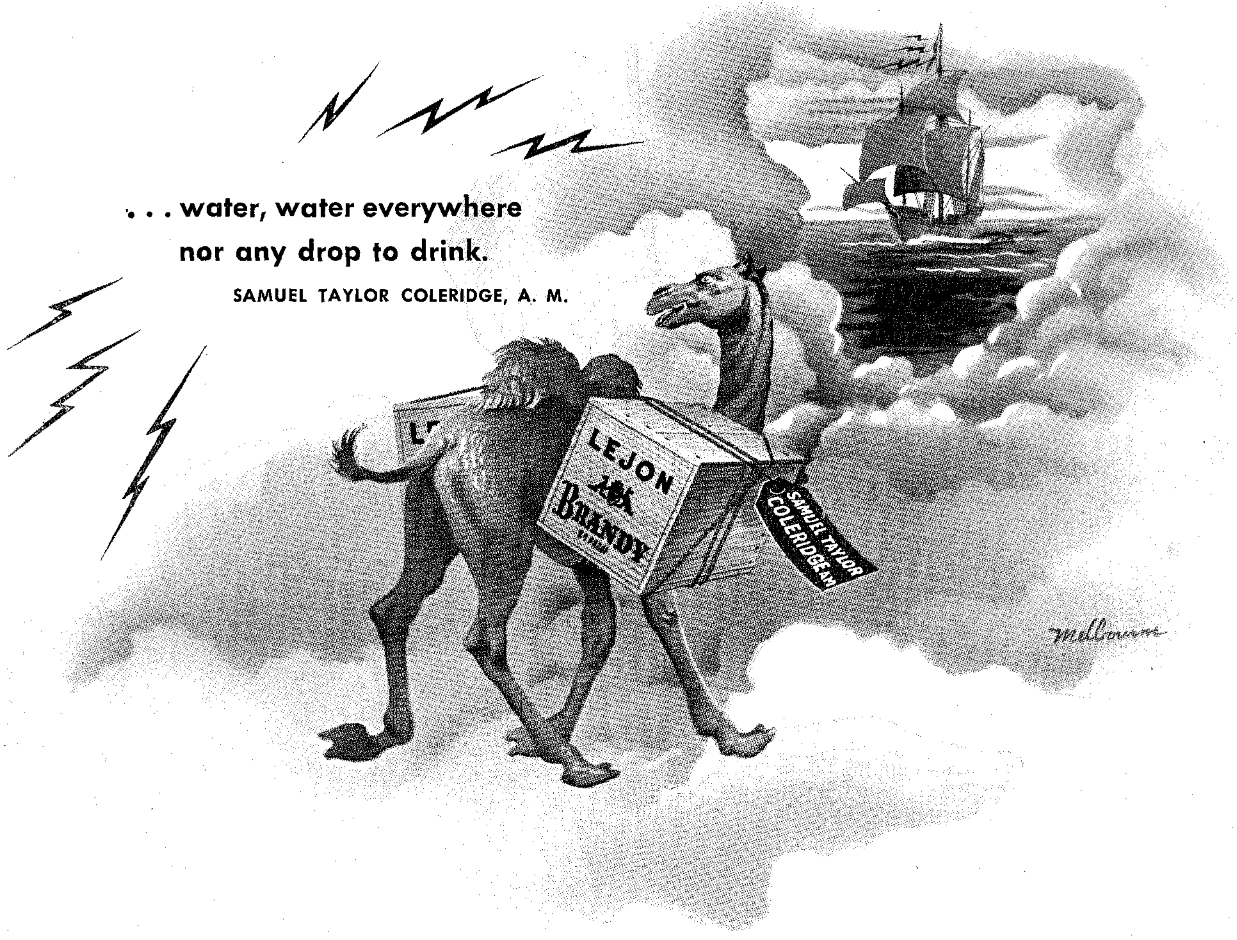

TOYS
W. COTTON

. . . water, water everywhere
nor any drop to drink.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, A. M.



S. T. Coleridge, A. M.: Your obscurely worded radiogram has been brought to us for decoding by the Medieval Radio Corporation. Possibly Ancient Mariners like yourself do not know that shipboard language is not easily translated by the lay public. We realized at once that you wanted something other than water. And in your extremity we believe that LEJON Brandy will be just what you wish. It is a magnificent liqueur brandy worthy of the finest palates and warmest traditions of marine hospitality • • • To the watery Sahara, speaking jocularly, in which you are voyaging, we are sending you an adequate tasting.

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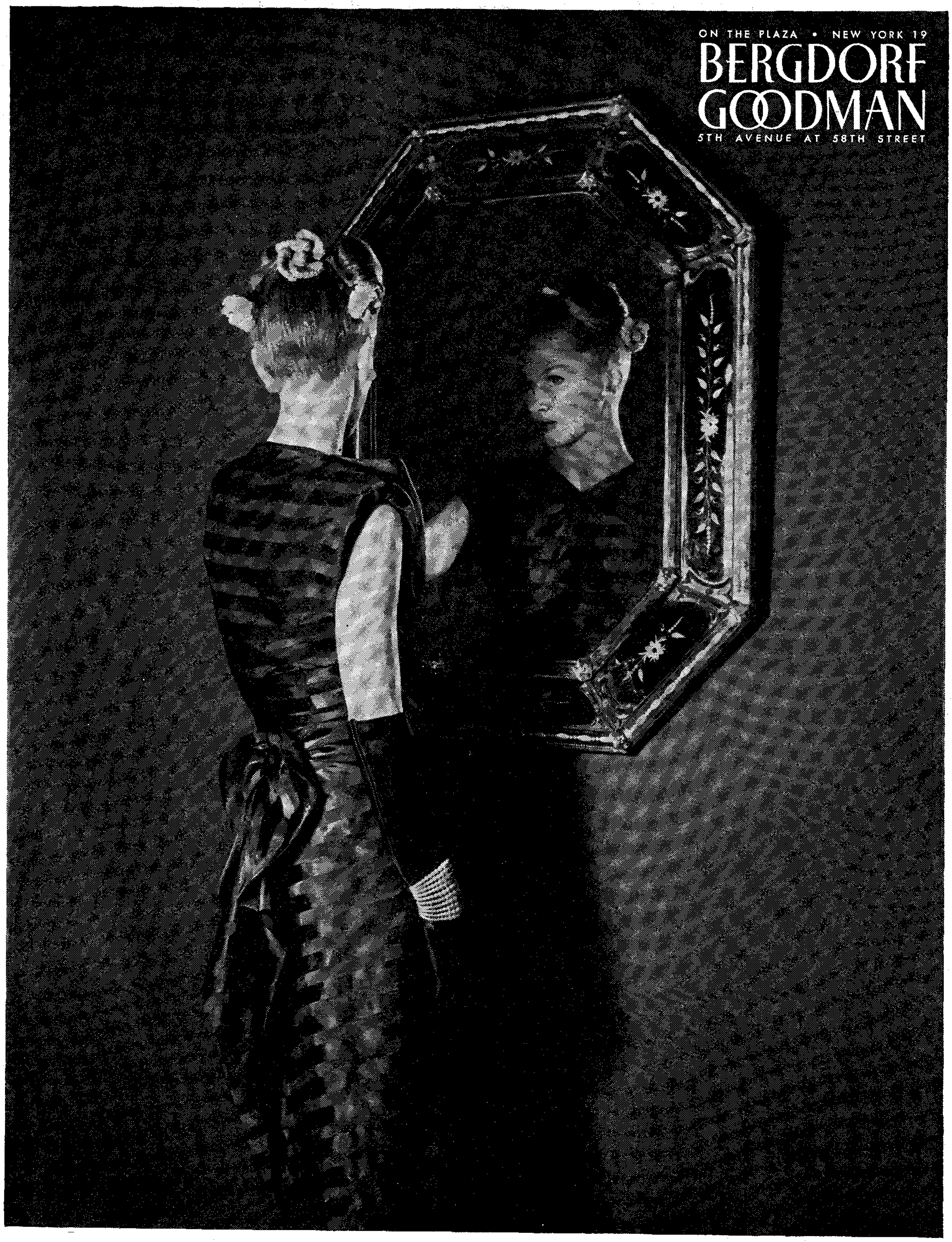
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30,
THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller, now rounding out its third year. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are prominent in the dirty work. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Anna Lucasta—Philip Yordan's impressive play about a Negro prostitute is certainly something you shouldn't miss. Hilda Simms and Canada Lee are in the cast and Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Catherine Was Great—Mae West as the author and star of a very strange piece of nonsense about the Empress of Russia. Miss West has abandoned Diamond Lil for what looks like a parody of Helen Hayes, and the whole performance is pretty unfortunate. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—An amiable play about a Tucson landlady and her impractical husband, with a cast headed by Lois Wilson and Sidney Blackmer. You might do much worse. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Embezzled Heaven—An adaptation of the Werfel novel, which comes out pretty badly in spite of Ethel Barrymore's majestic presence. The cast also includes Albert Basserman, Eduard Franz, and Sanford Meisner. Performances have been cancelled the last couple of weeks because of Miss Barrymore's illness, so better check. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Odd as it certainly sounds, this fantasy about a cheerful drunk and an invisible rabbit is a delight from beginning to end. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—The saga of a Norwegian family in San Francisco, brilliantly adapted by John van Druten from the Kathryn Forbes novel. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both magnificent. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

In Bed We Cry—Ilka Chase's novel about a lady (Ilka Chase) who is more successful with cosmetics than love has been made into a play and probably shouldn't have been. The author and star is abetted by Paul McGrath, Frederic Tozere, and Francis DeSales, among others. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—A rather frail piece about a couple of youngsters who pretend they're going to have a baby. Directed by George Abbott, with a fine cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Apley—This adaptation of the Marquand novel may have been broadened and simplified a little too much, but it is still a very fine show. Leo G. Carroll is more Bostonian than Lucius Beebe in the title rôle. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Janet Beecher, Percy Waram, and Margaret Dale. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is now in its sixth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., Dec. 3, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

The Perfect Marriage—Samson Raphaelson's study of a couple who suddenly discover that ten years is a long time to be married. Chiefly a dialogue between Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory, and not a very interesting one at that. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman combines an account of the history of Fascism with a triangular love story, and turns up with a play that may be a little difficult and disappointing to her admirers. Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Barbara O'Neil are in it. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Snafu—A play about the return of an adolescent hero that might have been a good deal better if some of its broader comedy effects had been left out. A personal triumph for a young actor called Billy Redfield, who is chiefly assisted by Elspeth Eric, Russell Hardie, Bethel Leslie, and Enid Markey. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken's comedy about a returning soldier and his wife, who has decided to publish a book of her letters to him. Some comic moments, but on the whole not a very stimulating evening. With Martha Scott and Myron McCormick. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Streets are Guarded—Nobody, including the author, seems quite clear about the symbolism in this drama of the war in the Pacific. With Phil Brown, George Matthews, and Jeanne Cagney. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—In Agatha Christie's book everybody got killed, but in this version there are two survivors. Not quite as good as the original but still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—This melodrama is mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. Playing opposite her, when he gets a chance, is Onslow Stevens. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A great big musical about a feminist uprising in the eighteen-sixties. The book and the music are nothing you'd be likely to remember, but Agnes de Mille's ballets are superb and the cast, headed by Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carmen Jones—A handsome and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a nice musical about nothing very much. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book, and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. The cast also includes George Givot and Paul Haakon. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue that comes to life, to the amazement of John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Rhapsody—Casanova and the Emperor of Austria sing some of Fritz Kreisler's music in this almost stupefying operetta. Patricia Bowman, Bertha Belmore, and Eddie Mayehoff are in the cast. (Century, 7 Ave. at 59. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Sadie Thompson—Howard Dietz, Rouben Mamoulian, and Vernon Duke have turned Mr. Maugham's little short story into a spectacle that is one of the things you ought to see. June Havoc and Lansing Hatfield represent rampant sex and clerical dirtywork, respectively. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Song of Norway—The life of Grieg as set to arrangements of some of his own music. Handsome and nice to listen to, but the book is moderately foolish. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Star Time—Lou Holtz in charge of a collection of vaudeville acts, including Benny Fields, the De Marcos, and Connee Boswell. A few bright spots but on the whole pretty routine and dull. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 3. Closes Sat., Dec. 9.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Hand in Glove—A play by Charles K. Freeman and Gerald Savory based on a novel by Mr. Savory, with Isobel Elsom and Aubrey Mather. Directed by James Whale and produced by Arthur Edison. Opens Mon., Dec. 4. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A Bell for Adano—Fredric March and Margo in Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel. Directed by H. C. Potter and produced by Leland Hayward. Opens Wed., Dec. 6. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Seven Lively Arts—Billy Rose's big show with Bea Lillie, Bert Lahr, Benny Goodman, Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin, and many others in it,

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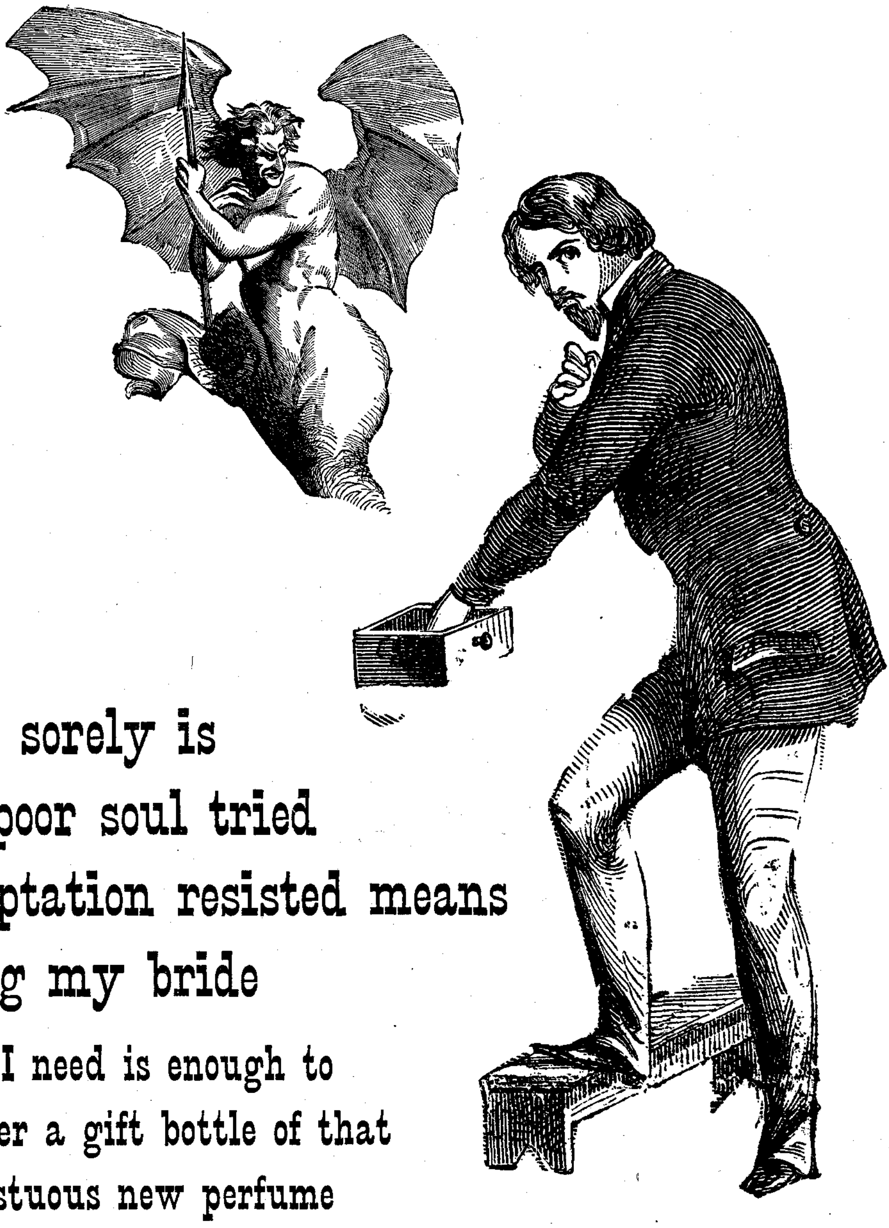
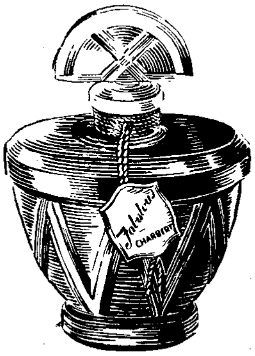
Bonwit Teller



How sorely is
my poor soul tried
Temptation resisted means
losing my bride
. . all I need is enough to
buy her a gift bottle of that
tempestuous new perfume



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and with such people as Igor Stravinsky, Cole Porter, Salvador Dali, Ben Hecht, Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Norman Bel Geddes involved in its production. Opens Thurs., Dec. 7. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Shows—"Ice Follies of 1945," produced by Ed Shipstad and Oscar Johnson. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800. Nightly, through Sun., Dec. 3, at 8:30. Mat. Sun., Dec. 3, at 2:30.) . . . "Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "The Gnomes' Christmas," Sat., Dec. 2 and 9, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

Ballet International—Tentative programs—"Les Sylphides," "The Mute Wife," "Prince Goudal's Festival," and "Bolero," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 30. . . . "Brahms Variations," "Constantia," and "Pictures at an Exhibition," Fri. Eve., Dec. 1. . . . "Les Sylphides," "The Mute Wife," "Prince Goudal's Festival," and "Bolero," Sat. Aft. and Eve., Dec. 2. . . . "Swan Lake," "Sebastian," and "Constantia," Sun. Aft. and Eve., Dec. 3. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Brahms Variations," and "Sebastian," Tues. Eve., Dec. 5. . . . "Bolero," "Pictures at an Exhibition," "Sentimental Colloquy," and "Memories," Wed. Eve., Dec. 6. . . . "Swan Lake," "Constantia," and "Sebastian," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 7. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Sentimental Colloquy," "The Mute Wife," and "Prince Goudal's Festival," Fri. Eve., Dec. 8. . . . "Constantia," "Brahms Variations," and "Sebastian," Sat. Aft. and Eve., Dec. 9. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, or other entertainment, or both. A few of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra playing polite dance music in the dignified old Trianon Room.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An elaborate ice show constructed around the pink and beautiful Joan Hyldoft. Enoch Light's orchestra for dancing.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, and Ed Hall's orchestra, and how could you do any better?

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—This timeless cavern has jazz piano by Mary Lou Williams and hot music by Phil Moore's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Night life in Flatbush. Joe E. Lewis, who supplies the humor for a rather incoherent show, will be replaced by Jane Froman on Thurs., Dec. 7. Enric Madriguera's orchestra will stay on. . . . The Copa Bar has Adrian Rollini's Trio to listen to and Choo Choo Johnson to look at.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Nightly previews of what the well-dressed Navy man (and his lady) will wear. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Raymon's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—At dinner, it's so quiet you could hear a fraise à la neige drop. Afterward, the cheerful dance music of Eddie Davis's and Murray Golden's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—All dressed up in the Monte Carlo idea of autumn colors (blue and banana). Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band play non-stop music.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Russell Swann, that suave magician, is in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre for dinner and supper. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is back at her song-and-prance act in the Persian Room, and there's also Bob Grant's orchestra, which is sweet but not cloying, and Mark Monte's ensemble, which is ditto. . . . For auld lang syne, tea dancing again every afternoon in the Palm Court Lounge.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Fred Miller's orchestra is in the Iridium Room, which also offers a small show. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is Tommy Dowd, a magician who is certain to make you laugh, and inconspicuous dance music.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The handsome Café Lounge presents lush dance music with a few too many vocal choruses. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A conveniently located day and night nursery. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Paul Draper displaying his winged footwork in the Wedgwood Room after the theatre, when Mischa Borr's band is also around. Leo Reisman's orchestra plays for dancing throughout the evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M..

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—At **le ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey, those bright if slightly disconnected comedians, capably supported by Day, Dawn, and Dusk and the Cedric Wallace Trio. . . . **blue angel,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): merry lampooning by George and Gene Bernard and merry (mostly) music by Maxine Sullivan, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Pearl Bailey. . . . **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): peaceful and informal, with Ted Hunter's piano music thrown in.

Miscellaneous—At **le coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): small and elegant; Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. . . . **armando's,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): small and casual; George Morris's orchestra after 11 P.M. . . . **zanzibar,** B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): beginning Mon., Dec. 4, one of those large Zanzibar shows, fortunately embellished by Bill Robinson and Louis Armstrong's band. . . . **versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dwight Fiske singing (if that's the word for it) at the supper hour and Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band playing for dancing throughout the evening. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Russian food that is wonderful; Russian entertainment that is—well—Russian entertainment; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **commodore,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra, to be replaced by Hal McIntyre's on Thurs., Dec. 7. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Lee Castle's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): fairly Spanish, with a show and, as you might expect, a rumba band.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **nick's,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): classic welkin ringing by Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, Muggsy Spanier, and their compatriots. . . . **pied piper,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): Max Kaminsky's band, with Wilbur de Paris; Willie the Lion Smith at the piano; dancing. . . . **onyx,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): grade-A jazz by Hot Lips Page, Stuff Smith's trio, and Barney Bigard's quintet. . . . **three deuces,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Wingy Mannone and his band back in town again. . . . **hickory house,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's clarinet and Adele Girard's harp providing the high (and hot) spots of the band behind the bar. . . . **downbeat,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' band, which is all you need to know. . . . **jimmy ryan's,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes and his piano heading a lively trio; dancing. . . . **village vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): just an old hole in the ground, but there's the Leonard Ware Trio; dancing.

BUY WAR BONDS
BUY WAR BONDS

ART

Abstract and Surrealist—Paintings by Americans: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Revington Arthur—An artist who dramatizes his American scene: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—European paintings of the Renaissance and nineteenth and twentieth centuries, from the permanent collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 1.

Alexander Calder—Mobiles and stabiles in bronze and plaster: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 23.

Marc Chagall—Recent paintings and gouaches: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

José de Creeft—Recent sculpture: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 16.

Drawings—At the **durlacher,** 11 E. 57: the annual exhibition of work by masters of the sixteenth through the nineteenth centuries. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2. . . . **schaeffer,** 61 E. 57: masters of the thirteenth through the nineteenth centuries. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 16.

Jimmy Ernst—Abstractions with a Matta-like glitter: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Daily 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

Europeans—At the **67 gallery,** 67 E. 57: twenty moderns, including Utrillo, Chirico, and Lipchitz. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2. . . . **rosenberg,** 16 E. 57: paintings, mostly from the 1930's, by Braque, Picasso, and Matisse. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

Ernest Fiene—New paintings: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

André Girard—Paintings of flowers and a series on the Fourteen Stations of the Cross: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Esther Goetz—Oils, water colors, and drawings of the city: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

Groups—At the **clay club,** 4 W. 8: new work by twenty-four sculptors, among whom are Hugo Robus, Chaim Gross, and José de Creeft. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 15. . . . **mortimer levitt,** 16 W. 57: paintings by Adolfo Saporetti, Oronzo Gasparo, Marjorie Bishop, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2. . . . **new art circle,** 41 E. 57: work by Kandinsky, Klee, Mondrian, and other Europeans and Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

David Hare—Plaster, trickily used as a medium for Surrealist sculpture: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

Herbert Haseltine—Horses, poodles, and some other animals, mostly in bronze: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

Morris Hirshfield—New work by the Brooklyn primitive: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 8.

Gerrit Hondius—Warm, Expressionist paintings of New England and the circus: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

Dong Kingman—Water colors by the California-born Chinese: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

Maxim Kopf—Portraits and Tahitian and Vermont landscapes: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

Walter Kuhn—More clowns, some still lifes, and landscapes: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

De Hirsh Margules—Landscapes, flowers, and still-lifes which have the mark of abstract training: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

John Marin—New oils and water colors: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 10.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—A hundred and fifty paintings of the American scene, from the recent competition sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company and Artists for Victory. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., Dec. 3.

Modigliani and Pascin—At the **kleeman,** 65 E. 57: oils and drawings. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2. . . . **american british art center,** 44 W. 56: a loan show of drawings and paintings by Modigliani. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Retrospective shows of work by Lyonel Feininger and Marsden

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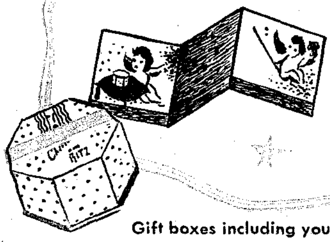

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hartley. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 14.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of paintings by Hilla Rebay, Harry Bertoia, Emil Bisttran, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 15.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—A good-will exhibition, sent here from Great Britain, of painting, sculpture, and black-and-whites by contemporary artists; sponsored by Artists for Victory; also, the annual show by the Society of American Etchers. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Mon., Dec. 4.

Frank Neal—Negro life, lightly treated in drawings and gouache; also, drawings by O'Connor Barrett: International Print Society, 38 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

Newark Museum, 49 Washington Pk. W., Newark—Paintings and sculpture from the Museum's collection of American art, with special emphasis on contemporary work. Tues. through Sat., 12 noon to 5:30 P.M. (also Wed. and Thurs. Eves., 7 to 9:30); Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

Nineteenth-Century American—Landscapes and genre paintings by Trumbull, Bingham, Sargent, and several others: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

Hobson Pittman—Paintings and pastels of a romanticized South: Milch, 108 W. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

Maurice Prendergast—Paintings and water colors of France: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

Ben Shahn—Paintings in tempera: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 2.

Albert Urban—Semi-abstract oils and gouaches: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—The annual show of contemporary American painting. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 27.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Nov. 30, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 1, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Dec. 2, at 8:45 P.M.; Sun., Dec. 3, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., Dec. 7, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 8, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Dec. 9, at 8:45 P.M. (Highlights: John Brownlee, baritone; and the Westminster Choir, Nov. 30-Dec. 3; Isaac Stern, violin, Dec. 7-8; Eugene Istomin, piano, Dec. 9.)

New York City Symphony—Leopold Stokowski conducting; soloist, Henrietta Schumann, piano. Mon., Dec. 4, at 8:30 P.M., and Tues., Dec. 5, at 6 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Hans Kindler conducting; soloists: Helen Traubel, soprano; and Egon Petri, piano. A benefit for the Hendrik Willem van Loon Scholarship Fund. Tues., Dec. 5, at 8:30 P.M. (Metropolitan Opera House. For tickets, call CI 6-5165.)

Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra—Fabien Sevitzky conducting. Wed., Dec. 6, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

New York Little Symphony—Joseph Baroné conducting. Fri., Dec. 1, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

Jazz Concert—Eddie Condon, the guitarist, in charge of a group of hot musicians, including such people as Jess Stacy, piano; Max Kaminsky, cornet; Hot Lips Page, trumpet; Bob Haggart, bass; and Cozy Cole, drums. Sat., Dec. 2, at 5:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Metropolitan Opera—"Aïda," Thurs., Nov. 30, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "La Bohème," Fri., Dec. 1, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Die Walküre," Sat., Dec. 2, at 2 P.M. . . . "La Traviata," Sat., Dec. 2, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Tristan und Isolde," Mon., Dec. 4, at 7:45 P.M. . . . "Il Trovatore," Wed., Dec. 6, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "Carmen," Thurs., Dec. 7, at 8 P.M. . . . "Götterdämmerung," Fri., Dec. 8, at 7:30 P.M. . . . "Don Giovanni," Sat., Dec. 9, at 2 P.M. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat., Dec. 9, at 8 P.M. . . . Among the singers on the Sunday-night concert, Dec. 3, at 8:30, will be Licia Albanese, soprano; Norman Cordon, bass; and Mack Harrell, baritone. (PE 6-1210.)

New York City Center Opera—"The Gypsy Baron." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:15.)

Simon Barere—Piano. Fri., Dec. 1, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Adolf Busch Chamber Music Players—The second of two programs of Bach's Brandenburg Concerti. Fri., Dec. 1, at 8:45 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Carroll Glenn—Violin. Sat., Dec. 2, at 2:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Elisabeth Schumann—Soprano. Sat., Dec. 2, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9.

Rose Dirman and Vladimir Dukelsky—Soprano and piano; a program of unfamiliar music. Sun., Dec. 3, at 3 P.M. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44 LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

Jan Smeterlin—Piano; the last of a series of Chopin recitals. Sun., Dec. 3, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

New Friends of Music—The Lener String Quartet and Rosalyn Tureck, piano. Sun., Dec. 3, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Samuel Dushkin—Violin. Sun., Dec. 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Julius Katchen—Piano. Sun., Dec. 3, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Alton Jones—Piano. Mon., Dec. 4, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Robert Kitain—Violin. Tues., Dec. 5, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Mildred Waldman—Piano. Tues., Dec. 5, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

French Chamber Music—Martial Singher, baritone; René Le Roy, flute; Marcel Grandjany, harp; Augustin Duques, clarinet; and the Guilet String Quartet. Thurs., Dec. 7, at 9 P.M. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. For tickets, call PL 3-4571.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano. Fri., Dec. 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Marcel Hubert—Cello. Fri., Dec. 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

Basketball—Madison Square Garden—City College vs. Detroit, and N.Y.U. vs. Rochester, Wed., Dec. 6; Brooklyn vs. West Michigan, and L.I.U. vs. Valparaiso, Sat., Dec. 9; at 8:15 P.M.

Billiard Tournament—Willie Hoppe and others in the world championship three-cushion tournament: Hotel Capitol, Sun., Dec. 3, at 8 P.M.; and Mon. through Sat., Dec. 4-9, at 2, 4, 8, and 10 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Tami Mauriello vs. Lee Oma, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Dec. 8. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10 P.M.)

Football—Professional game: Giants vs. Washington, Polo Grounds, Sun., Dec. 3, at 2:30 P.M.

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs., Dec. 7, at 8:30 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: daily life in a Japanese-American Relocation Center, shown in a series of photographs by Ansel Adams. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Sun., Dec. 3. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R. C. A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Autograph manuscripts of American authors, including Poe's "Annabel Lee," Twain's "Life on the Mississippi," and preliminary drafts of Whitman's "Ode to Washington." Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

Planetarium—"The Christmas Star" is the title of the December lecture and demonstration at the Hayden Planetarium, Central Pk. W. at 81. Mon. through Fri. at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Sat. at 11 A.M. and 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; Sun. at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.

Note—The Post Office Department urges that all Christmas gifts be mailed by Fri., Dec. 1.

ON THE AIR

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Dec. 3, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . New York City Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting: Mon., Dec. 4, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC; and Tues., Dec. 5, at 6:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Dec. 2 and 9, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Dec. 2 and 9, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Dec. 3, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., Dec. 3, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Jazz concert, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Dec. 2, at 1 P.M., WJZ. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Die Walküre," Sat., Dec. 2; "Don Giovanni," Sat., Dec. 9; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . New York City Center Opera: "The Gypsy Baron," Sun., Dec. 3, at 8:15 P.M., WNYC. . . . Budapest Quartet, Sun., Dec. 3, at 3 P.M., WNYC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Dec. 3, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . Jascha Heifetz, violin, Mon., Dec. 4, at 9 P.M., WEAF.

Sports—Football: Army vs. Navy, Sat., Dec. 2, at 1:45 P.M., WABC.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon., Tues., and Wed. at 10:15 P.M., WOR. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer (from Paris), Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Leland Stowe (from Europe), Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Sumner Welles, Wed. at 10 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

Arsenic and Old Lace—Pretty funny, as might be expected. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and John Alexander, of the stage cast, are teamed with such newcomers as Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; through Fri., Dec. 1. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sun., Dec. 3. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; through Mon., Dec. 4. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 1-4. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 2-4. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., Dec. 4-6. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 6-8.)

Dangerous Journey—Good familiar travelogue stuff of antebellum vintage, featuring a Burma priestess's three-round bout with a cobra. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Nov. 30. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; and Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 5-6. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Fri., Dec. 5-8.)

Dark Waters—Fairly good psychological horror picture of the Louisiana bayou country, which subsides at the end into routine melodramatics. Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone, and Thomas Mitchell. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., Dec. 8.)

Double Indemnity—James Cain's melodrama of murder for insurance, not too much softened in the filming. With Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Dec. 4. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; and Loew's 83rd, B'way at 83; through Wed., Dec. 6.)

Dragon Seed—China's war of attrition, elaborately mounted and stirringly played, with Katharine Hepburn, Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, and Akim Tamiroff. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., Nov. 30. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., Dec. 3-5.)

The Impatient Years—Slim but funny story of the reunion of a soldier and his bride. Jean Arthur, Lee Bowman, and Charles Coburn do the picture no harm at all. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Thurs., Nov. 30. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., Dec. 2. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Mon. through Wed., Dec. 4-6.)

None But the Lonely Heart—There is fine acting, good photography, and a few good scenes in this murky rendition of the Richard Llewellyn novel. Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Thurs., Dec. 7.)

The Pearl of Death—Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce as Sherlock Holmes and Watson encounter a Karloffian killer unknown to Conan Doyle. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Mon. through Wed., Dec. 4-6.)

The Rainbow—A Russian film, with English titles, about German tyranny in a village in the Ukraine. Well and restrainedly done. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41.)

The Seventh Cross—Popular novel of anti-Nazi activities and escapes with several Hollywood improvements. Spencer Tracy, Hume Cronyn, and others. (State, B'way at 45; through Wed., Dec. 6.)

Since You Went Away—Selznick epic of a wartime

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home, with many sobs and no surprises and a good, game cast that includes Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Shirley Temple, and Joseph Cotten. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Wed., Dec. 6. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Wed., Dec. 2-6. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; starting Tues., Dec. 5.)

The Story of Dr. Wassell—The heroism in Java of a Navy doctor of whom you may have heard. There's a lot that's phony about the picture, but the factual parts are still impressive. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Signe Hasso. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. through Tues., Dec. 3-5. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 5-6. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 6-8.)

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo—This picture of Doolittle's bombing raid is too long, but the thirty seconds are finely done and all too short. Spencer Tracy, Van Johnson, and others. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

Thunder Rock—The British offer a sharp improvement on a fantasy that failed on the stage here. With Michael Redgrave. (World, 153 W. 49; tentative, through Thurs., Dec. 7.)

To Have and Have Not—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. This melodrama has Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Walter Brennan, and faint roots in the novel by Hemingway. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Wilson—The League of Nations and its sponsor co-starred in a big, gaudy show that will entertain many and offend very few. Alexander Knox as Wilson, supported by almost everybody. In Technicolor. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Mon., Dec. 4. . . . Victoria, B'way at 46; through Wed., Dec. 6.)

Note—"V-1, the Robot Bomb," a short, workmanlike documentary film put out by the British, is being shown at the following theatres—77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Dec. 6. . . . Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; starting Fri., Dec. 8.)

REVIVALS

Abe Lincoln in Illinois (1940)—Raymond Massey and Ruth Gordon in the Robert E. Sherwood Pulitzer Prize play. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Mon. and Tues., Dec. 4-5.)

Alice Adams (1935)—The Booth Tarkington novel, with Katharine Hepburn and Fred MacMurray. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Dec. 1.)

All That Money Can Buy (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 1-4.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Comedy, music, and dancing, with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Nov. 30.)

Desire (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Sat. through Fri., Dec. 2-8.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Dec. 1.)

In Old Chicago (1938)—Mrs. O'Leary and her cow, as well as Alice Faye and Tyrone Power. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 2-4.)

Kitty Foyle (1941)—Ginger Rogers as Christopher Morley's white-collar girl. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 5-7.)

Pot o' Gold (1941)—Paulette Goddard and James Stewart in a comedy now called "Jimmy Steps Out." (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Dec. 1-2.)

Roberta (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Tues. through Fri., Dec. 5-8.)

The Sullivans (1944)—The five brothers who were killed in the Pacific. With Anne Baxter, Thomas Mitchell, and Selena Royle. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 3-4.)

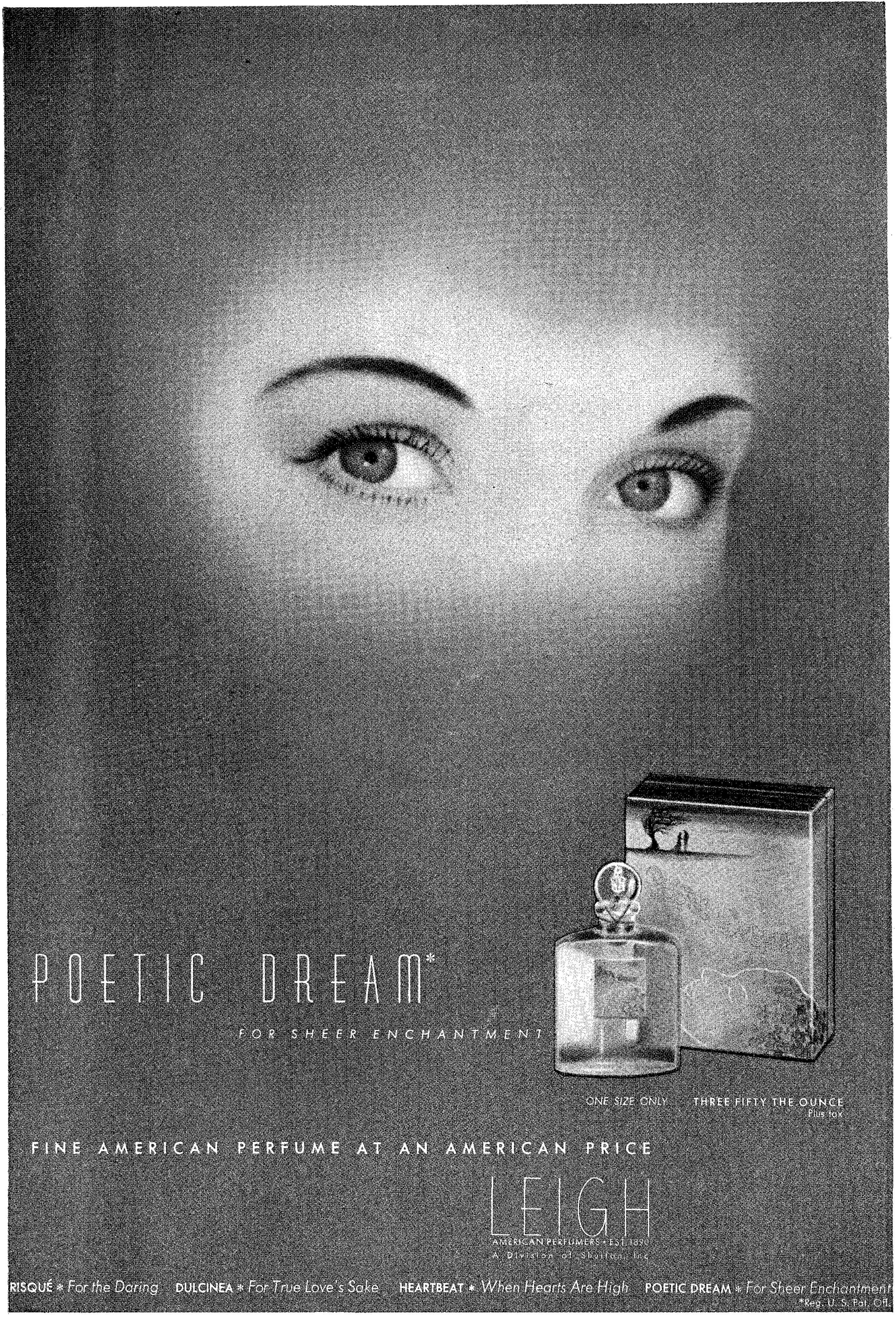
Suspicion (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Nov. 30.)

They Knew What They Wanted (1940)—The Sidney Howard drama of life on a California grape ranch. Carole Lombard and Charles Laughton. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., Nov. 30.)

Topper (1937)—Thorne Smith's novel. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 5-6.)

True Confession (1937)—Farcical murder trial. Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray. (Alden, B'way at 67; through Sat., Dec. 2.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30 and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule—THROUGH SUN., DEC. 3: "Love Finds Andy Hardy" (1938), with Mickey Rooney



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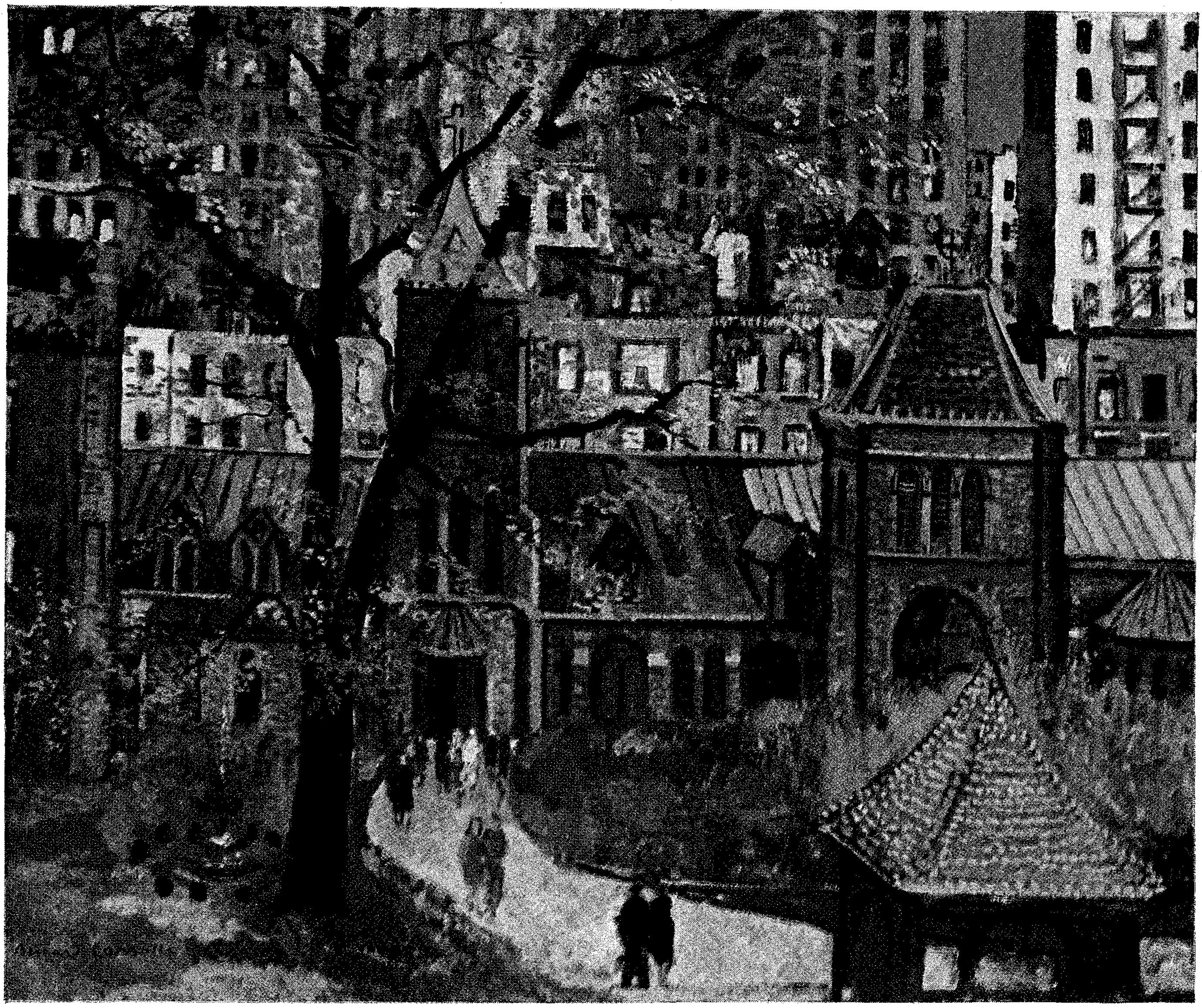

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and Lewis Stone. . . . FROM MON., DEC. 4: "Destry Rides Again" (1939), with Marlene Dietrich and James Stewart.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

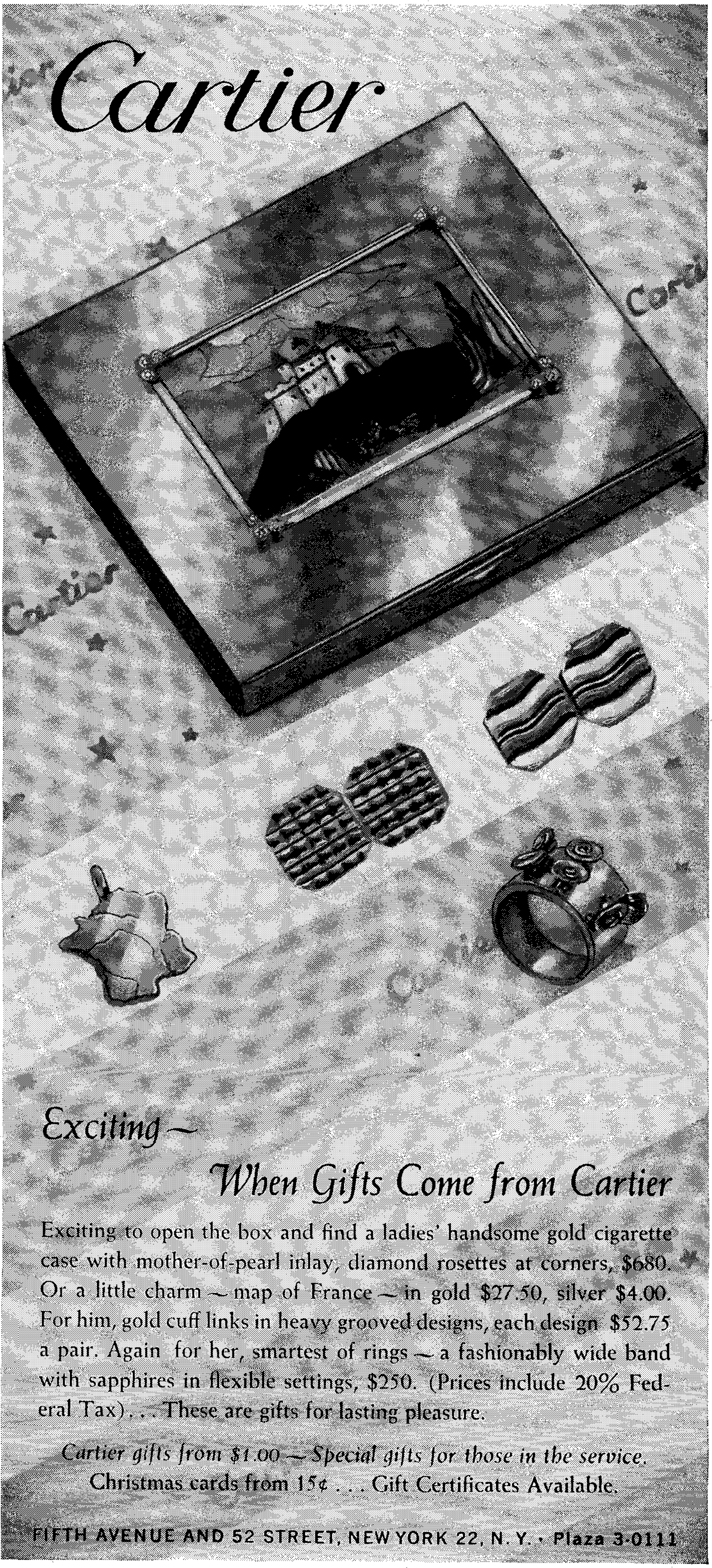
Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): men and women to take an eight-hour course and then work three hours, twice a week, assisting psychological examiners in various vocational guidance agencies; men and women to put in at least one afternoon or evening a week as group leaders in recreation centers for school-age children. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a short course and then work at least two half days a week in the Red Cross Canteen Service; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. (For nurses' aide work, apply at 401 5 Ave., at 37.) . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487): women to work at least five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): men to work about six hours a week, day or evening, as orderlies in hospital wards; women to serve at least six daytime hours a week as dietary, clinic, ward, or surgical-supply aides.

Sixth War Loan Drive—The War Bond campaign is on, and the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487), and the C.D.V.O., 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300), are recruiting volunteers who can work daytimes or evenings, once or twice a week canvassing, working in Bond booths, or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

Salvage—Wastepaper, which is vitally needed, and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for furniture, small games, radios, records, and pool and tennis tables. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 2 Park, at 33 (MU 5-1976); and the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487). The last two have also appealed for pocket-size books, hard candy, cigarettes, toilet articles, and other items for Christmas kits for service men in this country. . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Books, magazines, and puzzles are needed for service men in American hospitals; contributions should be sent to the Manhattan C.D.V.O., 155 E. 44 (MU 2-7370). . . . The Greek War Relief Association (CI 5-9100) is collecting practical clothing, in good condition, to send to Greece. Contributions should be sent to the organization's warehouse, at 420 E. 54.



Cartier

Exciting—

When Gifts Come from Cartier

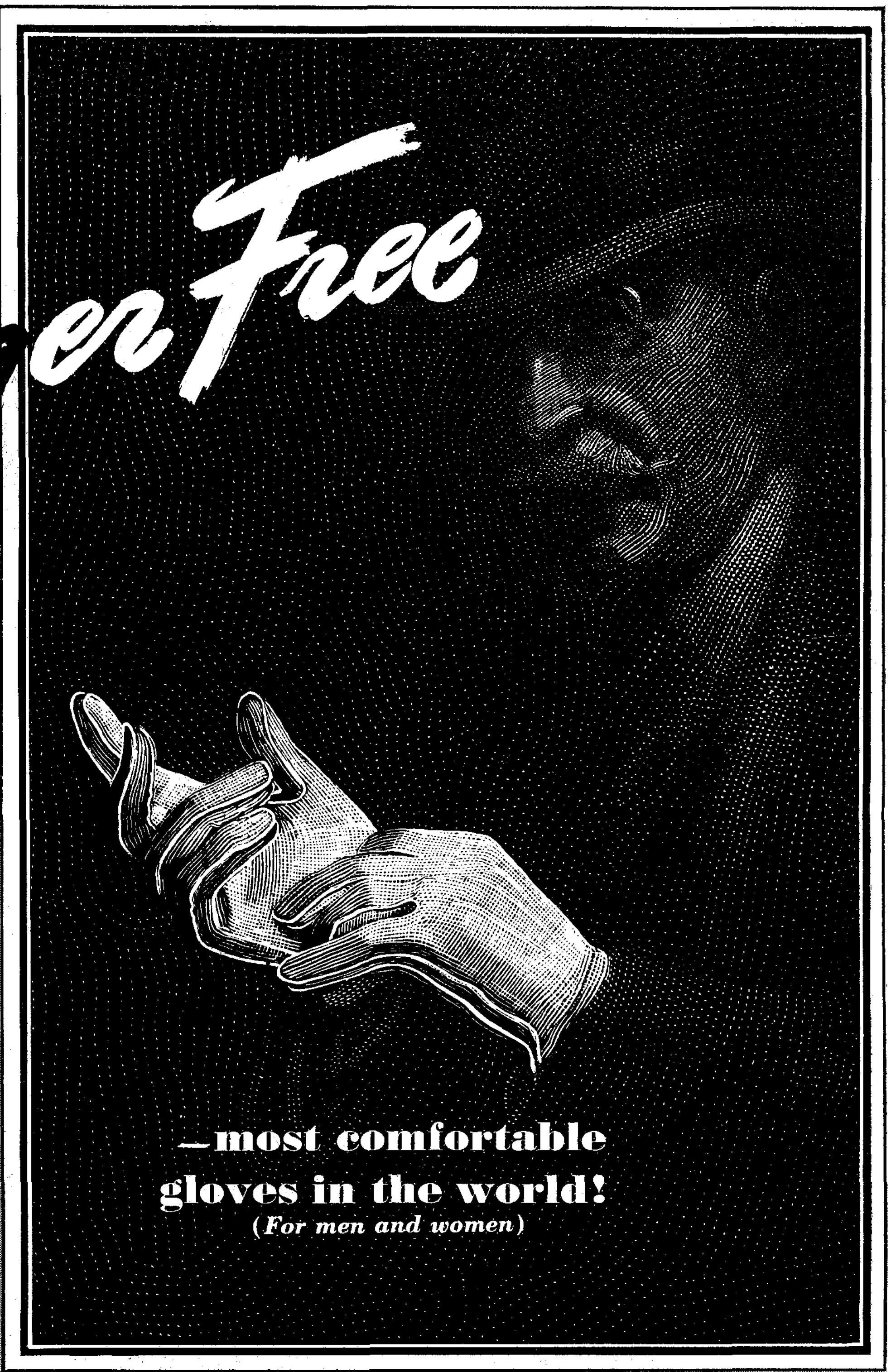
Exciting to open the box and find a ladies' handsome gold cigarette case with mother-of-pearl inlay, diamond rosettes at corners, $680. Or a little charm — map of France — in gold $27.50, silver $4.00. For him, gold cuff links in heavy grooved designs, each design $52.75 a pair. Again for her, smartest of rings — a fashionably wide band with sapphires in flexible settings, $250. (Prices include 20% Federal Tax). . . These are gifts for lasting pleasure.

Cartier gifts from $1.00 — Special gifts for those in the service.

Christmas cards from 15¢ . . . Gift Certificates Available.

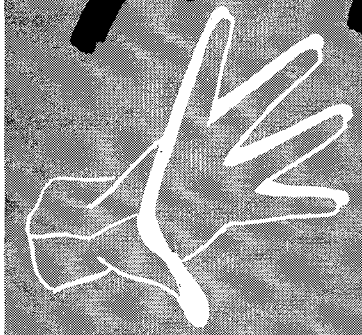
FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. • Plaza 3-0111

*Finger Free

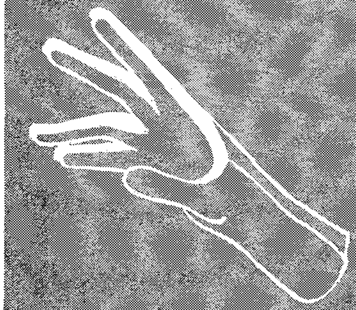


—most comfortable gloves in the world!

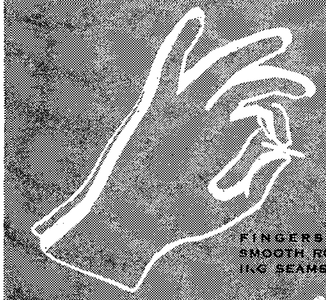
(For men and women)



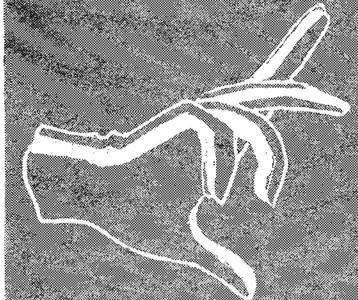
A BLUEPRINT OF YOUR HAND IN ACTION. SEAMS GO PARALLEL TO MOTION. MAXIMUM THUMB WIGGABILITY.



FINGERNAIL ROOM PREVENTS WEARING-THROUGH. COMFORT INCREASED BY ADDED FLEXIBILITY ACROSS FINGERTIPS.



FINGERS ARE TAPERED TO SMOOTH ROUND ENDS; NO BINDING SEAMS AT FINGERTIPS.



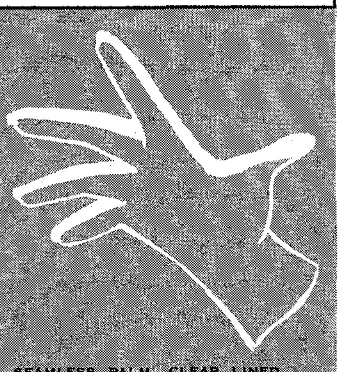
NATURAL, EASY FIT, WHEN HAND IS CLOSED OR OPEN, IS DESIGNED INTO FINGER FREE GLOVES; THE MATERIAL IS CUT LONGER ON THE BACK THAN ON THE PALM.

DANIEL HAYS

DANIEL HAYS

FINE GLOVES SINCE 1854

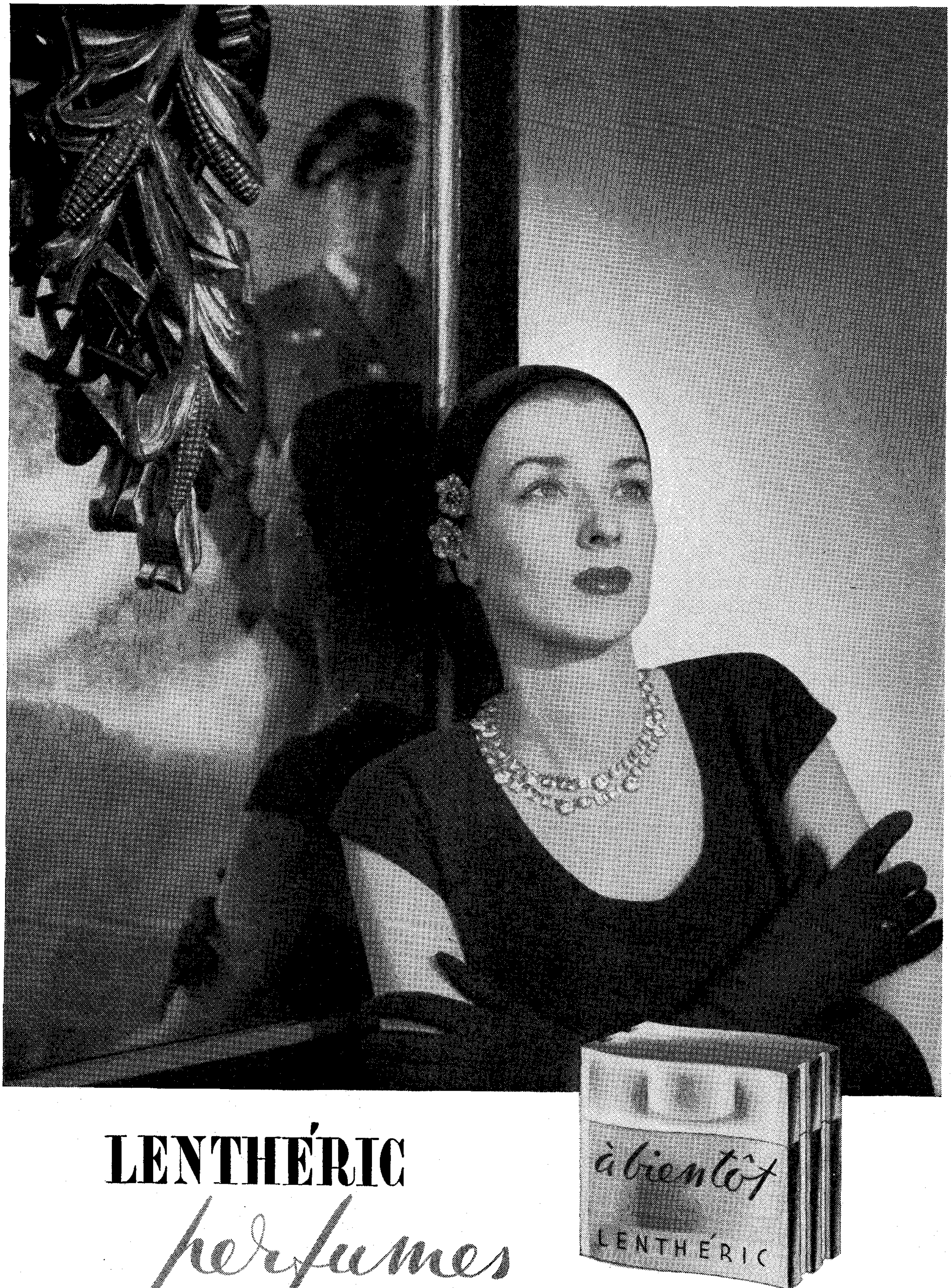
Gloversville, N. Y.



SEAMLESS PALM, CLEAR LINED AS AN AIRPLANE WING; LEATHER FLOWS FREELY; NO RESTRICTING THUMB SEAMS.

*designed by merry hull

*U. S. PATS. 2,125,673
2,194,934—2,226,604


à bientôt
LENTHÉRIC

LENTHÉRIC
perfumes

25 Years that Created a New World of Radio 1919-1944

From 1919 to 1944 . . . RCA has pioneered in the science of radio and electronics . . . from world-wide wireless to national network and international short-wave broadcasting . . . from electron tubes to electron microscopes and radiothermics . . . from the hand-wound Victrola to the automatic radio-phonograph . . . from television to radar.

Twenty-five years of service to the nation and the public have made RCA a symbol of achievement and progress . . . RCA is a monogram of quality in radio-electronic instruments and dependability in communications throughout the world.

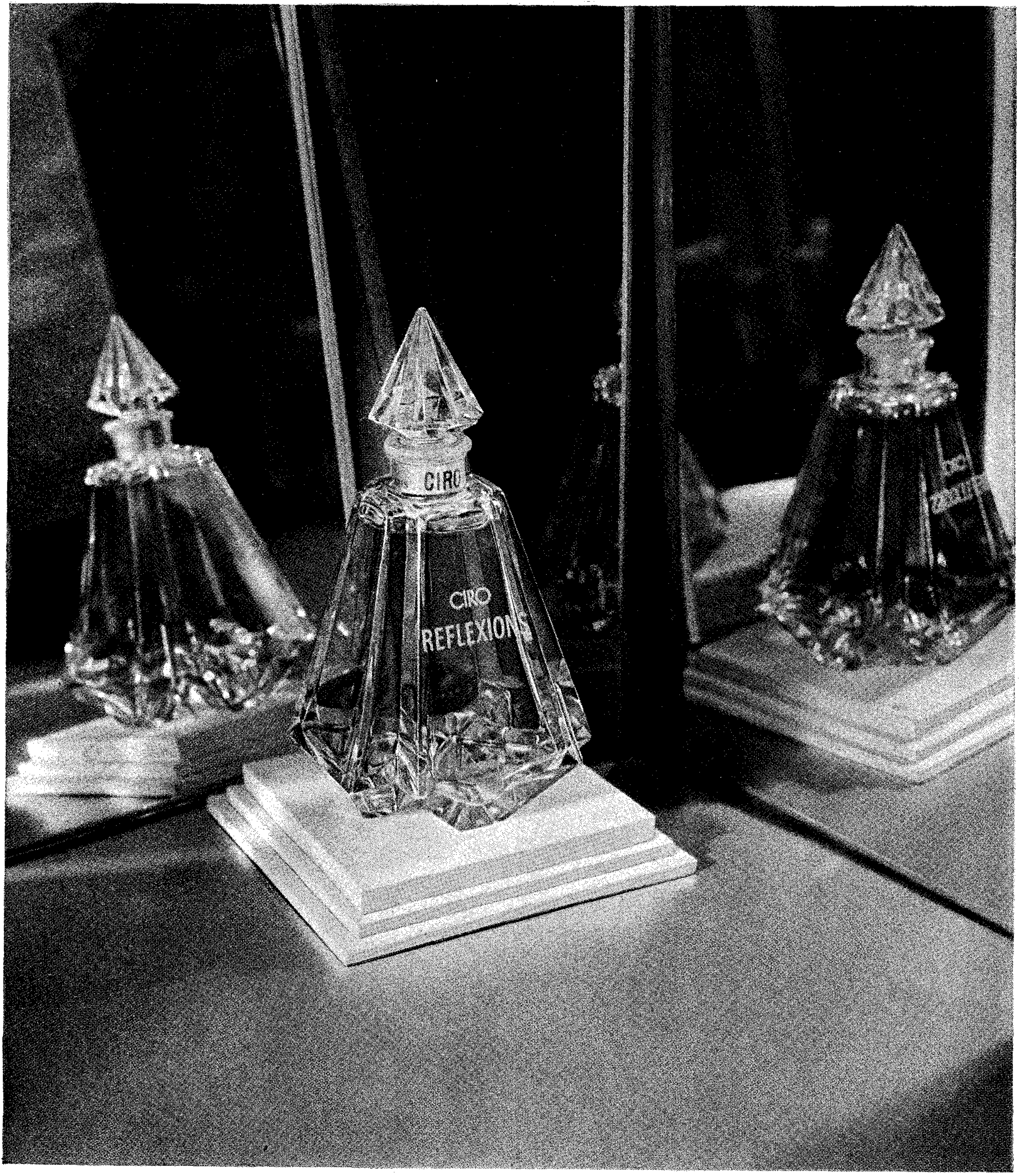
From the First World War to the Second, RCA developed and expanded its "know-how" in skilled engineering and production so vitally needed to meet the demands of war . . . these qualities will be reflected in the peacetime products of RCA.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK CITY

RCA LEADS THE WAY . . In Radio . . Television . . Phonographs . . Records . . Tubes . . Electronics

RCA
1919 *1944*
25 YEARS OF PROGRESS IN RADIO AND ELECTRONICS

Kodachrome by Edward Jacobsen


CIRO
CIRO
REFLEXIONS

$35. $18. $12. $5. (plus taxes)

The very thought of you!

PARFUMS

CIRO

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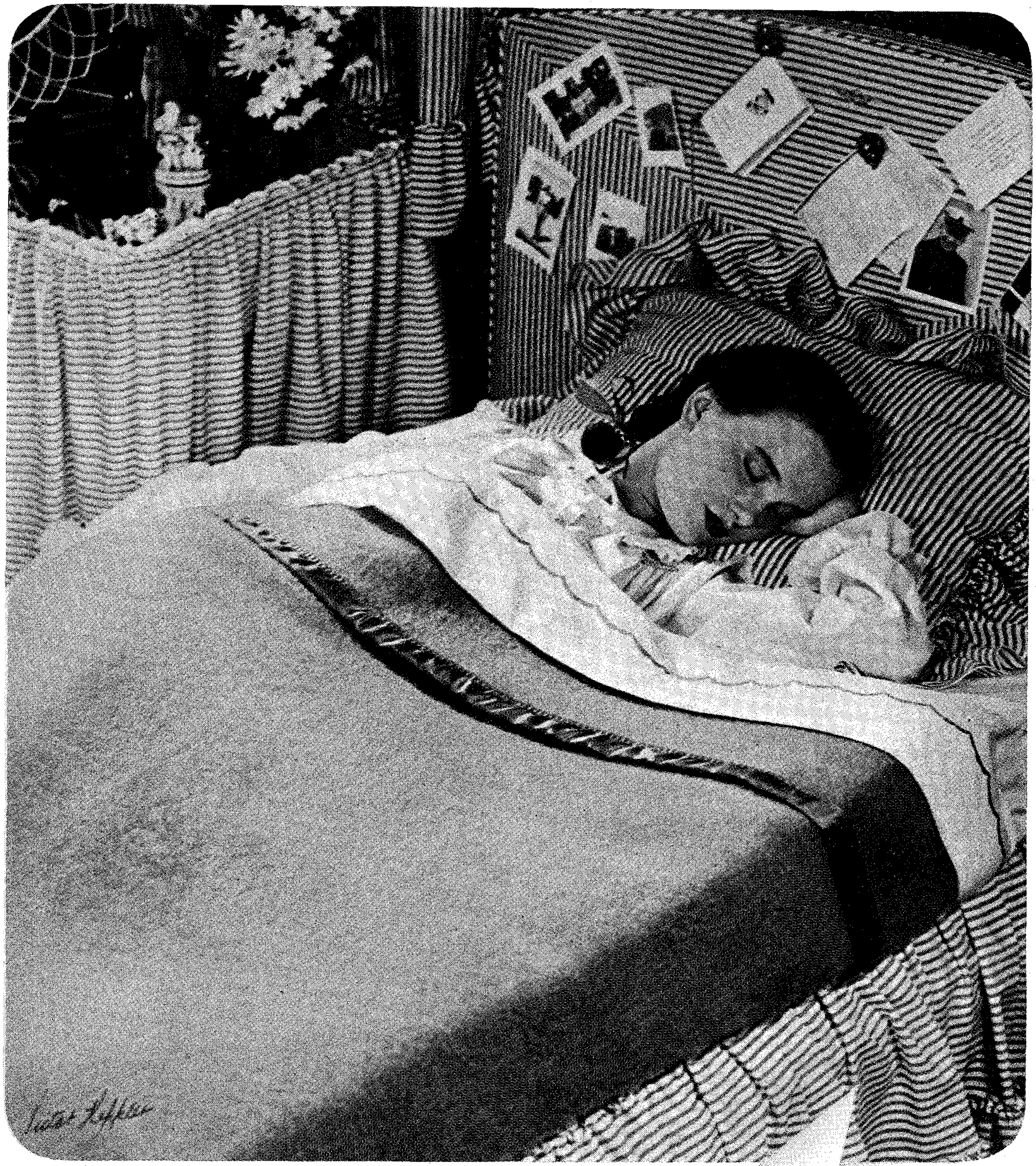


Settings and accessories by Lord & Taylor

WHEN EVERY DAY is a day to remember—when time is short and furloughs are fleeting—then a girl's best friend is the sleep that restores her young and radiant beauty.

Light as a cloud, warm as a loving heart, virgin wool North Stars are made to protect your dreamless, peaceful sleep. They'll wash, they'll wear, they'll never lose their luxury-soft look, their skin-caressing feel. When you shop for blankets, look for, *trust* the label North Star—it's the sign of trousseau quality at a practical price. Every North Star sweetens sleep—and . . .

sleep is your best beauty treatment

NORTH STAR
All wool Beautyrap
BLANKETS

PICTURED: North Star "Starlight", Monte Blue. From budget quality to utmost luxury, North Stars are supreme values. At fine stores. North Star Woolen Mill Co., Minneapolis 1, Minn.

"North Star" is also your guide to fine baby blankets . . . superb all wool fabrics . . . exquisite hand-woven "Means Weave" throws.

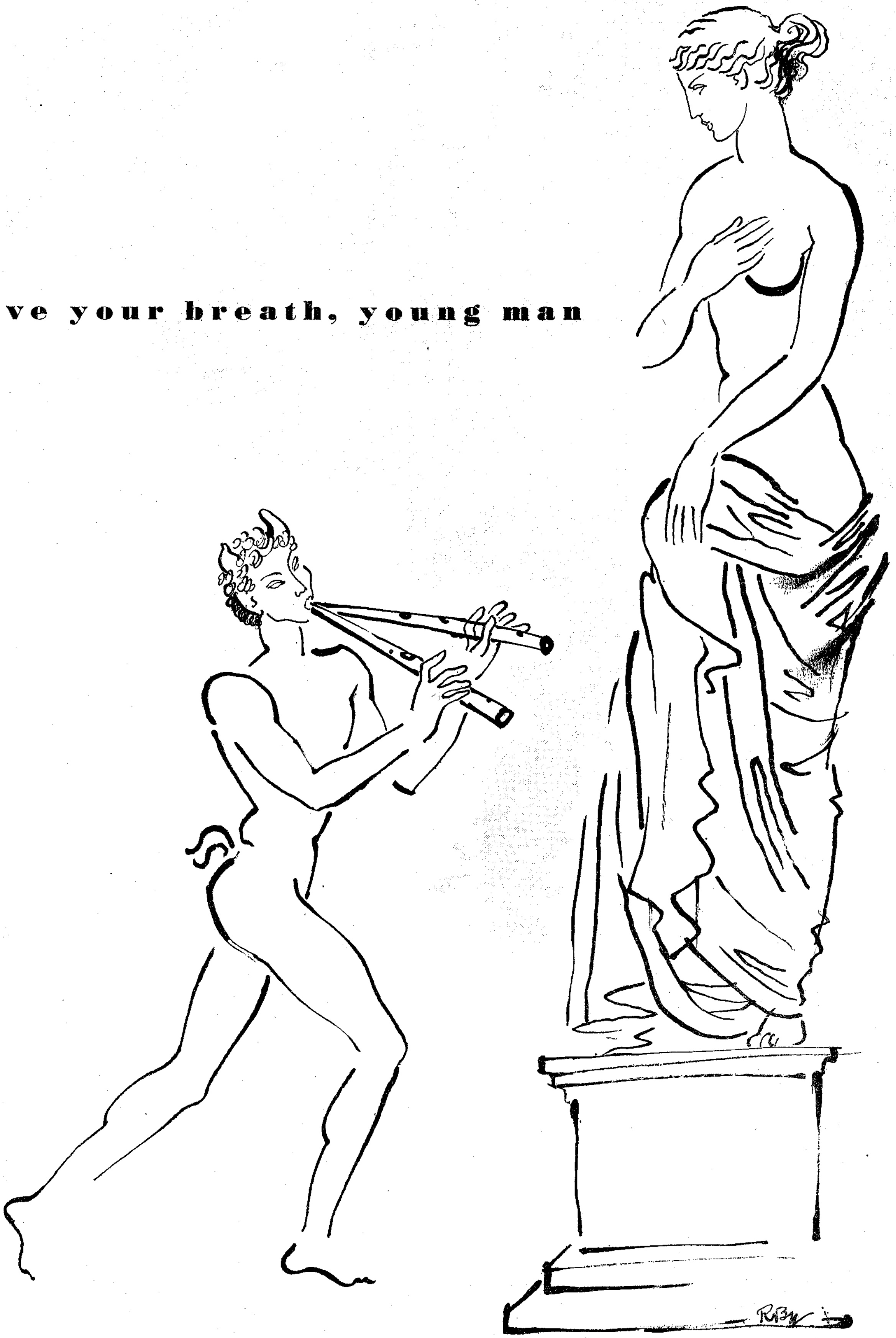
an announcement

by CARON

Paris again is Paris

we are looking forward to bringing back the entire line of Caron perfumes to this country where they have enjoyed such widespread acceptance. We shall also introduce new creations of unusual merit, true to the Caron tradition of quality and originality

soon we hope.


save your breath, young man

say **NOEL** with beautifully packaged

COSMETICS and **PERFUME** by

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

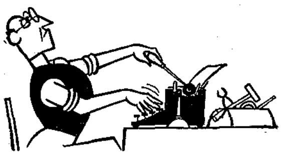
DEAD CHIVALRY NOTE: A small travelling female relative of ours (108 lbs.) asked her cab driver if he would be willing to help her up the stoop with a heavy piece of hand luggage. "No," he replied thoughtfully. "I got a terrible cold."

IN West Eleventh Street you can almost always see somebody who is having the little Spanish-Portuguese graveyard pointed out to him. Usually it is being shown to a newcomer by an oldtimer. They stand on tiptoe and the newcomer gazes over the high wall, examining the headstones and the discarded tobacco cans with interest and surprise. The other day we happened on a startling variation of this familiar sight—the place was being pointed out to a Great Dane. He was erect, on tiptoe, and was examining the headstones and the discarded tobacco cans with interest and surprise.

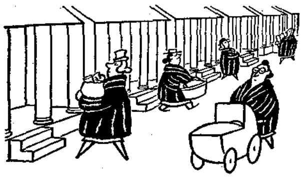
THE League for Sanity in Poetry, with headquarters in Corpus Christi, has been after us for giving space to poets who are obviously insane. The League says the situation is bad: sane poets are being elbowed out of the magazines by insane ones. We shall try to correct this situation as far as possible, although we don't intend to give any priority to sane poets merely because of their sanity and shall require them to meet the same high standards we set for all verse writers.

Much more important than the need for sanity in poetry is the need for poetry in sanity. Today's sanity is of an unpoetical order, and this, to our notion, *is* a serious condition and probably is as bad in Corpus Christi as in West Forty-third Street. War tends to remove the poetical content from our lives and from our sanity—we brood, we plan, we worry, we hate, and we destroy, and all mental activity of this nature is unpoetical, since poetry is dreams and love and simple melancholy. Were poetry to disappear completely from our sanity, we would fall ill, just as the little girls have fallen ill who swoon for Sinatra because their lives have been unpoetical to the point of hysteria.

EVERYBODY is thinking today, and Thought turns up in the most unexpected places. A week or two ago we sent our typewriter to be cleaned (it had got fouled and clotted with the lees of Thought) and when it came back yesterday we found a note in the carriage—a long, captious note setting forth the repairman's views on the need for new leadership in the investment world and on the vicious implications in "caveat emptor," which has "served so long as its secret slogan and nefarious motto and for which the investor has paid such a terrible price." These days even a homing typewriter, which once sang drolly of quick foxes and lazy dogs, comes back with a Message clasped to its breast.



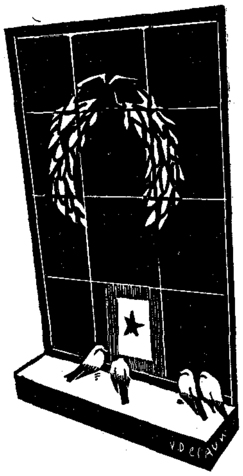
WE have no figures to support this, but we have a feeling that the blood bank is heavily supported by advertising writers, who, we think, must go straight from their office to the plasma depots, as a sort of quick absolution. If a man is in the business of advertising mink coats for ladies, obviously he has to advertise mink coats and he can reasonably be expected to create a headline like the one we saw the other day: "SUDDENLY IT'S MINK WEATHER." (Splendid values at $3,000 to $12,000.) On the other hand, he knows, just as any man does, what kind of weather we are having—rain and sleet in the streets of the German towns, snow in the Italian mountain passes, rain and wind in the aisles of the jungle, rain before dawn, before the attack, weather that even a mink would hesitate to go out in (and the values still undetermined). Luckily, a gift of blood saves two lives—the life of the recipient and the life of the donor.



SPEAKING of mink, chemists are working on a plastic mink. (They have already produced a plastic beaver, and plastic beaver coats are on the market.) The plastic mink will be in the same stratum with the imitation Carrara marble pillar which a Goodyear Rubber man has developed and which he says will bring "a symbol of luxury and regal splendor within reach of the average home owner." Thus we would seem to be working, through democratic and chemical processes, to achieve a society in which the ancient props of wealth and snobbery (the marble and the mink) will belong, through counterfeit, to everyone—the marble and the mink, universal, undetectable, and more durable than the original. In reaching toward this strange inversion of the democratic state in which the common man stands regal beside a phony marble pillar and the common woman goes forth luxuriously in a fake mink coat, we are innocently preparing ourselves for ordeal by fraud. Nature grows obsolete, all matter assumes duplicity, and the world peers out through its false-face, grinning. What this will do to our manners, our characters, our poetry, our families and homes, we can only wait and see. (But it has always been that way—you have to wait and see.)

Homolka

SINCE Oscar Homolka has plainly settled down for a nice long run as Uncle Chris in "I Remember Mama," we decided to look into his character and background. Both are excellent, we're glad to say. It turns out that he's not a Czech, as most people who have ever given the matter any thought have supposed, but a Viennese. He was born forty-three years ago, the son of a manufacturer of sabres and other fencing equipment. Manufacturers whose sons aspire to the stage usually disown them, and the elder Homolka was no exception to this rule. Then came the war (the last war, of course) and young Homolka was called to the colors (Austrian). He served two years in Italy, and now boasts of being the only man in New York who was in Italy at that time and was not a buddy of Ernest Hemingway. "Of course, his being on the other side makes this not so surprising of me," he says.



After the war, Homolka led for some years the unattractive existence of a minor actor. His break came in 1924, when he played the lead in the first German production of "Emperor Jones." "After that, the you know what," he told us. "Telegrams, offers, great quantities of sweet money. I jumped from three hundred marks to three thousand, like a little Cinderella man." He signed up with Max Reinhardt and for the next ten years was his leading man in productions of "King Lear," "Othello," "Macbeth," "Loyalties" (Galsworthy), "The Ringer" (Edgar Wallace), "The Doctor's Dilemma," and we forget what all. Also, under other auspices, he appeared in the last two silent films and the first talkie made in Germany and in an experimental opera called "The Rise and Fall of Mahogany City," one of whose authors was Kurt Weill. Homolka, who knew no English, sang a song that represented just about all Weill then knew of America and its ways: "Oh, show us the way to the next whiskey bar, Don't ask us why, For we must find the next whiskey bar, For if we don't find the next whiskey bar I tell you we must die," etc.

On the day that Hitler was made Chancellor, Homolka left Berlin. Things were pretty quiet in Vienna, so he went to Paris, and after a false start there he decided to try the London stage. He made good within a year, in spite of the fact that when he arrived in England he was equipped only to ask the way to the next whiskey bar. His English improved quickly and he was soon able to undertake the lead in a play called "Close Quarters," in which he was onstage from the start of the first act to the end of the last. Shortly afterward, he proved fluent enough to talk himself out of a contract with Lee Shubert, which he had signed in a naïve moment. "Oh, my God, when I think of the danger I was in," he remarked to us. While he was in London he also worked for Alfred Hitchcock, in a film called in England "Sabotage" and over here "The Woman Alone" and "I Married a Murderer." He went to Hollywood for a single picture, a Technicolor job called "Ebb Tide." "The only C picture ever made in Technicolor" is how he remembers it.

Homolka probably wouldn't be in this country now if he hadn't decided that he wanted to see the World's Fair—the New York World's Fair of 1939. While he was over here, he met a lady named Florence Myers—not in the Futurama—and they were married in August that year. They had reservations on the Queen Mary, but on the morning they were to sail, the newspapers looked so bad that they decided to hang around awhile. One thing led to another, and Homolka not only settled down here and became a citizen but entered the movies, in which he seems inflexibly and forever typed as a menace. "In Europe I played Othello, but in American pictures, always of the letter B, I am just the mean fellow who leers at the little heroine and dies hideously in the end," he said. "Because I played Emperor Jones in Berlin, I was not always thereafter fleeing blackface in a jungle." However, that's the way life is here, and our thought is that he'd better just get used to it.

Analysis

LAST Tuesday morning a young lady employed as a reader by one of the local book publishers turned in a report on the manuscript of a novel she had been reading. She had this to say about one of the leading characters: "I do not think this man should be identified as a bookmaker. He seems too uncouth, even sporty, a character to be wholly convincing as a craftsman."

No More Shirts

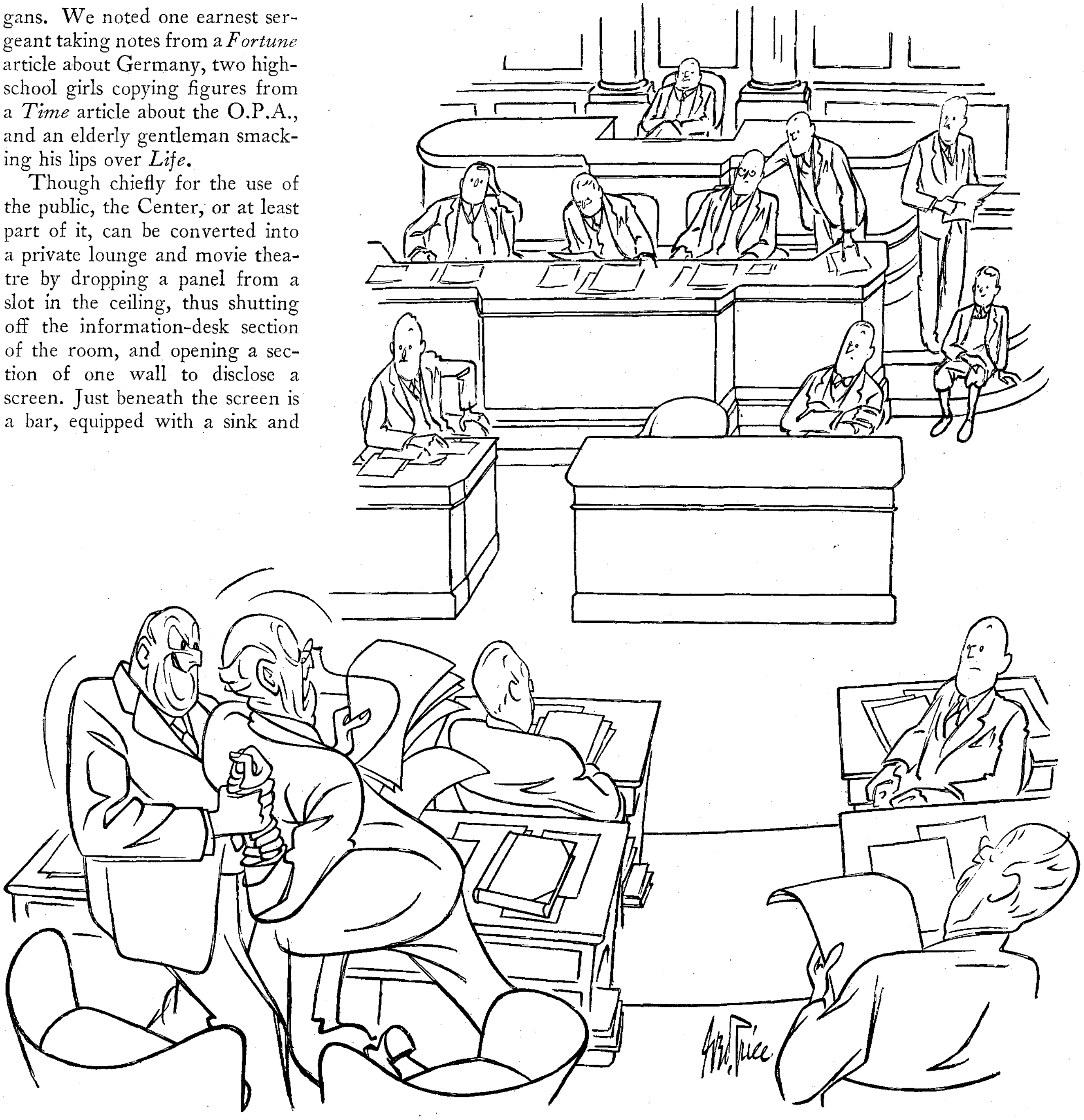
THE instinct of this department is to go out of its way to avoid Timention, but you can't pretend to be up-to-date and ignore T., L., and F. Now the boys have earned their Y in life by opening a combination movie palace and snack bar in the lobby of their building in Radio City, and we couldn't resist taking a look at it. Officially, the place is known as the Information Center, but bright, balding Timen, being as willing to see the funny side of the Lucempire as anybody else, call it The Great Big Wonderful Something. The Center, a two-story room filled with plants that look as if they'd just been shipped hot from the Congo, was designed by Messrs. Noguchi and Yamasaki and Miss Ann Hatfield, in association with the architectural firm of Harrison, Fouilhoux & Abramovitz. Noguchi, a well-known figure in artistic circles, is a practitioner of something known—to *Time*, at least—as plastisculpture, evidences of which may be seen on the ceiling and sloping walls of the Center. Most of the lights in the room are concealed in troughs and cusps as frothy and delectable in appearance as whipped cream; the spotlights by which three immense photomurals of the world are lighted are known to the witty young ladies employed in the Center as "the molars." Most of the room is panelled in a kind of striated plywood likely to make your eyes cross if you stare at it long enough, and the colors in the room—yellow, chartreuse, salmon, and aquamarine—are, we were told, based on the colors in a Picasso painting. The general effect, though, is a good deal more attractive than you might think.

The Center is designed to serve a number of functions. It takes care of anyone wishing to see a *Time* employee (we heard one woman repeating to an attendant, "A. B. C. Whipple. I have to see A. B. C. Whipple"), take out a subscription, or buy back copies. One middle-aged woman was trying to track down a *Life* article which appeared about a year ago, accompanied by a picture of her son, or someone who looked like her son. "'Thunder in the North Atlantic,'" she said. "Does that sound right?" Attendants at the Center hand out small booklets describing *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune* tersely, unflinchingly. The one on *Time* begins, "Q. What is *Time?* A. *Time* is a magazine 8¼" wide by 10⅝" deep. It carries about 35,000 words, 50 pictures, and 100 pages in each issue, and it is published every Thursday." The Center also provides information about hotels, shows, and churches to service men, and, in a cozy mezzanine, a reference library consisting of bound volumes of the various Luce organs. We noted one earnest sergeant taking notes from a *Fortune* article about Germany, two high-school girls copying figures from a *Time* article about the O.P.A., and an elderly gentleman smacking his lips over *Life*.

Though chiefly for the use of the public, the Center, or at least part of it, can be converted into a private lounge and movie theatre by dropping a panel from a slot in the ceiling, thus shutting off the information-desk section of the room, and opening a section of one wall to disclose a screen. Just beneath the screen is a bar, equipped with a sink and water cooler but no liquor. The idea is, we understand, that edgy executives will be able to watch the "March of Time" in comfort there and that now and then they may stage a friendly little Christmas or birthday party, bringing their own liquor, of course. Since the Center has been open only three weeks, neither the staff nor the public has made much use of it so far, but with cold weather, business is bound to pick up. The only sour note we heard was sounded by a man we later identified as a *Fortune* editor, as he stood glaring around. "Damn it," he said, "there used to be a perfectly good store here. Now look! No more socks, no more shorts, no more shirts!"

The Oldest Profession

TWO very young sailors were teetering boozily on a Times Square street corner the other night and a sweet old lady wearing a badge stopped and murmured some sort of offer of help. Without answering her, the two lads moved on, one of them remarking querulously, "Honest to God, they



"Now will the gentleman yield?"

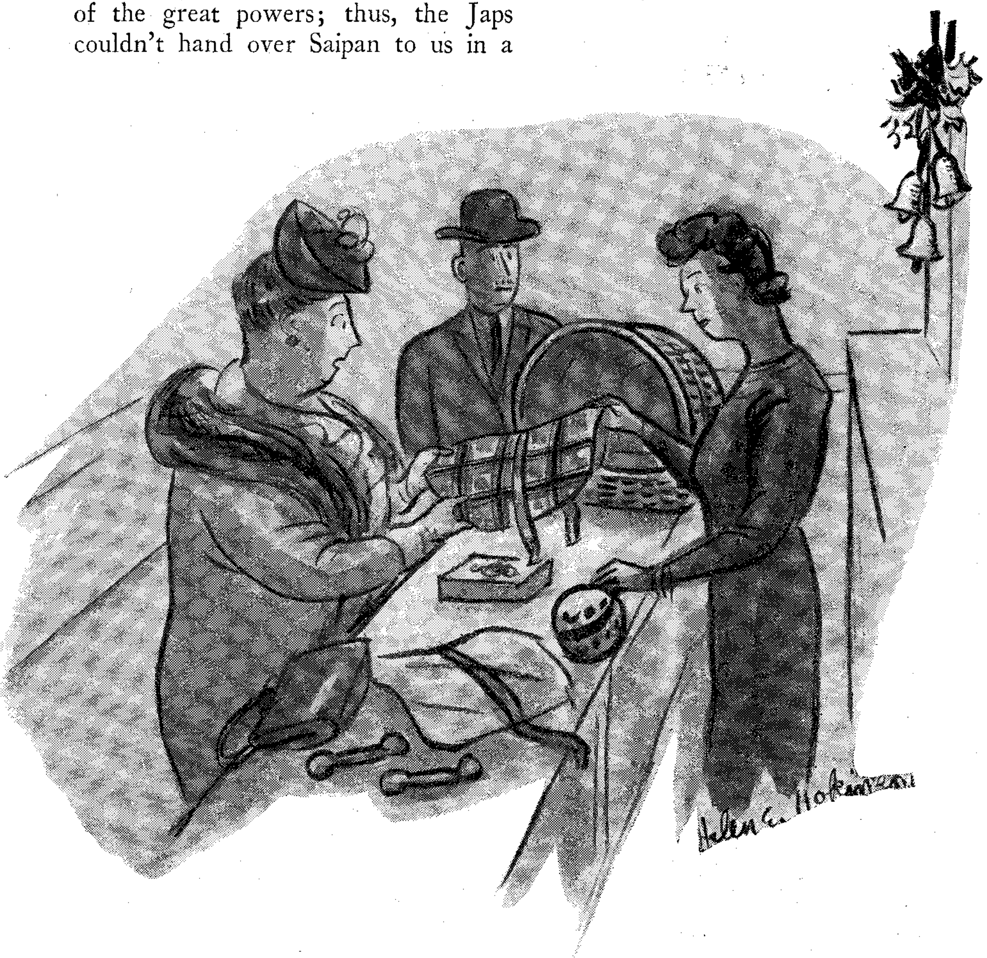
got the *oldest* damn floozies in this town!"

Still at It

PRACTICALLY everybody you meet these days has a plan for a permanent world organization, but almost to a plan none of them takes into account the fact that we already have a permanent world organization in the League of Nations. Naturally, the League has been tossed around in the current of recent events, but only one element of it, the subcommittee known as the International Organization of Intellectual Coöperation, has completely given up the ghost. The rest of the League exists and functions, although only in skeleton form, and the fact is that if it were to vanish like a puff of smoke, there would be widespread embarrassment, for more than five hundred international treaties still in force are in one way or another dependent on the League's existence and jurisdiction. For instance, the mandated territories parcelled out by the League after the World War are still, according to one school of jurists, the property of the League, held in trust for it by various of the great powers; thus, the Japs couldn't hand over Saipan to us in a peace treaty because they never owned Saipan in the first place. (It's only fair to add that our State Department considers this a lot of tosh.) The League made no provision for dissolving itself. Dissolution could be accomplished if all the member nations agreed on the procedure, but if there were one or more holdouts, they apparently would have to be left in charge of the League and its assets, which include its immense palace at Geneva and one of the largest libraries in Europe.

The Secretariat, the permanent staff in Geneva, is still active. The Acting Secretary General is Sean Lester, of the Irish Free State. He succeeded Joseph Avenol, a Frenchman who turned Vichyite in September, 1940, and resigned his League post. The staff in Geneva has been reduced from seven hundred to sixty, including caretakers and gardeners. The Assembly has not met since December, 1939. At that meeting, it hurriedly delegated its financial and administrative powers to a six-man Supervisory Commission headed by the Norwegian Carl J. Hambro. The League's Council, the advisory organization of the big powers, is pretty well shot. Italy, Germany, Japan, and Vichy France formally resigned and Russia was blackballed after the attack on Finland; that leaves Great Britain the only permanent member of the Council. Of the sixty nations which were members of the League at the start of the war, forty-five are still listed as being in good standing, but that figure is not quite reliable, since it includes some nations, like Spain, which have withdrawn without the proper formalities and excludes some that have withdrawn under Nazi pressure. Members aren't held too strictly to their dues assessments these days, of course. The governments in exile pay what they can, or nothing at all. The League's budget for 1944 was 10,089,049 Swiss francs ($2,353,775.13). This covers salaries, publications, statistical projects of one kind and another, and the expenses of the International Labor Organization, which is, except for financial support, independent of the League; there was an I.L.O. convention in Philadelphia this spring, you may remember.

The League has temporary quarters for some of its committees in Princeton, Washington, Montreal, and London. They were moved out of Geneva when it became apparent that the war would seriously impair communication between Switzerland and the rest of the world. On the whole, the League, while inactive administratively, has managed to keep busy. There are statistics to be compiled and surveys to be made (nutrition and health in the liberated nations, for instance), and the member governments continue to send in all the treaties and labor agreements they enter into. These are translated, if necessary, into English and French and tucked away in the archives. We have been told that Great Britain even submitted the Atlantic Charter to Geneva for registration, which should do a lot to bolster up the League, if not the Atlantic Charter.



"I'm afraid a plaid would be too gay. You see, it's for an elderly dog."

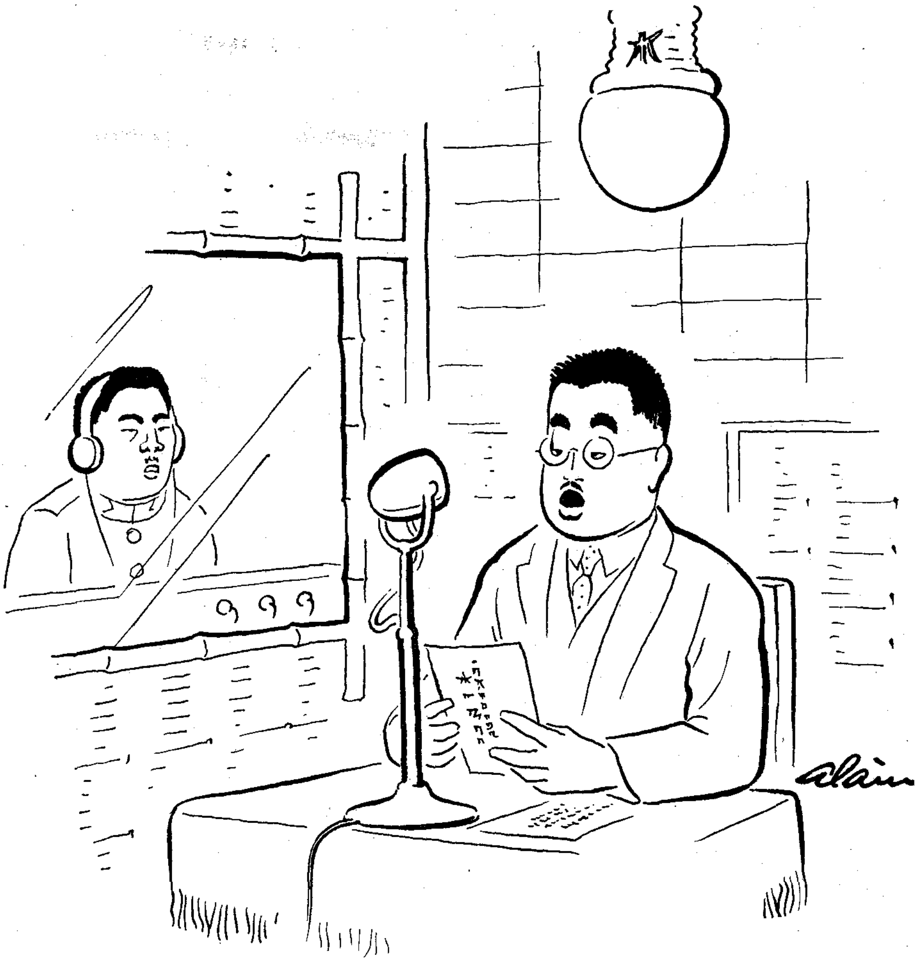
Impasse

ONE of the big art galleries recently had in its show window a realistic portrait of a dead fish. Two well-dressed ladies stopped to look and one of them, after several moments of earnest thought, announced, "Well, I must admit he doesn't say a *thing* to me."

And Two Balloons

THE Billy Bishop who shot down seventy-two German planes in the last war is now Air Marshal William A. Bishop of the R.C.A.F. and the author of "Winged Peace," a sober discussion of the future of aviation. He is still the Allied all-wars ace of aces, and the greatest living ace of all nations. We had a talk with him when he was in town last week and found him a good deal less weighted down by his gold braid (his rank is the equivalent of our lieutenant general) than we have come to expect of general officers. "In a way it's all a fake," he told us amiably. "I'm not a military man at all, I'm in the oil business in Montreal. It's a great surprise to me to realize that I've spent twelve and a half years of my life in uniform." Broken down, this figure represents three years at the Royal Military College, Canada's West Point; four and a half years in the last war; and five in this one. Bishop's record as an ace was topped by von Richthofen, who was credited with eighty planes, and Fonck, the Frenchman, who had seventy-five. Rickenbacker, the leading American ace of the first World War, had only twenty-six. Richthofen was killed toward the end of the war, although not by Bishop, as many people think. Lately the American press has taken to saying that Bishop knocked down a hundred and ten planes. "It's utterly incomprehensible to me," he said. "How American to want something better, as they say." He'd settle for a bit of credit for bagging two German observation balloons, something that nobody ever mentions. "They seem to think there's nothing to popping off a couple of pieces of rubber on the end of a string, but I'd as soon have shot down fifteen planes as one of those bloody balloons. They had some of them rigged up so they exploded all over you if you shot at them."

Bishop started out in 1914 as a cavalry lieutenant. "It was supposed to be the gallant and romantic thing to do, but all it meant for me was standing around fetlock deep in the mud," he told us. Things were less formal in those days, and Lieutenant Bishop had no trouble getting transferred to the Royal Flying Corps. He was one of the first batch of aerial observers. Equipped with a large camera, he was flown over the enemy lines in an RE 7, a handy little ship with a top speed of sixty M.P.H. It originally had a rack for a five-hundred-pound bomb which could be released by pulling a wire whenever the observer thought he was over his target. "Shades of the Norden bombsight," the Marshal remarked to us. It turned out, however, that the plane couldn't get off the ground with the bomb aboard, so he never had any experience as a bombardier. After a few months of reconnaissance, his ship cracked up behind his own lines and he was sent to England to recover from his injuries. When he was up and around again, he talked his superiors into letting him train as a pilot. His first chore was patrolling the Thames estuary, on the lookout for Zeppelins. In the spring of 1917 he was sent to France and provided with a single-seater Nieuport fighter plane—"a little daisy of a plane," Bishop informed us.



"The High Command has found it expedient to abandon plans for dictating peace in the White House. Current plans are to make the Americans come to us."

• •

The fighter pilot of those days had no parachute, no communication with his air field or with other aircraft, and no orders to speak of, except to try to shoot down any enemy planes he might happen upon. Bishop made all his kills in six months, during which he piled up eight hundred flying hours. The reason you don't hear of such records in this war, he told us, is that most of the flying now is "operational"—integrated with large-scale military plans—and a pilot isn't at liberty to roam around looking for a fight. Nor are enemy fliers knocked down behind Allied lines given champagne suppers by the victors these days. Nevertheless, Bishop doesn't see too much difference between air war then and now. "It's still the same old question—can you shoot faster and straighter than your enemy?" he says. "No matter how our machines have improved, the human eye isn't any keener than it ever was, in spite of all the raw carrots on earth."

Bargain

NOWADAYS, with waitresses as hard to get as they are, it is customary for restaurants to supply their uniforms and have them laundered. We mention this to explain, partly at least, how it happened that a young woman who recently showed up in answer to an advertisement that specified "meals, uniforms, and laundry free" brought along with her, and presented to the restaurant manager, a bag of soiled laundry. The manager took it, not being a fool, and promised it for next Tuesday.

GOODBYE ITALY, HELLO BRONX

WHEN they brought Robinson into the malaria ward he was really sick, but by the third day the atabrin had brought his fever down to normal and by the fourth day he was able to go to the bathroom by himself. On the fifth day, the red-headed sergeant who bossed the floor said he should go down to the classes in military training, and Robinson refused.

"Look," he said. "I went through the Sicily campaign. I was in Italy for ten months. If there's one thing I don't need, it's military training."

But finally he went and sat with the other red-robed patients, listening to a medical corporal and a fat lieutenant explain the model problems, where everything worked and the hill was captured without casualties. After that they put him on K.P., and for an hour after each meal he worked in the hot, soapy kitchen, washing dishes and stacking them and mopping the floor. Between times he read until the words blurred and his head beat with an old pain.

The two other men in the ward were a Negro boy who had just returned from the Pacific, and a thin, sour-faced corporal who had picked up his malaria in Panama. The Negro boy had had malaria five times before. He had spent eight months in various Pacific hospitals before they had finally decided to invalid him home.

"I also got arthritis and bronchitis," the Negro boy said. "There ain't *nuthin'* the Army ain't given me."

He had come back in July and had been in seven camps since then, always as a casual. His service record said that he could not do any manual work, any drilling, any calisthenics, any marching, or any truck driving.

"It's all I can do to walk to the mess hall," he said.

The dyspeptic corporal had eight children and had enlisted.

Visiting hours were from two to three in the afternoon and six to seven at night. During these hours the Negro boy's wife visited him. She was a short, very dark girl, who hugged and kissed him and stayed until the ward boy said she had to leave. Once Robinson had a visitor; one of the men from his unit came and brought him some books. When Robinson tired of reading, he sat at the window, looking out over the Bronx.

In the mornings the pretty Red Cross girl came around with newspapers, always stopping to say a few kind words to the boys. One day the chaplain came around—a big, paunchy man with the aggressive cheerfulness common to some chaplains. He asked Robinson if he would be at services on Sunday.

"I'll see," Robinson said.

"What do you mean, you'll see?" the chaplain asked.

"I'll see."

"There's no such thing as seeing," the chaplain said angrily. "Either it's yes or it's no."

"All right," Robinson said. "It's no."

After that he sat and listened wearily while the chaplain lectured him. He was too tired to argue, and he knew from countless arguments in other places that it would do no good anyway.

When the chaplain left, the Negro boy said, "Why don't you go down Sunday? It won't hurt none."

"I don't want to," Robinson said.

"It can't hurt you none," the Negro boy said. "He's a nice old man. You ought to do it just for him."

There was nothing Robinson could say; he sat staring out of the window, thinking how he could have answered.

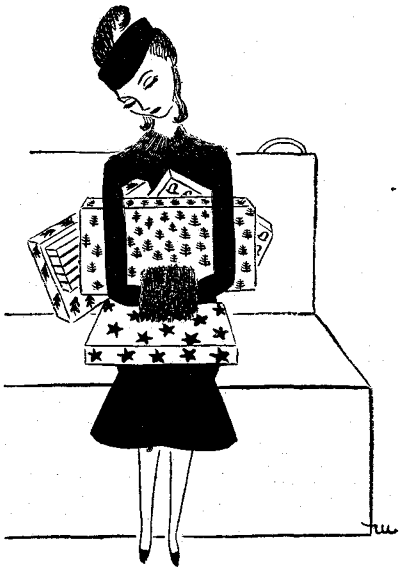
THAT night they brought in a man who had fainted in Grand Central station. They put him in the bed next to the door and the ward boy adjusted the mosquito bar over his bed.

"I can't see no reason for these mosquito nets," the Negro boy said. "Ain't no malarial mosquitoes in the Bronx."

"It's the Army," Robinson said.

Next day the new patient was able to sit up. His name was Simmons. His face was young but lined and tense around the mouth. Robinson asked him what outfit he was from.

"I don't know yet," Simmons said.



"I'm a rotation man. Haven't been assigned yet."

"Where were you?" Robinson asked.

"Oh, all over," Simmons said. "French Morocco, Sicily, Italy. I was with the Third Division."

"I was with the Third for a while," Robinson said.

"This is the first time I've had malaria," Simmons said. "Seems kind of funny having it in the Bronx. I was wounded in Sicily, but I never had malaria before."

"Where were you wounded?" Robinson asked.

"San Stefano," Simmons said. "The second San Stefano, the one after Palermo."

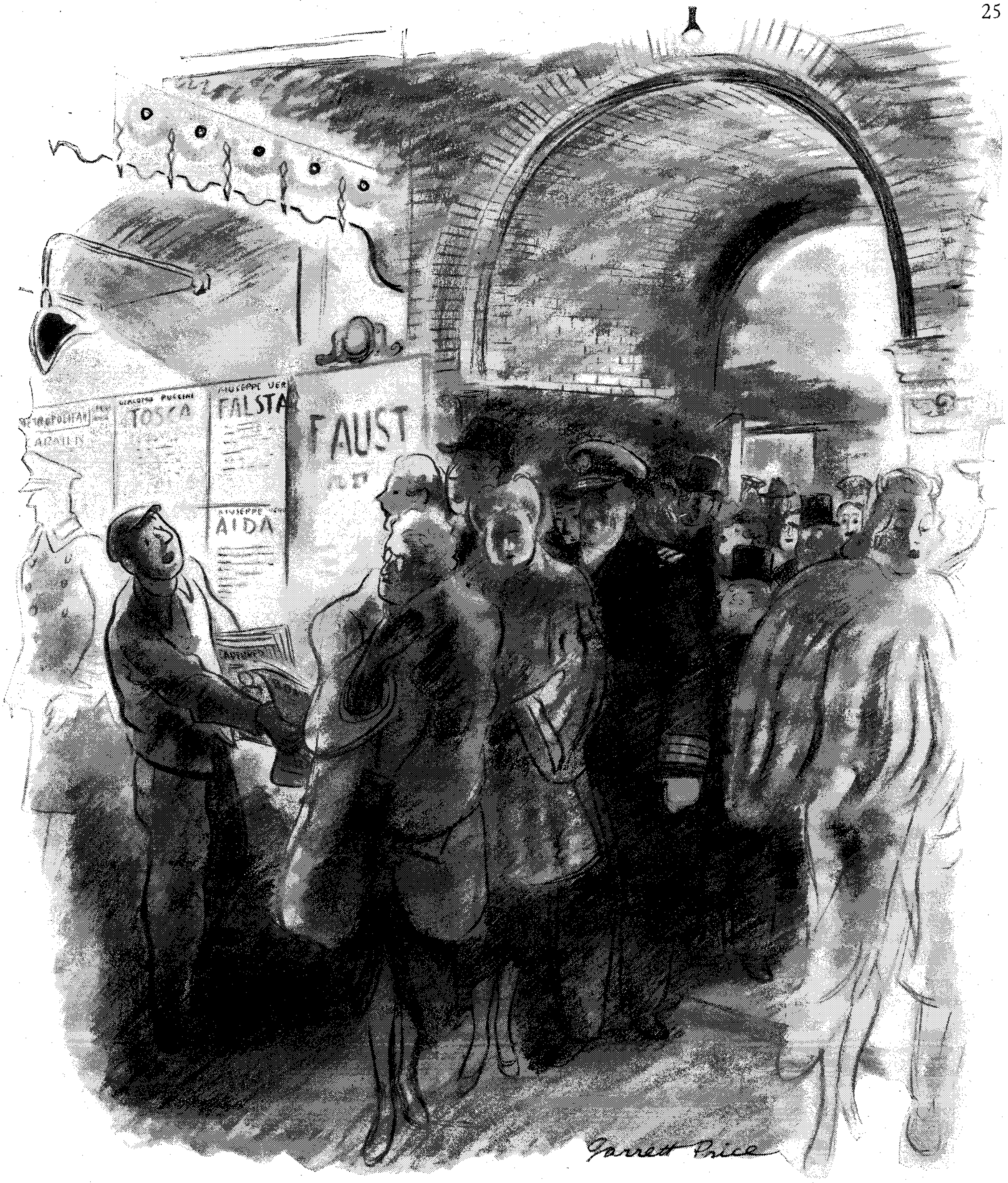
"I was there," Robinson said. "That was the time they zeroed in on the C. P." He was excited now. "Were you at San Fratello?"

"Goddam right I was at San Fratello," Simmons said. "I lay in that goddam valley for two days at San Fratello while those goddam krauts threw everything they had at us. I ain't going to forget San Fratello for a long, long time."

"I left the Third after Messina," Robinson said. "Didn't meet them again until after they crossed the Volturno."

"You didn't miss anything," Simmons said. "That was a bitch, that one."

Robinson was silent, thinking of the Volturno and the rivers after the Volturno: wade across, dig in, lay down your fire, hold and hold and hold until you thought the world would end. They seemed years away and yet very close, as if the scenes were right before him but receded into the distance when he reached out for them. He thought of the place names, the strange, foreign-sounding names that had become so bitterly familiar, remembering them in terms of the men left there. There was Licata, where Taylor was hit, and San Stefano, where Lawrence stepped on a mine, and Ficarra and Cefalù, and Patti, where they had made the amphibious landing and were caught in the German counterattack. He would never forget the streets of Patti after the action had passed. The limp, stuffed-doll dead sprawled all around, some as if they were sleeping, some with their mouths open and their papers scattered about, some of them bloated and waxlike, looking horribly like figures in a museum. The smell had been almost too much for him there, and he remembered Colonel Bernard, the battalion commander, standing in the square



"Mrs. Blaine Hayworth entertains! Jane Lockwood wed to Army major! Troth of Marcus de Windt's daughter announced! Read all about it!"

• •

among the bodies, eating a can of meat and beans. Then he was aware that Simmons had spoken again.

"What?" Robinson said.

"I asked where you were stationed now," Simmons said.

"Right here," Robinson said. "New York."

"You're lucky," Simmons said. "They still got me in a replacement center. I thought they would make us instructors, but it seems they got enough instructors. What they need now are cadre men."

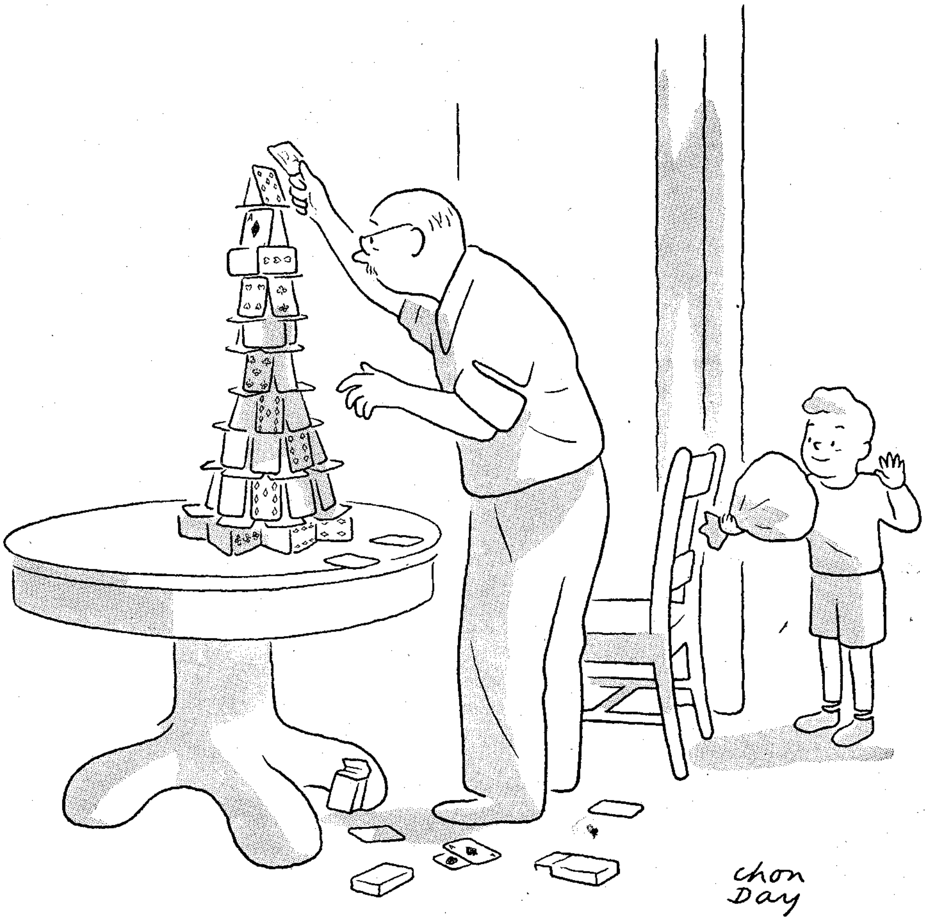
"You think they'll send you over again?" Robinson asked.

"I wouldn't put it past them," Simmons said.

"Maybe you'll go back to your old outfit."

"No," Simmons said. "I wouldn't want that."

Robinson knew what he meant. He had not been with his outfit for a while



and then he had gone back at Anzio, right after the breakthrough, to say goodbye. He had asked for names and they weren't there. Harding had been killed before Cassino, and Caruso while crossing the Garigliano. Rich had his leg blown off at Nettuno. The lieutenant and two of the others had been captured while on patrol. The outfit knew they were captured, because Sally had announced their names over the German radio. The lieutenant had been all right, the only man Robinson knew who was absolutely unafraid. He had been good to his men, never calling them by their first names but getting them passes when they were in bivouac, protecting them from all the G. I. crap that began as soon as they were out of the line. It had not been the same going back; Robinson never should have gone and he knew it the minute he got there. He had seen McCarthy, the platoon sergeant, and Mac had pointed out the replacements to him.

"Look what they're sending us," Mac said. "Six months in the Army. A mortar man who hasn't fired three rounds of live ammunition in his life."

"They'll learn," Robinson said.

"I wish I had some of the old bunch back," Mac said. "They were all right."

"Yes, they certainly were," Robinson said.

Then Robinson had come home, crossing the ocean by ship, able to sleep for the first time. They had given him a furlough and he had returned briefly to the old house, suddenly strange, his mother and sister watching him anxiously, trying to see how he had changed. After the furlough they had put him in an office in New York to write orientation pamphlets, and he had come down with malaria that he had probably picked up in Italy, and now he was in a hospital in the Bronx. It was funny, all right, having malaria in the Bronx.

SIMMONS had fallen asleep. Robinson moved softly to the window and looked out. On the roof below, a man and a woman were sitting bundled up on deck chairs in a neat little boxed-in penthouse terrace, their faces lifted blind and trusting to the sun. Robinson looked out over the houses to the skyline in the distance, the spires merging in the haze. He thought again of the years from Licata to Anzio, thinking how much he had forgotten and how much there was left to be remembered. He thought of the endless nights on the wet ground, the long marches, the terror, and the blood. They had done it the only way it could have been done, making possible the ultimate victory parade, giving point and irony to the free drinks they would get when they all came home. The pictures began to flood his brain again, and he wished savagely that people could see them on that Fifth Avenue parade the way they really were—not clean and shining, with the sun on their rifles and the bands playing, but the way they came out of the line: the gaunt men with the unseeing eyes, the walking wounded with the lopsided movements and the queer look, the bearded, blinded, lousy, scummy infantry. People ought to see them like that, Robinson thought, knowing the reaction, remembering the civilian embarrassment when the wounded from Halloran came into town.

And then he knew what was wrong. He had come home too soon. He and Simmons and the rest of them—they were too soon for the celebrating, the grand march down Fifth Avenue. They were too soon for the free drinks, the easy jobs, the weeping and the handshakes. They were caught between action and release, without function, and there was nothing they could do about it. Robinson knew where he belonged; every night he knew, lying awake under the mosquito net, trying to escape the past and the frustrate present. If there had been no point to it, even that might be better, but there was point, it did make sense, all the piled-up dead were for something—now and later.

He moved from the window back into the room. The others were sleeping, the Negro boy snoring gently. Robinson looked at them, wanting to shake them into some sort of action. He felt trapped, helpless, unable to move. He stood by his bed, feeling again the hot, impotent, hopeless anger.

"God damn it!" he said fiercely to the sleeping room. "Why the hell do I need a mosquito net in the Bronx?"

—WALTER BERNSTEIN

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NORTH TARRYTOWN.—Lillian Hellman, playwright, of Hardscrabble Road, near Chappaqua, last night complained in a letter written by Stanley M. Isaacs, her attorney, to the Mount Pleasant Town Council that life is made unbearable on her estate by hunters who pay no attention to No Trespass signs, by lack of adequate fire protection and by the condition of Hardscrabble Road.

Miss Hellman has gone to Russia.

—*Ossining* (*N. Y.*) *Citizen-Register.*

In a pet?

MY ALREADY OVERCROWDED HOME

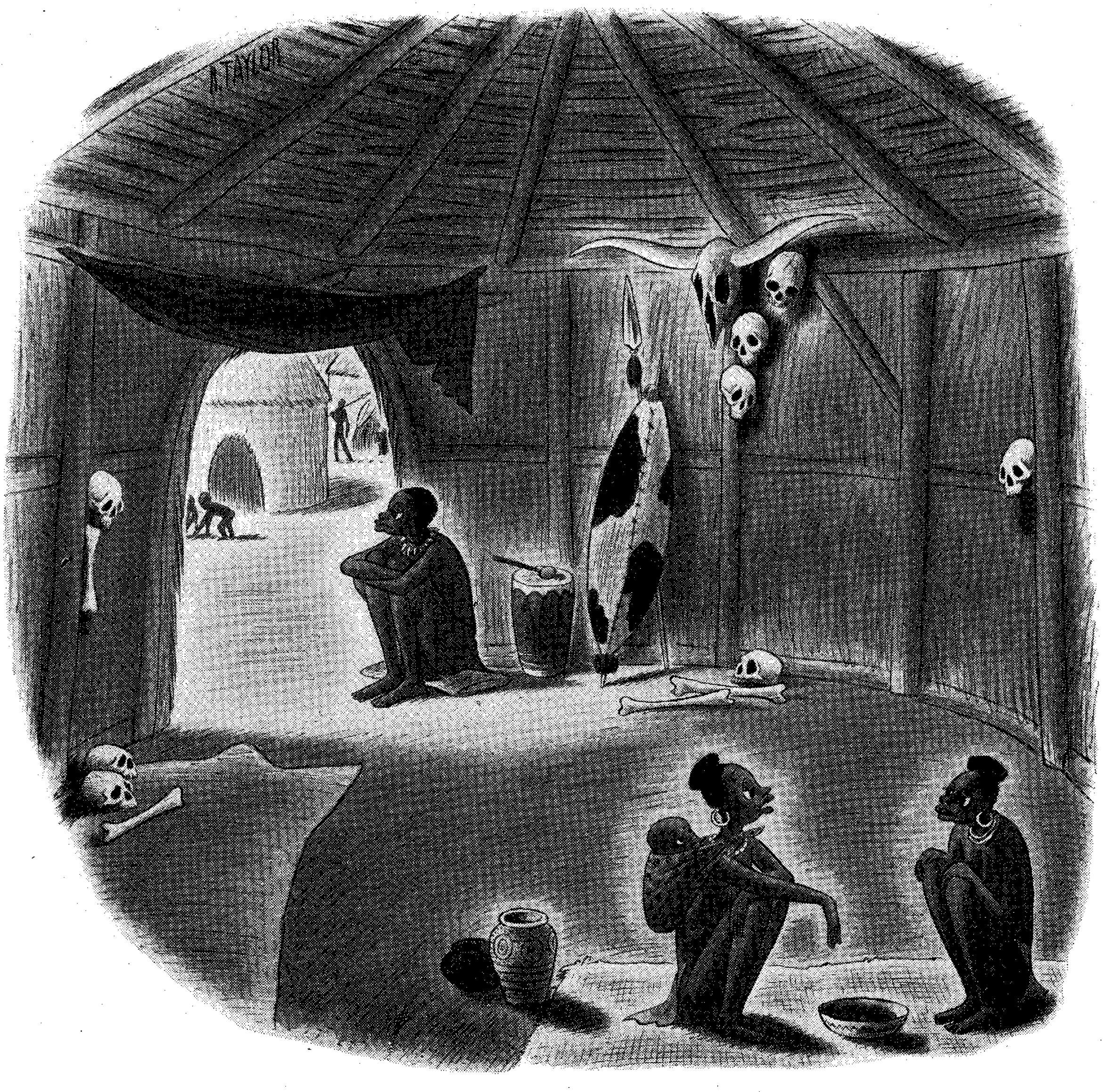
WHEN you want a good-sized rubber plant for your home—and the decorator told us we absolutely had to have one—the most obvious way of going about the business is to put a want ad in the Brooklyn *Eagle*. So, at least, it seemed to my wife and me. The ad proved to be useless, however; we never did buy a rubber plant in Brooklyn. But we saw several.

There were four answers to our ad, from various points in Brooklyn. We sorted them according to address and set out, the decorator driving us in his car. (This was before gas rationing became really drastic.) He was a volatile young ex-Viennese named Franzl. I remember a remark he made as we headed for the bridge, a remark typical of him. "I realize this is much trouble for you," he said, "but your living room, of all rooms, must be perfect. For many other people I would recommend any kind of plant—just any kind of plant at all. It would make no difference. But my poor, sweet mother always had a rubber plant in her home in Vienna and in memory of her I want you dear people to have one, too." Franzl's remarks, which usually sounded fancy, quite frequently had a way of expressing mere sober truth; certainly, the memory of his mother was as valid a reason for our seeking a rubber plant as any other that might have been devised. Franzl also told us that if we found an extra rubber plant during our search, he would buy it for himself.

The first address turned out to be that of a rooming house not far from Columbia Heights, and the rubber plant belonged to the landlady, a musty woman who greeted us with enthusiasm. She took us up to her bedroom, where there was a stuffed deer's head above the mantelpiece, and displayed the plant, a miserable, straggly specimen whose few leaves were cleverly supplemented by large bows of pink and orange satin ribbon. She didn't appear offended when we said that we had a rather differently shaped plant in mind, but replied that she had something else to show us—something that was not a plant and not for sale—just something beautiful, for our pleasure. She snapped a light switch, and half a dozen small red bulbs immediately lit up on the antlers of the deer's head. She flicked the switch again; the red bulbs went off and white ones came on. Again; blue bulbs. And at the fourth flick, the red, white, and blue bulbs all came on together, and the antlers glowed as though we were celebrating Fourth of July at the Lodge.

We all gazed at the illumination for several moments. It was Franzl who rose to the demands expressed on the landlady's face. "Dear lady," he said, "this is unquestionably the most beautiful thing I have seen since I came to this wonderful country. But I know I do not have to tell you that. Is it not lovely, friends?" We murmured our agreement and moved as if to go. But Franzl had spoken too soon. The landlady held up a finger. "That is not quite all," she said, and, with a fifth flick of the switch, she extinguished all the red, white, and blue lights and brought on two small green ones, which shone in the deer's eyes. "Of course," she told us, "this way it looks best when the room is real dark. Sometimes I just sit here at night and look at them two green eyes. It rests me, sorta." Franzl kissed her hand, and she beamed as we departed.

THE second rubber plant, in a two-family house near Prospect Park, was no more attractive than the first,



"I don't know what to get him. He really has *everything."*

and the last two answers to our ad proved to be practical jokes. The addresses, we discovered, were those of two amicably rival greenhouses, across the street from each other at the entrance to one of the big cemeteries. As we went into the first greenhouse, we were astonished to see the entire entrance, a high, glass-walled room at least fifty feet long, taken up with one enormous, superbly healthy rubber tree. Its trunk came out of the earth near the center of one wall; its limbs, supported by wires and poles, rose to the ceiling; and its branches, carefully tied in place, covered the ceiling and the other walls. The whole room seemed to be filled with polished green leaves, and I could hear Franzl murmuring ecstatically to himself.

Our visit was not unexpected and the staff gathered around to enjoy our surprise. "Just dig it up and take it away, folks," the proprietor said to us. "Look nice in any ten-story living room. You're welcome to it. We waste all our time spraying the damn thing. I'd chop it down if it wasn't so historical." It had been planted sometime in the eighties, he told us, shortly after the cemetery and the greenhouse had been established, and good soil and care had made it flourish. It was a nuisance, but he kept it as a curiosity. Then he led us across the street to his rival's establishment and laughed at us again, for there was a rubber tree twice as big as his. The limbs and branches of this one seemed to extend for nearly a city block and its owner told us that it had once been cited by Ripley. "But you can have it if you want it," he assured us. "It's traditional and all that, but a rubber tree this size sure is a responsibility."

Franzl was much impressed by these venerable twin splendors. "I am very surprised," he said solemnly, "and very, very glad to find in such a new country as America such fine old rubber trees. I assure you, my friends, they compare favorably, very favorably, with the old Emperor Franz Josef's rubber trees at Schönbrunn. I wish that some of the Germans who jeer at America as a land of uncultured barbarians could see these trees." His voice became more vehement. "They'd laugh on the other side of their face, I can tell you."

THE visits to the greenhouses marked the end of our rubber-plant quest in Brooklyn, and we turned the car toward Sheepshead Bay to celebrate our failure with a shore dinner at Lundy's. Franzl continued to marvel at the giant trees we had seen and to lament the lack of any appropriate specimen for our room when suddenly, as we were rolling along Coney Island Avenue, he stopped the car with a jerk. "Look!" he commanded, and there, on the miniature lawn in front of a house that was one of a long row of identical dwellings, we saw not one rubber plant but two, standing in trim green tubs. They had recently been washed, their leaves glistened in the twilight, they were of full, lush growth. "Eureka!" Franzl cried. "Two beauties! You buy one, I buy the other. Our search is ended, friends." But there was no answer when we rang the doorbell, and the neighbor to whom we applied told us that Mrs. Petersen, the owner of the plants, would not be home until late that night. I left my telephone number, asking that she call me in case she wished to sell, and we continued on our way.

Over his lobster at Lundy's, Franzl kept exclaiming at Mrs. Petersen's trustfulness. "To leave two such fine rubber plants on the front lawn!" he said. "What an honest country this must be, where a person dares do such a thing as that! Why, we or anybody else could have lifted them into the car and carried them off in a minute or two." It was no use trying to explain to Franzl that the plants were not only heavy and bulky but not in great demand. "If I had a pair of such beautiful rubber plants," he assured us, "I would guard them with my life."

Mrs. Petersen telephoned the next day. "If you want to buy my plants, I have a business proposition to make to you," she announced. My wife, who had answered the phone, invited her to make it and she did. "I am an old woman," she said, "and I plan to leave my rubber plants in my will to a hospital I am interested in, here in Brooklyn. But if I could get a good price for them, I would leave the hospital the money instead of the plants. Will you give me a hundred dollars for the pair? It's not for myself that I'm asking the money, you see, but for a charitable institution."

My wife tried to convince Mrs. Petersen that a hospital would almost certainly be glad to receive a bequest of even considerably less than a hundred dollars instead of two rubber plants, but her efforts were in vain. "If you do not wish to make a generous contribution to the hospital, I could not possibly consider letting you have the plants," Mrs. Petersen said firmly, and that finished the matter, much to Franzl's disappointment. "Do you not perhaps suspect, friends, that the old lady runs a private hospital of her own?" he asked us. And when we replied that the possibility had occurred to us, he nodded sagely. "Even in America," he said, "human nature is human nature. Even people who appreciate rubber plants have human failings, friends. We must admit that, between ourselves."

WE finally did find a rubber plant, but not in Brooklyn. It was in Hasbrouck Heights, in the decidedly cluttered villa of a housewifely Mrs.

A MOST RAPID MEANS OF COMMUNICATION

I write this message plainly
  with typewriter, pen, or pencil (dark),
With my address
  (return, my darling, to the eager sender)
And the writing neither faint nor small:
  The maples that we planted, though too slim for storms, are tall against the far
      valley;
  There are crows in the north pasture, rising without haste, without fear;
  The waterfall is cold on the black ledge and bright with autumn.
  We gathered a small harvest, the child and I,
  Thinking of you, who gather it always with us.
  Enclosures must not be placed in this envelope,
  But I give you the wind, tasting like cider, and a duckling spraddled in the sun.
I fill in complete address at the top:
  To you, master of this place, and of these hearts.

—ELSPETH

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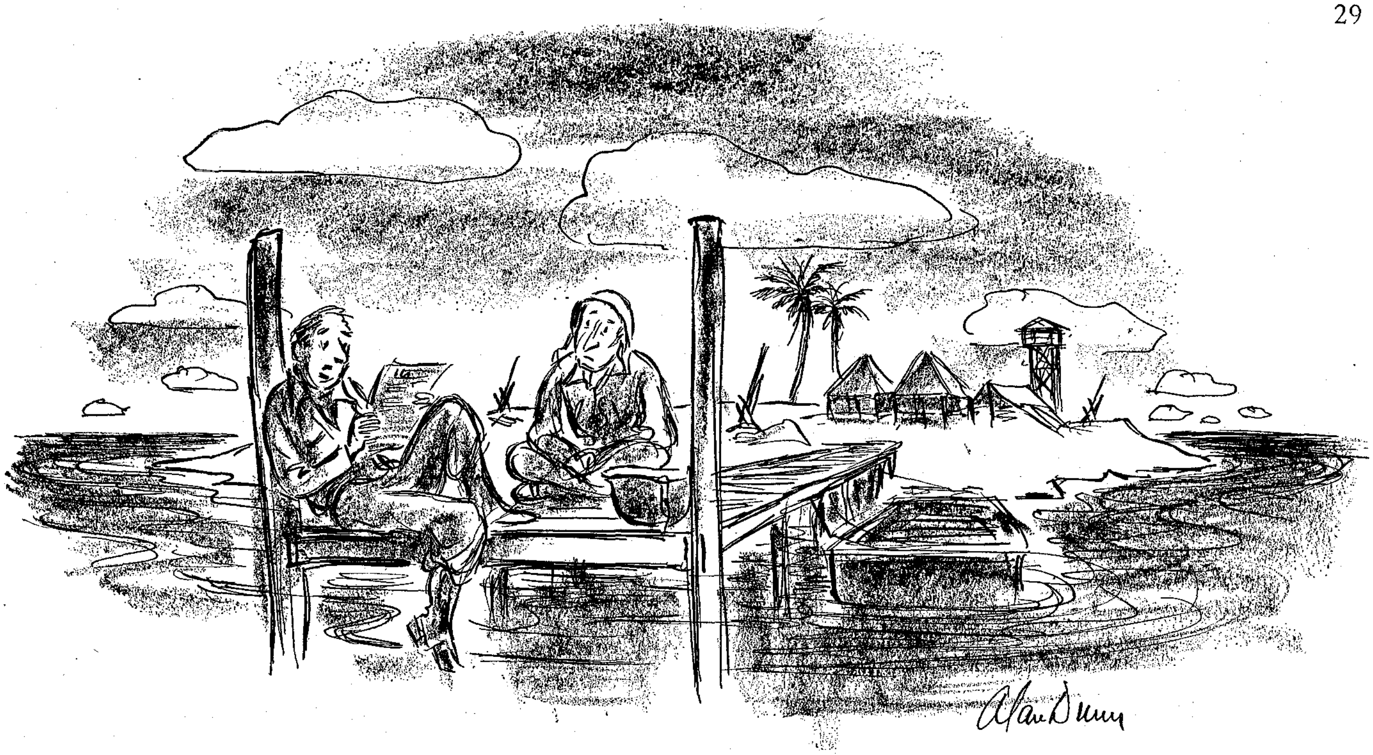

"It says if we spend too much of our pay here it will upset the economy of the country."

• •

Smith, who sent us the sole reply we received to an ad we had inserted in the *Times* after we had given up Brooklyn as hopeless. Franzl drove us out. Mrs. Smith's favorite form of vegetation, she didn't have to tell us, was snake plants, those stiff, swordlike growths that so often ornament the windows of barbershops and dry-cleaning establishments. Of these she had, we figured conservatively, at least five or six dozen lining her window sills all over the house and standing on tables and taborets everywhere among the bric-a-brac. Her rubber plant loomed up over a particularly dense mass of snake plants in a small room that she referred to as "Mr. Smith's den" and which was furnished largely in mission style, with touches of Moorish. It was a respectable plant, priced at a figure which was not too high—just high enough to indicate that Mrs. Smith knew what she was about—and Franzl told us it was what we had been looking for. "If you ever run across another one, Mrs. Smith, please let me know," he said. "I want one myself." The plant was too bulky to take home in the car, but within a few days it was delivered to us and we began to live with it.

A week or two later, we received a letter from Mrs. Smith. She had, she said, located another rubber plant, owned by an acquaintance, and had had it moved to her home for the greater convenience of our friend, who could come out and look at it any time. We passed the letter on to Franzl, but by then Franzl was thinking of other things. He, too, had received a communication in his mail—a card inviting him to join the armed forces of the young country he so admired for its old rubber trees and its honest ways—and he paid little if any attention to Mrs. Smith's letter. In a week or two we received a second letter, politely reminding us of the first, and sent it on to Franzl, busy at Fort Dix. When he ignored that one too, there came a third to us, couched less patiently. Poor Mrs. Smith! Her letter made it all too clear that, relying on Franzl's word, she had herself bought the second rubber plant and was holding it, now somewhat uneasily, as a middleman. "I am decidedly astonished and displeased," she wrote, "not to have heard anything at all from your friend, in accordance with whose specific request I have with much difficulty brought this large plant into my already overcrowded home."

We were sorry for Mrs. Smith, but there was little we could do to relieve her. It was quite out of the question that we should buy a second rubber plant, for by now our own, so healthy on arrival, was dropping its leaves at an alarming rate and showing a tendency to develop mealy bugs faster than we could pick them off. Indeed, we were already thinking seriously of separating ourselves from it. With Franzl probably going to distant points, even the memory of his mother seemed an insufficiently compelling reason for us to keep it, and certainly no reason at all for us to buy another one. All we could do was to write to Mrs. Smith, courteously but in a way which we realized could give her little satisfaction. "We have forwarded your letter to our friend," we told her. "He is at present engaged in basic training at Camp Grant, Illinois, and we have no doubt that he will write you from there concerning the rubber plant in question."

I fear, however, that Franzl never did write to Mrs. Smith, and I fear that whenever we saw him in New York on his furloughs, before he went overseas, we used to speculate unkindly as to how much Mrs. Smith's new rubber plant had grown since our last meeting.

Nor have we ever written Franzl that for a considerable time now Mrs. Smith's first plant and we have not been together. Rubber plants are almost certainly among the things he is fighting for, and when he returns, if he wishes us to get another one, I am pretty sure we will not refuse.

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

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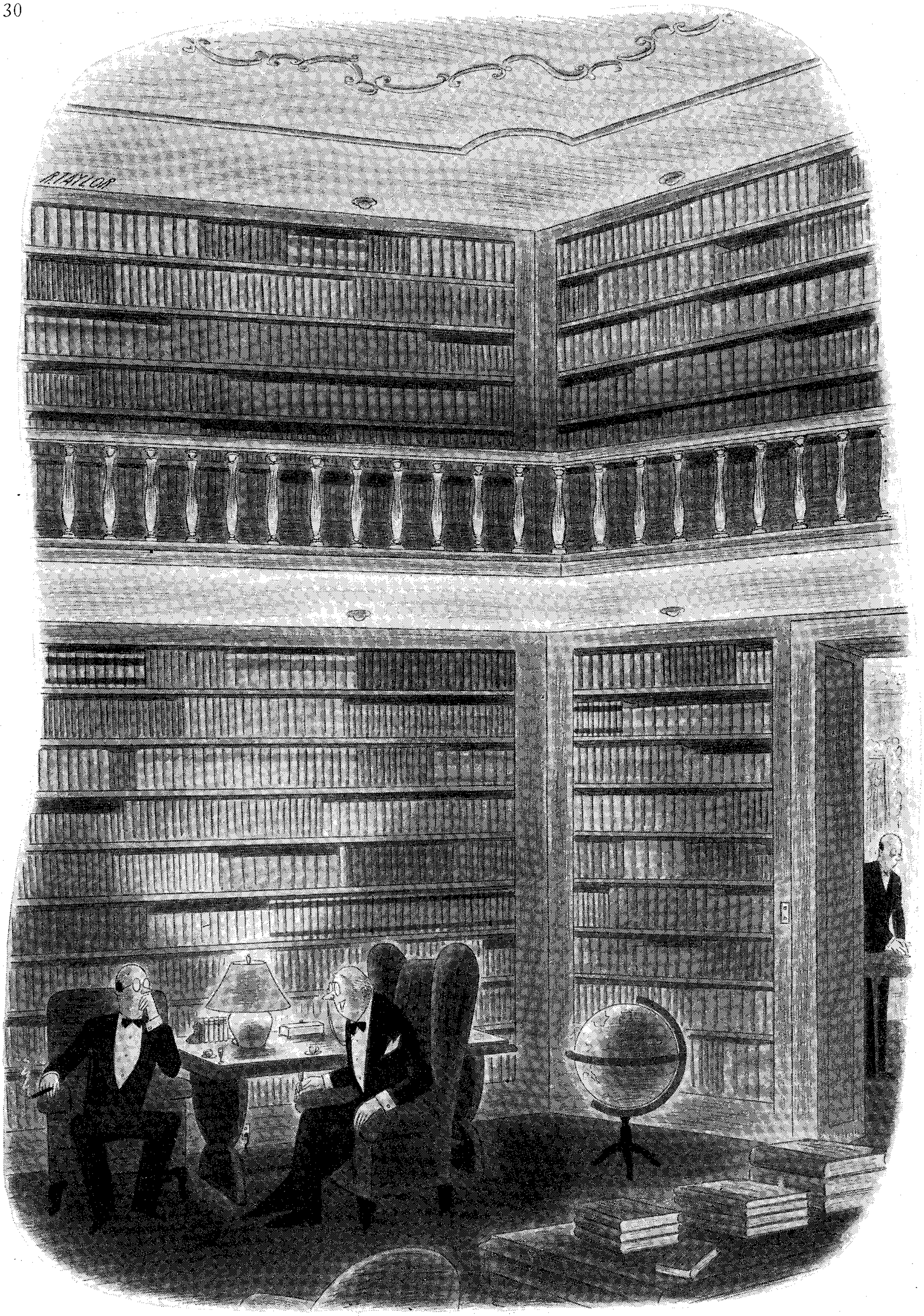
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Bennett Cerf in the Saturday Review*]

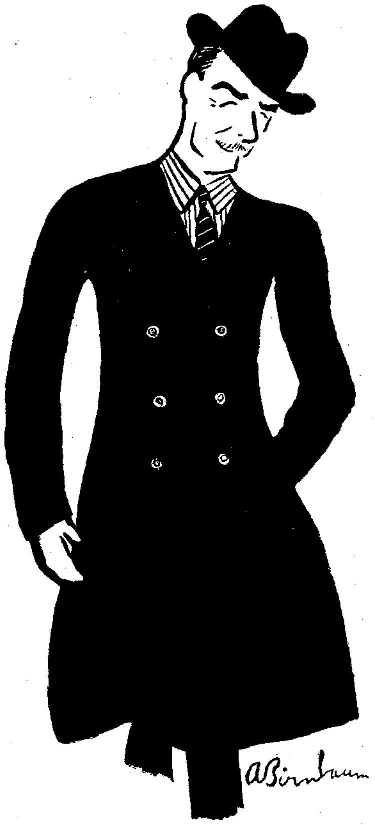
Meetings were held at the Ansonia Hotel and drew such notables as Theodore Dreiser, Richard Le Gallienne, Frank Harris, and Gertrude Atherton. "On off nights," reports Mrs. Sims, "we got variety in F. P. A. and Rube Goldberg."



"I have a small confession to make—some of them I've only skimmed through."

PROFILES

FOREIGN SECRETARY—I



Robert Anthony Eden

THE English are fond of the Right Honorable Robert Anthony Eden, their present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and possibly their future Prime Minister, for a variety of reasons, most of them very English. He seems to have been in the government forever, he has seldom changed in political essentials, and, as many admirers in the British Army, for which he has a vast affection, have put it, " 'E's a proper gent." This description is less a snobbish tribute to pedigree than a deeply national tribute to his sincerity, his agreeable manners, and his ability to measure up to any situation in accordance with certain well-defined standards. Attractive as these qualities are, there have been times in Eden's career when they seemed to hamper him. In the uneasy period in the late nineteen-thirties when it appeared that the meek were not only not going to inherit the earth but would in all likelihood lose the bits they possessed already, people said sadly that he was "too much of a gentleman" to stand a chance against the ungentlemanly types then flourishing in Europe. On top of his congenital misfortune of being unable to behave in a manner to which he was not born, Eden has suffered from two other serious disabilities—his physical appearance and the fact that many people are still apt to forget that, after twenty-two years in politics, he is not a boy but a man of forty-seven. It is sometimes a slight shock to those who think of him as a perennial young man to see that today there are silver threads among the brown, that he wears horn-rimmed glasses most of the time, and that his forehead is deeply lined. He at last, however, looks the way they want a major statesman to look. "He isn't sorry he's going gray," an acquaintance remarked recently. For years the press was preoccupied with his good looks and his clothes, but Eden is actually no better dressed than most of his colleagues in the Foreign Office, who go in for the same conservative suits and the same black Homburgs. His looks are less usual. He has a neat military mustache and a slim figure that give him the air of the professional soldier he would have vastly enjoyed being. Unlike many professional soldiers, he has a fine, intellectual forehead, an ample structure which is his dominant feature and which makes the lower half of his face look rather slight. His only vanity appears to be that he will not consider the horn-rimmed glasses permanent; he will not wear them at the table, so he gives his food the close scrutiny of a collector of antique silver searching for a hallmark.

Eden was born into a highly privileged environment. His mother, a Grey, belongs to one of England's powerful political families, and the Edens had lived in County Durham since the fifteenth century. The Eden baronetcy was created by Charles II in 1672. The family seems to have produced no public men until the eighteenth century, when William Eden, afterward Lord Auckland, was appointed Undersecretary of State at the age of twenty-eight. In 1778 this Eden was sent to America as a "peace commissioner" to offer the colonies home rule within the Empire, which, of course, he did without success. He had more success when he visited Versailles in 1785 as Pitt's envoy, to negotiate a commercial treaty with France. William Eden was called upon to exercise his diplomatic talents in a Europe which was seething with as much disaster as the Europe which his descendant Anthony had to tackle a hundred and fifty years later. After William, distinguished Edens bobbed up in every branch of England's service: under gold-laced hats at St. James's Palace levees, under white Colonial porticoes (William's brother Robert became Governor of the province of Maryland), under punkahs in India (the second Lord Auckland was governor-general there from 1835 to 1841). In addition to at least one bishop and a distinguished economist (Sir Frederick Morton Eden, nineteenth-century author of the classic "State of the Poor"), the family produced a lady novelist, the Honorable Emily Eden, the Early Victorian authoress of two best-selling novels, "The Semi-Detached House" and "The Semi-Attached Couple."

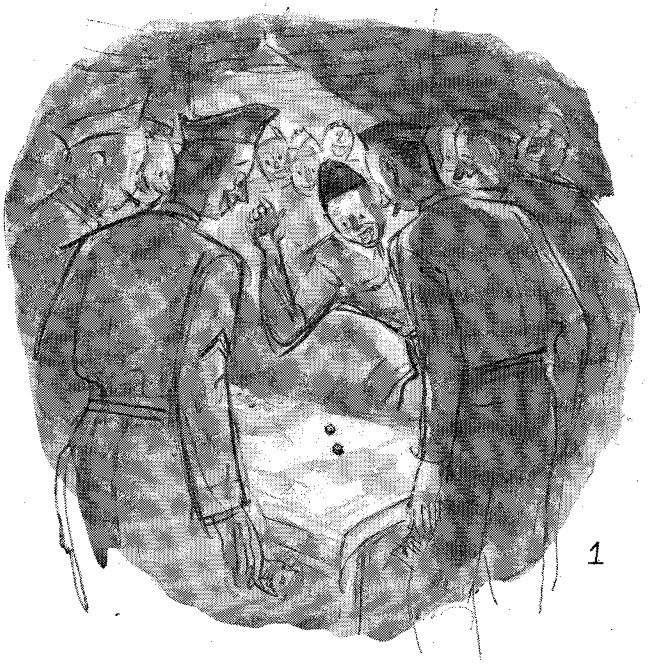
ANTHONY EDEN was born on June 12, 1897, the third son of a family of four boys and one girl, at his family's County Durham house, Windlestone. The estate, with its enormous, balustraded mansion dating from the period in which families were large and taxation small, was sold by Eden's elder brother, Sir Timothy Eden, in 1936, and has since been taken over by the Government. Eden keeps a portfolio of photographs of the house in his study, where he can glance through it nostalgically whenever he feels inclined.

Eden's father, Sir William Eden, who died in 1915, was an Elizabethan character who got into the nineteenth century by mistake and resented it. Thus, in his impressionable youth, Anthony Eden, who now has to be patient with tiresome people, spent a great deal of time, at close quarters, with a formidable, fascinating parent who was seldom patient with anybody. According to a remarkable biographical study of his father by Timothy Eden, "The Tribulations of a Baronet," Sir William was a master of hounds and a crack shot who painted water colors that were praised by George Moore and other critics; who admired Byron and pretty women as much as he detested shrieking children ("Children," he once wrote in a letter, "are natural and *brutes!*") and whistling errand boys ("A boy is whistling in the street. I wish so much that he was dead and that I could *see* him assassinated like the King of Greece"); who was a popular magistrate on the local bench and known admiringly as the Bloody Baronet by the delinquents to whom he dished out fines and strong language;

and who was a fanatical gardener who would roar like a wildman and slash a row of flowerpots into fragments if the color of their contents happened to offend him. Life with this particular father, who appeared to conform to no rules, was alarming but formative. Eden has inherited some of the hot temper and all the love of art, but in a sort of reaction to his environment he began early to conform to all rules. He grew up in an easy country-house atmosphere, cantered his pony Tom Tit through the beech avenues in the estate park (a sketch of the animal, painted by Sir William, hangs near his bed), was himself painted by Sir William in Fauntleroy laces and satins, and duly followed his elder brother Timothy to his preparatory school, Sandroyd, and on to Eton.

At Eton, which Eden reached in 1911, his desire to efface himself as far as possible and to fit himself into a normal, unpaternal mold was such that his housemaster, E. L. Churchill, has since described the future Foreign Secretary as "neither taciturn nor gay—just a pleasant and typical example of the best type of English public-school boy," in whom he could discern "no special indication of an outstanding career." The only indication of any kind in that period—and that one might have suggested that he would follow his ancestor the bishop rather than Pitt's envoy to Versailles—was his winning of the Brinkman Divinity Prize. This event enormously amused his irreligious father, who, as Timothy Eden says in his book, once shouted during a Windlestone shoot, in answer to one of the guns who had called up the line to know if they were to shoot hen birds, "Yes! Shoot hens! Shoot everything! Shoot the Holy Ghost if He comes out!"

In 1914, partridge shooting at Windlestone came to an end, owing to grimmer gunnery engagements on the Continent. That year Anthony was a seventeen-year-old schoolboy. A year later he was gazetted temporary lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, his father had died, his eldest brother, John, had been killed in action with the Twelfth Lancers, and his second brother, Timothy, who had succeeded to the baronetcy, was a prisoner in Germany. Soon the youngest son, Nicholas, was killed, at the age of sixteen, in the Battle of Jutland. For Eden, the war was a violent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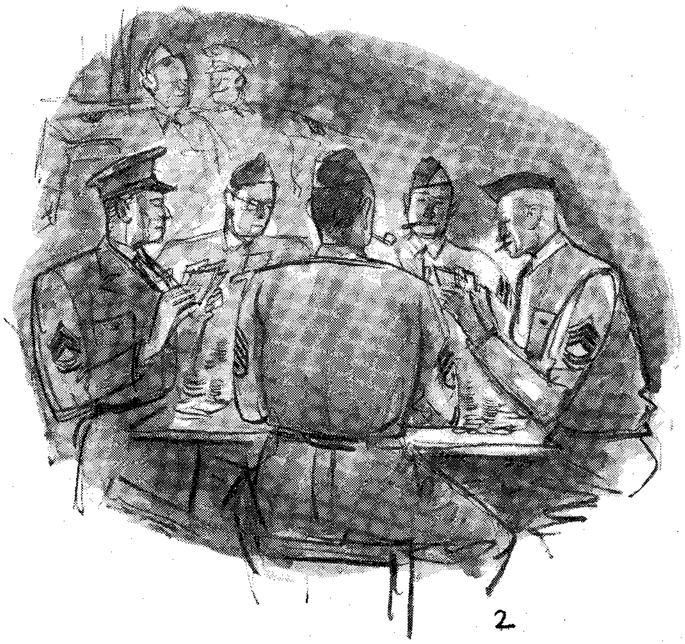
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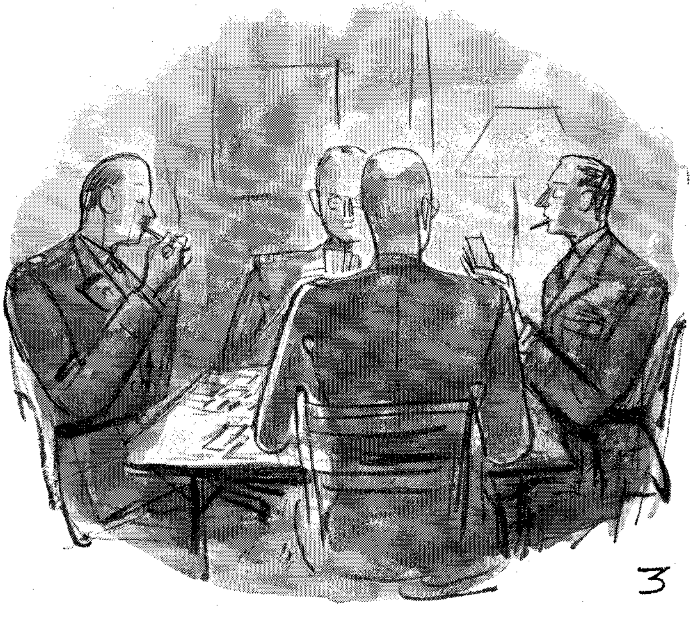
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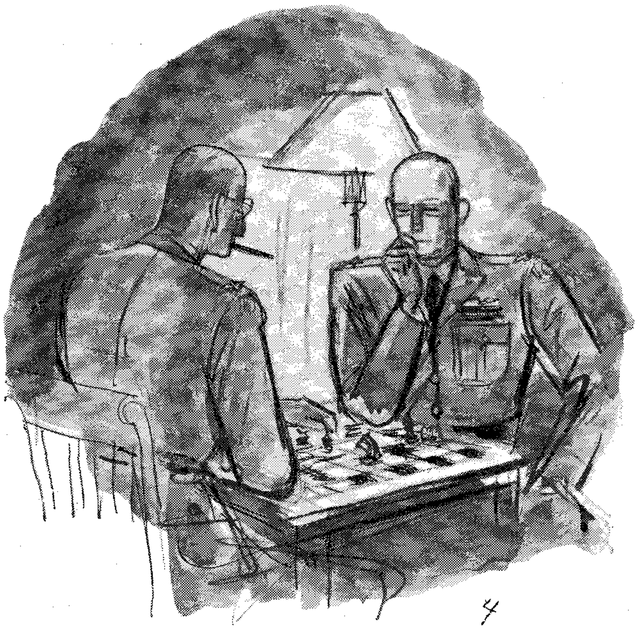
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and heartbreaking interlude between quiet places—between the river and meadows of Eton and the gray quadrangles of Christ Church, Oxford, to which he went when he got back from France, in 1919. In that interlude, however, he acquired a lasting fondness for the Army. A close friend recently said he imagined that the happiest, if most strenuous, period in Eden's life was the seven months he served as War Minister in 1940. He still enjoys anything to do with soldiering, and he was almost boyishly elated, during a visit last year to the United States, when General Marshall took him on a tour of a number of Army posts. He finished the first World War as the youngest adjutant in the British Army, and he acquired en route the first Eden mustache—a considerably fiercer one than he has today—and the Military Cross. He won the award for bringing in a wounded man from no man's land to the British lines at Ploegsteert, near Ypres.

IN the first World War, the Edens, like many another English family, lost heavily in goods as well as in sons. The days of shooting parties at Windlestone were over, and Eden had to choose a career for himself in a world full of young men with Military Crosses and no jobs. While at Christ Church, he decided to go into politics. His Oxford career was so inconspicuous that his contemporaries can recall only a kind of disembodied spirit who kept to himself, slogged away at Persian (he took First Class Honors in Oriental languages) and, during vacations in France, at French, and composed a pamphlet on Cézanne. After graduating from Oxford, he made, in 1922, his first attempt to break into politics by unsuccessfully standing as Conservative candidate in a mining constituency of his native County Durham. The miners were more interested in the Labour Party candidate's arguments than in the local background of the well-pressed, twenty-five-year-old Conservative. Undeterred, Eden tried again the following year at Warwick and Leamington, a joint and traditionally Conservative seat. A collection of odd circumstances gave a good deal of life to the campaign and brought Eden to the public's attention for the first time. Not only did a real live Socialist candidate pop up to breathe the Tory air of Leamington but the real live Socialist was also a real live countess, Lady Warwick, the mother-in-law of Eden's sister, Marjorie, who had married the Earl of Warwick. In the middle of the campaign, Eden further complicated this family mix-up by marrying Beatrice Beckett, daughter of Sir Gervase Beckett, part owner of the *Yorkshire Post* and himself a son-in-law of Lady Warwick's. The marriage took place at the fashionable St. Margaret's, in Westminster. The photographs of the wedding group are perfect period pieces of the nineteen-twenties, with the bridal attendants in medieval costume and the bridegroom beaming behind a terrific mustache. Having pleased the lady voters by giving a Montague-and-Capulet flavor to the election, Eden got into Parliament by a comfortable majority over Lady Warwick and the Liberal candidate, who was related to nobody. Eden has been member for Warwick and Leamington ever since. The two young Edens set up in Mulberry Walk, Chelsea, where the elder of their two sons, Simon, was born in 1924. Simon, who is in the R.A.F., returned recently to England from Canada, where he was sent for training. The Edens' second son, Nicholas, born in 1930, is at Eton.

Eden's early Parliamentary days seem to have been a lot like his school days; at least, his seniors do not remember his showing much promise of attaining front-bench honors. As a pleasant, rather earnest young back-bencher, he made a dullish maiden speech and conscientiously intervened in various debates ranging from Persian affairs (his specialty) to the artistic merits of Epstein's controversial memorial to W. H. Hudson in Hyde Park. Eden's knowledge of the Persian language came in handy on a visit he and four other M. P.s made to inspect the Anglo-Persian Oil Company's fields. His fluency with the natives and his ability to fry sausages when the party was in camp seem to have impressed his companions about equally. In 1925 he went to Australia to cover the Imperial Press Conference for the *Yorkshire Post*, for which he was then doing an occasional bit of book and art reviewing. Being a serious young M. P., he also took a look at the Empire along the way, and his findings were later published under the title "Places in the Sun," with a preface by Mr. Stanley Baldwin, who the year before had, for the second time, become Prime Minister. "I am convinced that for the development of our great inheritance on right lines there is . . . no adequate substitute for the knowledge which comes from travel and personal contact," wrote Baldwin, who used to go abroad every year to take the cure and make broadening contacts at Aix-les-Bains.

Baldwin was a shrewd picker of politicians, and he considered Eden a young man who might go far in a House of Commons that was, because of the casualties of war, sadly short of young men. Youth had never before especially commended itself to the Prime Minister, whose political motto was "Safety First" and who was reputed to regard middle-aged undersecretaries as promising striplings, but the member for Warwick and Leamington was obviously qualified to attract votes for Baldwin's particular brand of liberal Toryism. Eden, having established himself as a Baldwin man, gratefully continued as a Baldwin man, and apparently still cherishes for his old boss the incorrigible loyalty which a friend not long ago irritably called "that damnable English public-school spirit of Anthony's." Irreverent people who make cracks about Baldwin invariably draw a sharp retort from the Foreign Secretary.

Eden's first reward for his labors was to be appointed, in 1925, Parliamentary Private Secretary to Godfrey Locker-Lampson, at that time Undersecretary to the Home Office. To become some Minister's Parliamentary Private Secretary is an important step in a Westminster career. Though not great in itself, the position is intoxicatingly close to greatness. In 1926, Eden, who had been transferred, with Locker-Lampson, to the Foreign Office, was made Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir

A SHOUTIN' ORATORIO (POSSIBLY SUITABLE FOR TROMBONE) IN RECOGNITION OF THE INDOMITABLE HUMAN SPIRIT

"I have been cleaned up and cleaned up and filled up and sent out and charged and surcharged and wound up and now I have nothing to do but just unwind and run down and shine and shout and the devil can't tell me to cut it out."—*From a sermon by the late Reverend Reuben (Bud) Robinson (1860-1942), a noted Methodist Holiness evangelist, as reprinted in his biography, a copy of which someone left lying around the lobby of a hotel in Rising Star, Texas.*

Shake, Brother Bud, let's rise and shine,
They're never going to get us down.

We've been discomfited and discombobulated
And finagled and foxed and outfoxed
And foozled and flabbergasted and frustrated
And pushed around and pole-axed and put upon
And told off and cooled off and turned loose
And shoved down and shorn and snubbed.
But get away, you Satan, get away!

It's time for stompin' in the aisles, Brother Bud,
Let us lift up our eyes and shout.

We've been strangulated and scrambled and set upon
And wiped out and wrung out and wrapped up
And buttsprung and boggled and bamboozled
And violated and vitiated and vilified
And handcuffed and hornswoggled and hamstrung
And ripped up and run down and ruinated.
But scram, you Lucifer, scram this day!

Here's the season for rejoicing, Brother Bud,
A time for singing and for trumpets.

We've been exacerbated and eviscerated
And addled and aggravated and atrophied
And chivvied and chased and calumniated
And pulverized and persecuted and pixilated
And jerked around and jumped on and jacked up
And egged on and eaten up and exterminated.
But pooh for you, Old Scratch, pooh the livelong day!

The sun is shining bright, Brother Bud,
Will you join me in a little hallelujah?

We've been roiled and ripped up and rooked
And riddled and relegated and reclassified
And mussed up and mugged and monkeyed with
And masticated and macerated and muscled out
And clipped and contaminated and compromised
And swindled and stringhalted and set aside.
But go on, Old Forktail, don't bother us!

Will you join us in some clappin', Brother Bud,
Some clappin' like the happy people do?

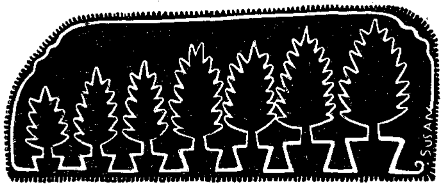
We've been disgorged and ground down and ground up
And rummed up and rattled around and renegotiated
And hopped up and henpecked and horsewhipped
And jugged and jarred loose and jeopardized
And ignored and intimidated and irritated
And unsung and undone and unhorsed.
But mind your dirty business, Devil, and leave us be!

—Stanley Walker

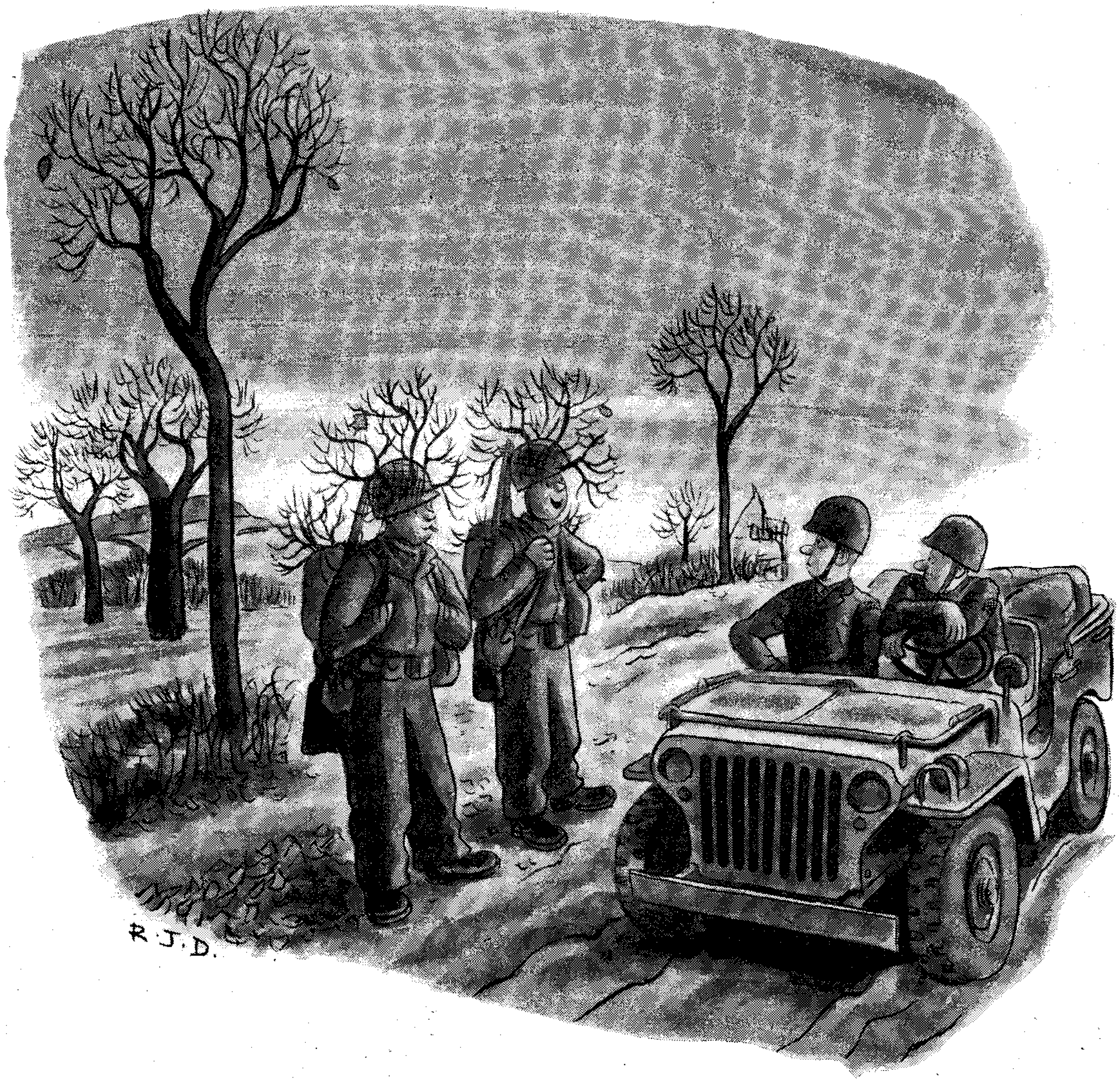
• •

Austen Chamberlain, the Foreign Secretary. Chamberlain, urbane, monocled, and an ardent Francophile, was bound to have an influence on the twenty-nine-year-old student of European affairs. Like Stanley Baldwin, he was a devout (but, in his case, practicing) believer in diplomacy by personal contacts, and Eden, who was later to develop this formula to a fine point, often saw his chief off on Mediterranean yachting holidays which combined pleasure with informal calls on Mussolini or Primo de Rivera. Once, after dropping in casually on the Italian dictator, Chamberlain announced that he and Mussolini had found, "without surprise but with satisfaction," a remarkable similarity of outlook between their two countries. Along with this starry-eyed report went a little arrangement allowing Italy a sphere of influence in Abyssinia, a name which should have caused Chamberlain's young Parliamentary Private Secretary a prophetic pang.

Eden, during his association with Chamberlain, which lasted until the Conservative Government went out of office in 1929, managed to work extremely hard and at the same time not look too hard-working. His capacity for work is enormous, and he has an exceptionally wiry, resilient constitution. His advancement, which seemed precocious to the too-young-at-forty school, was built on a foundation of dogged labor. The Europe of those nervous years, with disarmament in the air but not, unfortunately, on the ground, was certainly an instructive, if not particularly edifying, academy for a statesman. During the two years in which his party was out of office, Eden made a variety of Opposition speeches from the floor which identified him permanently with foreign affairs and disarmament. He made such a showing that his appointment, in 1931, as Undersecretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the new National Government came as no surprise. He and chaos had, however, arrived together. In September of that year, the first, terrible crack in the thin surface of the world's peace appeared. Fighting broke out on the South Manchurian Railway, and Eden drew the unpleasant job of explaining to the House that the League of Nations, faced with its big chance, would do little more than embark on what British diplomatic language later described as "vigorous



conversations" with the aggressor. The 1932 Disarmament Conference, to which he was sent as the principal British representative, opened in Geneva on February 2nd, the day of the first Japanese bombardment of Shanghai. Eden spent most of the next two years with the League of Nations at Geneva, where the British delegation was for a while housed in the Beau Rivage, a gloomy Victorian edifice. It was a lonely, discouraging time for Eden. In his few spare moments he played tennis, and at intervals he dashed home to report what was unhumorously termed progress, munching sandwiches on the night train to Paris, putting in a day's work at the British Embassy there, then hurrying on to London and his desk at the Foreign Office. The two years in Geneva, disheartening as they were to a man who was working for peace, were important to Eden, since they helped develop his highly un-English talent for getting on well with foreigners. "Wherever you looked, there was Eden up to the neck in blooming dagos," a more sturdily Britannic member of the party has recalled.



"You should have seen us a few weeks ago. We were a riot of color."

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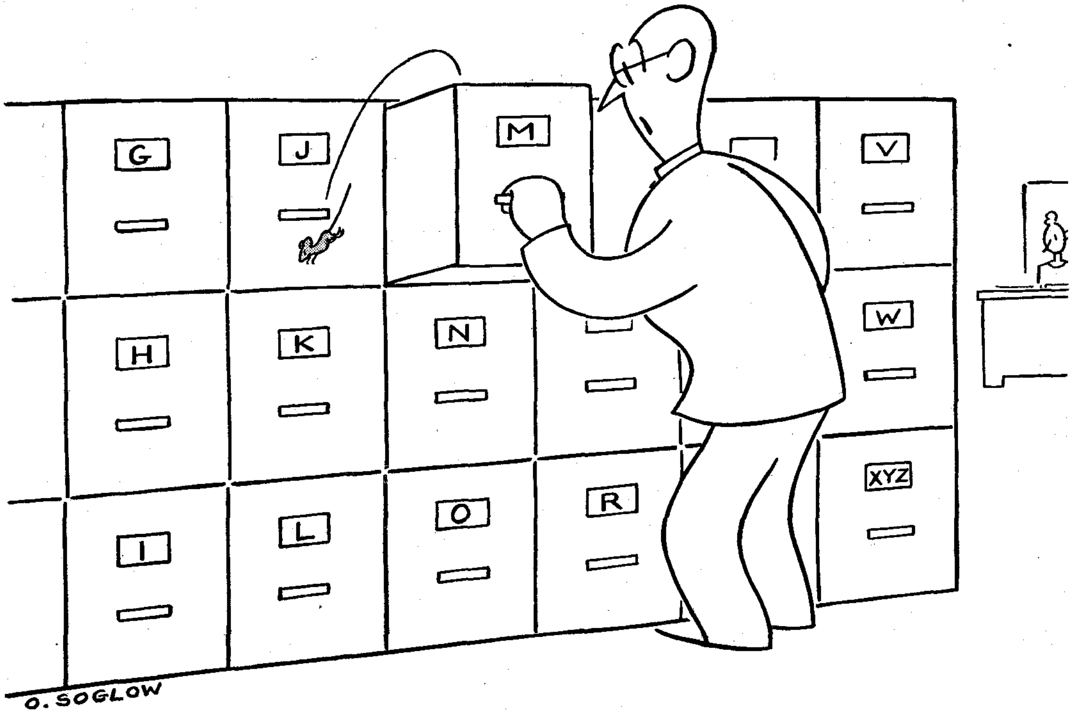
Between 1934 and the end of 1935, when Eden became Foreign Secretary, he chased peace around the Continental capitals with diminishing hopes of success. Things were changing fast for the worse. Hitler was well entrenched, and Germany, after handing in her notice to the Disarmament Conference and the League in 1933, had boldly asked the British to sell her twenty-five planes as "samples"—for what, she didn't say. In England, the press and public were alarmed at the drift of the government's foreign policy, and thought that Eden looked more like the Galahad who might save their children than did Sir John Simon, the eminent lawyer, who was their Foreign Secretary at a time when Europe seemed more in need of a doctor. Possibly with the prudent idea that the much criticized Government might find a bit of shelter behind Eden's good name, he was armed with the courtesy title of Lord Privy Seal and sent to call on Hitler. Both Hitler and the German press were polite and spoke flatteringly of the visitor as personifying "the spirit of the trenches." (By 1938 the Berlin papers were calling him "an Oxford dandy" and "a mannequin of London fashion firms.") Between compliments, Hitler said that all Germany wanted was a few trifling air squadrons with which to defend her frontiers, and that the S. A. and S. S. were hardly more martial than the Boy Scouts. Mussolini, the next stop in Eden's rounds, was less cordial. There have been various stories, all of them no doubt apocryphal, to account for the animosity which always underlay their interviews. One story had it that Eden skidded on the rug in front of the Duce's desk, a loss of dignity which Mussolini noisily enjoyed. Another story suggested that one of Mussolini's operatic gestures splashed the contents of an inkpot over the visitor's suit. Whatever the cause, Eden's visit to Rome was a diplomatic failure.

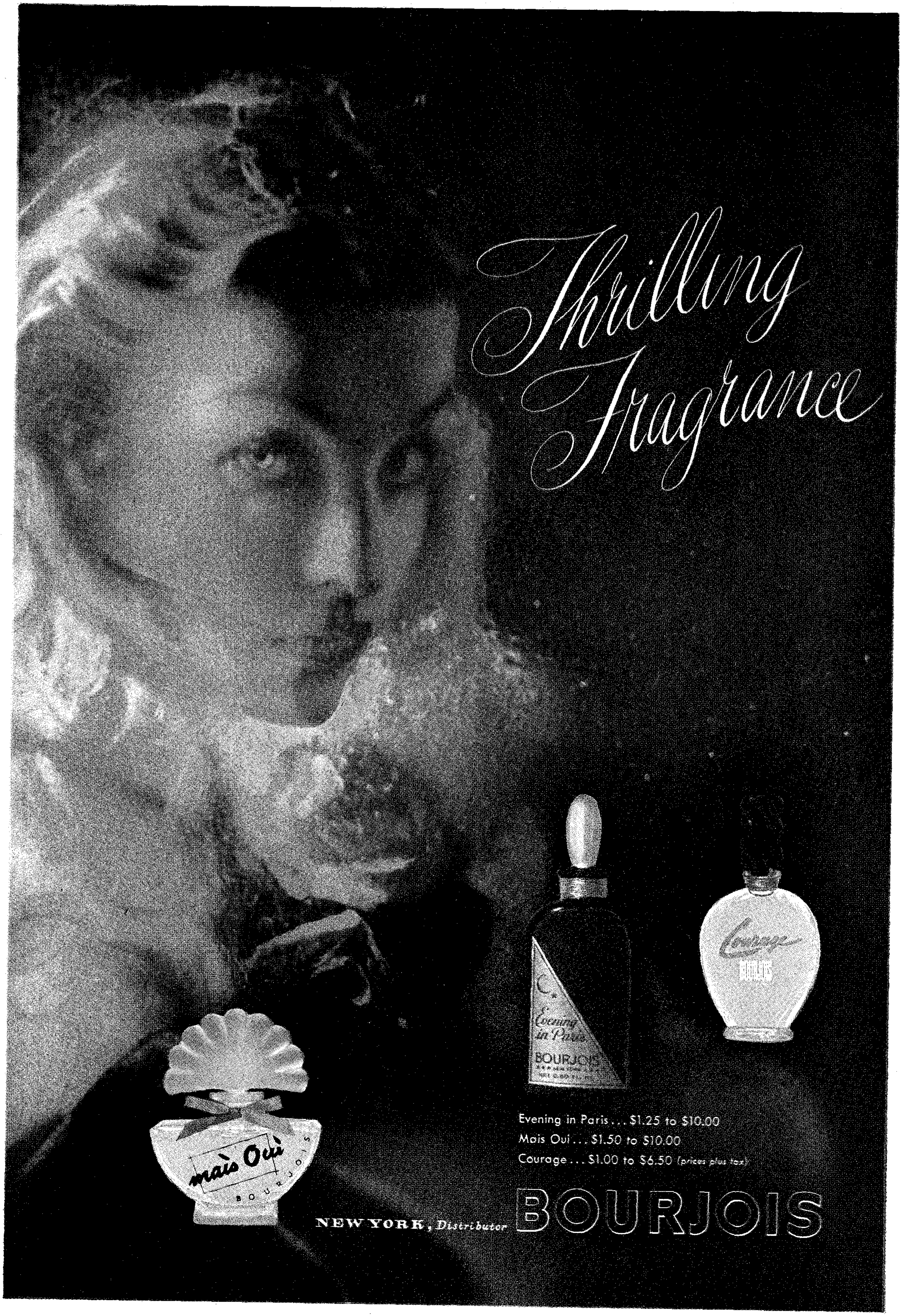
In 1935, when there was talk of an Eastern Locarno, now that the Soviet had entered the League, Eden accepted an invitation to go to Moscow, a momentous occasion, since it was the first time that a British Minister had ever been asked to the Kremlin. Many people think that Eden must know Russian well, but he doesn't speak the language; before a more recent Moscow trip, Mrs. Eden, like any wife with a husband going abroad, was observed buying him little grammars to take along. On the first occasion, there was no shortage of disquieting topics to discuss with Stalin. Foreign Minister Litvinoff, who had known Eden well at Geneva, acted as interpreter. Eden had seen Hitler again on the way to Moscow, and the Führer, this time cutting out the amenities, had merely announced that Germany intended to rearm and refused to sit in on any talk about a treaty which involved the Soviet Union. The Moscow conversations took place in an atmosphere of somewhat surprising amicability, and Eden, his reputation soaring and the handsomest station in Moscow's famous subway now named after him, went on to Warsaw. Marshal Pilsudski gave him a fine lunch of twelve national dishes and some Polish mead which had been hidden in the royal castle ever since Napoleon had occupied Warsaw, in 1806, and Foreign Minister Beck quoted a letter from King Sigismund Augustus of Poland to the English Queen Elizabeth in 1568, in which he promised fair play to English sailors in Polish ports. In a less literary vein, Poland's answer to the suggestion of any new treaty was a firm negative, given with an uneasy glance over her shoulder toward the German frontier. President Benes, Eden's next host, was more encouraging. The strain of so many conferences was telling, however, and after his return to England, Eden had to stay away from his office for six weeks while he rested an overtaxed heart.

WHEN Eden became Foreign Secretary, in December, 1935, replacing Sir Samuel Hoare, who had resigned after the Hoare-Laval scandal, he took office under a staggering burden of good will and trouble. He was thirty-eight—the youngest Foreign Secretary in eighty-four years—and the English were in a mood for youth. They had no liking for the desperate, dangerous situation to which the old men, the muddlers, the cynics, the safety-firsters had brought them. A public-opinion poll had been taken in the British Isles that summer, and of the nearly twelve million people who voted, ten million plumped for economic sanctions against an aggressor and nearly seven million for military sanctions if necessary. Eden came into power armed with everyone's high hopes and the shining sword of sanctions, already in operation against Italy, which was nevertheless quietly mopping up in Abyssinia. Because of pressure from the French Foreign Office and because he had no real backing in his own Cabinet, Eden before long had to descend to the humiliating point of announcing to the House of Commons that England would propose that the League drop the never more than lukewarm measures against Italy. In the meantime, Hitler, emboldened by Mussolini's success, had, in March, 1936, occupied the Rhineland. That same month, the British papers had carried a not particularly excited report that there had been a clash between Fascist and Socialist elements in Spain. The second World War was approaching at a gallop.

There was much criticism of Eden for not resigning over the Government's complaisant attitude toward the Italian conquest of Abyssinia. Some critics of Eden are still exasperated by his postponing until 1938 the gesture which they believe might have had a powerful astringent effect in 1936. They say that he handed in his resignation even then largely because he was influenced to do so by Lord Cranborne, his undersecretary and close friend. Cranborne, a member of the Cecil family, which combines political power and high ideals in equal and immense quantities, may well have provided moral support when the complete collapse of everything in which Eden believed seemed imminent. Eden has always picked associates who can give him what he feels he needs. In this case, he may have felt that, to take a step which might easily split the already harassed Government, what he needed was a friend's encouragement. In the eighteen months following the failure to save Abyssinia, Britain had pursued a foreign policy that closely resembled the Red Queen's running like mad to keep in the same place. Neville Chamberlain and his fatal brand of appeasement had come into power, and Non-Intervention was the keyword of 1937, as Sanctions had been of 1936. Each was a word over which no one knew whether to laugh or cry. The Axis countries were pouring supplies in to their friends in Spain, and in spite of the original success of the Nyon Conference, at which nine nations had decided to establish patrols in the Mediterranean to stop the sinking of neutral shipping by "pirates"—a triumph for Eden which produced much angry spluttering in the Rome press—the piratical attacks were starting up again. The beginning of 1938 found Austria's doomed Premier Schuschnigg at Berchtesgaden, the French press filling the air with yelps, and Czechoslovakia pondering the possibility that she was second on Hitler's coming tour of annexation. Italy chose the moment to press for new conversations with Great Britain designed to lead up to the League's granting respectability to the conquest of Abyssinia, and in the meantime continued to supply the planes which bombed Barcelona and to maintain an army in Libya, conveniently handy to Egypt and the Suez Canal.

Eden had fought a good but losing fight against all the appeasing notions favored by Chamberlain, who seemed to cherish the disastrous illusion that one Birmingham businessman could outsmart a couple of foreign dictators any day. Occasionally it happens that a man comes to symbolize the frame of mind

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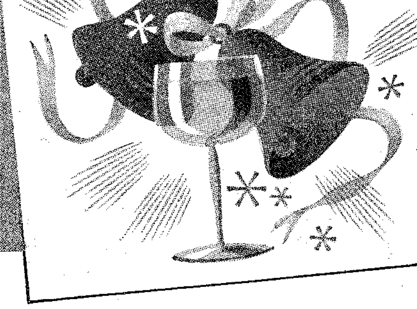

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Copyright 1944—Cresta Blanca Wine Company, Inc., Los Angeles, Calif. **BUY WAR BONDS** of a whole nation. At this moment Anthony Eden alone seemed to represent the will of the angry, bewildered British people, with whom the rest of the Cabinet appeared incredibly out of touch. The differences of opinion between the Prime Minister and his Foreign Secretary over the proposed shaking of hands with Italy—while keeping the eyes politely averted from what was happening in Spain—were widely known. Lloyd George, who had often come up against Eden in debate in the Commons, asked the question everybody wanted answered: "When will Mr. Eden get tired of being bullied by these men and stand up for what he really believes? If he does, he will be the biggest man in Great Britain."

The answer came on February 20, 1938. At two-thirty that afternoon, Hitler made a speech in the Reichstag which contained a furious attack on Eden. At seven-thirty that evening, Eden resigned, accompanied by the faithful Lord Cranborne. Before stepping out of office, Eden made a dignified explanation to an excited House of Commons and to the world. "I do not believe," he said, "that we can make progress in European appeasement . . . if we allow the impression to gain currency abroad that we yield to constant pressure. I am certain in my own mind that progress depends above all on the temper of the nation, and that temper must find expression in a firm spirit. That spirit, I am confident, is there. Not to give voice to it is, I believe, fair neither to this country nor to the world." —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Eden.*)

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He makes no pretense of having literary ability but has a faculty of putting his thoughts into verse in such a manner that it is pleasant to the reading public. Oddly enough, inspiration may be an inherent quality in his family for the Lowville poet is a descendent of Walter Hunt, who in 1849 invented the safety pin.—*Honolulu Advertiser.*

That'll do it.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Albany* (*N.Y.*) *Times-Union*]

HUNTSDALE, PA. (INS)—Most men anticipate the possibility of being shot after they are inducted into the armed forces. But John D. Evans, Harrisburg truck driver, didn't have to wait.

LISTEN: DECEMBER 2, 1944

It's 1:45 EWT Saturday afternoon December 2 in the press roost on top of the Baltimore stadium.

It's 6:45 that night in the Maginot Line, 7:45 in the Po Valley, 1:45 Sunday morning on Leyte.

The rival captains toss a coin. Ted Husing of CBS, up in the roost, watches it spin and fall . . . "they're lining up for the kick-off . . . there's the kick . . ." and the Army-Navy game of the century is on.

CBS is the only network carrying it. The running eye-witness story by Husing and Jimmy Dolan flashes by land-wire not only to 146 continental CBS stations in the U. S. and Canada, and by CBS shortwave to Porto Rico and Hawaii—but also through CBS to the outbound shortwave stations of the Armed Forces Radio Service on both seaboards. Mobile transmitters with the Armies in France and Italy and New Guinea and the Philippines snatch it out of the air and pipe it to advance posts.

So whether you sit at the game and watch the cheering sections of midshipmen and cadets, or at home tuned in with the rest of America—keep your ear peeled for the silent roar that comes from the real audience—12 million strong in the lines and ships and camps. It's a thunder such as you never heard before. And when you sense it, *go get that extra Bond.*

★

In among the snapdragons and American Beauties that decorated the studio on the 15th anniversary broadcast on November 20 of *The Goldbergs* (CBS, Mon. through Fri. 1:45 to 2 p.m. EWT) was a letter from Everett R. Clinchy, director of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. It said in part:

"By telling the story of The Goldbergs, an ordinary American family, you have made an important contribution to goodwill in our nation. Irrespective of whether we are Protestant, Catholic or Jewish, our hopes and our dreams, our triumphs and our joys are very much the same. They are the token of our common humanity. You have helped all of us see that."

Since their debut in radio in 1929, The Goldbergs have appeared not only 2877 times on the air, but in vaudeville, the comic strips, various textbooks on radio, and the archives of the Princeton University Library. ★

General Eisenhower, who thinks of quite a lot of things, has found time to think up a radio program. The General's program is different. What's more, it's going on the air—though stay-at-homes probably won't hear it. This is how it works:

In scores of towns and cities throughout the country, radio's best writers and producers are recording the familiar sights and sounds, and the town news, of each particular community. The Armed Forces Radio Service then flies the recordings to some 400 field radio stations on battlefronts all over the globe where Army transmitters broadcast the programs to the soldiers and sailors in that area. Boys from Brooklyn and Baton Rouge and Grand Forks now serving in far townships of the world will tune in their radios, hear about the local teams, hear what the Chamber of Commerce has been up to, hear who's running the new drugstore at the corner of Main and Elm. No star performers, no fancy entertainment. Just the plain every-day pattern of the life they left behind, want to come back to, and want most to hear about.

Called *Let's Go To Town,* the programs open with the announcement: "We're visiting a home town in the U.S.A. Who's Mayor now? What new streets are there? How's business? Hold on and we'll tell all. We're going to town and the town is ——".

We just hope one of the first programs is about Dennison, Texas.

★

Two days after Metz fell to the American Third Army, a chorus on CBS' *Great Moments in Music* (Wednesday, Nov. 22) sang a military hymn called *God of Battles,* music by Sgt. Peter de Rose, words by Lt. Gen. George S. Patton.

★

This is

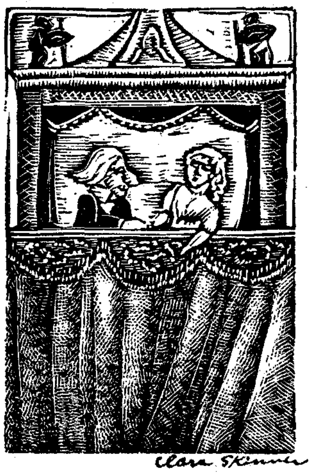
CBS

the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

THE THEATRE

APLEY IN THE FLESH

CONSIDERING the technical difficulties that were involved, the stage version of "The Late George Apley," at the Lyceum, has succeeded remarkably in preserving the spirit of John P. Marquand's novel. The book, as you know, dealt with a life that covered the years between 1866 and 1933. It was told through letters, mostly written by Apley to the members of his enormous family, and it was held together by a running commentary provided by an old friend, a Boston biographer called Willing, whose remarks were certainly literary parody of a high and deadly nature. Altogether, the book was an impressively thorough study of a mind conditioned by the most rigid and preposterous social system in American history but still never quite able to escape the suspicion that Boston was not the world or its standards precisely those making for a full and happy life. "Everything I have done has amounted almost to nothing," Apley wrote his son toward the end. "I have not had a very good time doing it." Such heresies, of course, were rare. For the most part, he was a Bostonian, putting his faith in the Family, Harvard, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and God, in just about that order. Mr. Marquand executed this portrait with considerable subtlety and an imposing wealth of local detail. He had, however, the full length of a novel to work in and, in the dreadful Willing, a very useful device for achieving satire by indirection.

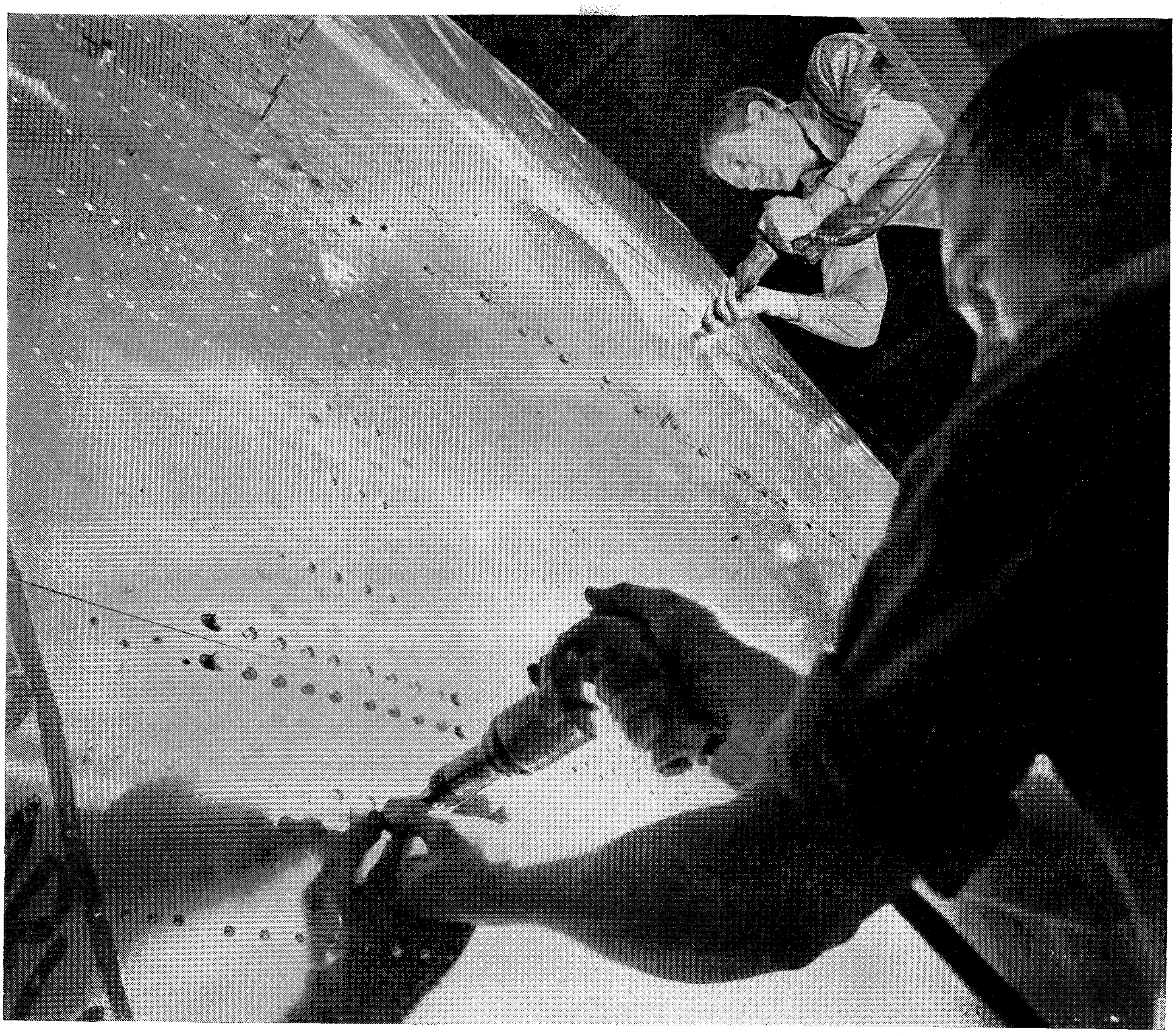


On the stage, the time element has been juggled around a little; Apley's death has been put back from 1933 to 1924, and the principal action is confined to a period of one week in 1912. There is no helpful interlocutor and not even much of the special and accurate reference that made the book an almost definitive work on Boston; and, for obvious theatrical reasons, it has been necessary to rearrange the story so that many of Apley's youthful experiences are now attributed to a succeeding generation. As revised, the play focusses on Apley's influence on his two children—John, who rebels against tradition to the extent of courting a girl from Worcester, of all places, but finally settles down obediently in his father's image, and Eleanor, who takes up with and actually marries a dangerous radical from New York who smokes cigarettes and says publicly that Emerson strikes him as a very tedious old specimen. This, of course, isn't exactly what Mr. Marquand wrote in the first place, but most of the original quality is still there. I think that he, or more probably his associate, George S. Kaufman, may have gone somewhat too far in simplifying their script for non-Bostonian consumption, so that a lot of the humor is now based on venerable quips about Harvard vs. Yale, Emerson vs. Freud, and Boston vs. the Universe, and I'm not sure that rather broad caricature doesn't creep into a few members of the family, who looked and sounded to me rather more like 1890 than 1912. However, these are minor defects in a generally warm, perceptive, and frequently very touching piece, and I don't think you'll find them hard to overlook. Inevitably, George Apley has been compared with the hero of "Life with Father," and personally I find him just a little more appealing. The difference, I guess, lies in the superiority, at least for literary purposes, of a man with an occasional uneasy sense of his own anachronism over a man who quite simply regards himself as the end product of a civilization. Apley may not be as funny as Day but somehow or other he seems to have an extra dimension.

Leo G. Carroll, in the title rôle, has a triumph that can be ranked with the one scored by that man in "Harvey." For a native of England to impersonate a type who is the final essence of Boston is quite a feat, but Mr. Carroll has no trouble with it. His performance, in fact, is one of the very few examples I can remember of a familiar character transplanted from a book to the stage who didn't require more or less violent readjustments in my mind. He was the George Apley I'd been reading about, and that was that. To a slightly lesser degree, I can say the same thing about Janet Beecher, as his wife, David McKay and Joan Chandler, as his son and daughter, and Margaret Dale, Percy Waram, Reynolds Evans, and Margaret Phillips, as assorted members of the clan. They were all obviously Bostonian and all wonderful.

LAURENCE STALLINGS, collaborating with Maxwell Anderson, wrote "What Price Glory?" five years after the first World War was over; now, alone, he has written "The Streets Are Guarded" while the second war is still going on. "What Price Glory?" was sardonic, explicit, and tremendously effective; the entry at the Henry Miller is sentimental, vague, and, I think, very often absurd. There are a good many possible explanations for the wide divergence in quality between these two plays. It may be that Mr. Stallings needs Mr. Anderson, though in many ways their talents are strikingly alike, and, after all, he wrote a superb moving picture called "The Big Parade" all by himself; it may be that a man is mistaken to devote himself almost exclusively to one theme, on the ground that too elaborate variations are apt to creep in; and it may be, and most probably is, that good war plays are very hard to write while the author is still too passionately involved with his material.

However it may be, "The Streets Are Guarded" is certainly not a very happy venture. Mr. Stallings has laid his action (people talking) on an atoll in the Pacific, with a prologue and epilogue in a naval hospital in Washington. The central character is a cryptic figure, identified only as The Marine, whose conversation and certain stigmata he bears suggest that he may be a reincarnation of the Christ. He arrives inexplicably and, after going on for some time in a moral and supernatural manner, disappears the same way. My colleagues have advanced a great many explanations, all different, of what was going on in the author's mind, and I see no reason to contribute any further to the confusion, and couldn't if I wanted to, since the whole business is still pretty murky to me. As an old admirer of Mr. Stallings, I can only say that he strikes me as a hell of a fine playwright in the field of direct action but that as a symbolist he ought to be dis-



Finish the Fight with War Bonds

Destroyer

Look up from the floor of one of Boeing's mammoth plants at the gleaming wing sections of B-29 Superfortresses — long lines of them, held edgewise in massive jigs. Inevitably, you think of ships being built in their ways. There is the flowing curve of ribs and frame. The breath-taking bigness. The sense of staunch, clean grace.

Even when you study them more closely, the likeness to a ship persists. For the wing skin of one of these great bombers is no flimsy sheet. Its flush-riveted plates are of tough aluminum alloy, nearly as thick as the steel hull of a destroyer.

Something of immense importance has happened to airplanes in the last few crowded years. They are *no longer fragile.*

Boeing engineers were among the first to envision giant ships of the air, many tons in weight. They pioneered modern transport design with the 3-mile-a-minute Boeing 247, which pointed the way for all subsequent air liners. They made history with the B-17 Flying Fortress, first and most famous of the fighting four-engine bombers — the luxurious Stratoliner which inaugurated high-altitude travel — and the ocean-spanning Boeing Clipper.

Now they have produced a still greater aircraft — the B-29 Superfortress — mightiest of the world's battle planes. No other airplane has been assigned so important a responsibility in the conduct of the war. In the size, speed, capacity and superb flying qualities of this great bomber, you can glimpse something of America's future in the air.

When the war is over, the ingenuity, experience and skill in engineering and manufacturing that have given Boeing heavy aircraft leadership will once more be devoted to products of peace. You can know of any such product . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE FLYING FORTRESS
THE KAYDET TRAINER • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

BOEING

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

ETHEL BARRYMORE
EMBEZZLED HEAVEN
A New Play by L. BUSH-FEKETE
& MARY HELEN FAY
Based on a Novel by FRANZ WERFEL
with ALBERT BASSERMAN
Eduard Franz • Sanford Meisner • Martin Blaine
NATIONAL THEATRE, W. 41st St. MATS. THURS. & SAT.

(in association with Jack H. Skirball)
JACOBOWSKY and the COLONEL
The FRANZ WERFEL - S. N. BEHRMAN COMEDY
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
LOUIS CALHERN • OSCAR KARLWEIS
Marianne Stewart • Harold Vermilyea
MARTIN BECK Thea. W. 45th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE MUSICAL HIT
OKLAHOMA!
Based on LYNN RIGGS' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Betty GARDE Harry STOCKWELL Joseph BULOFF Evelyn WYCKOFF
St. JAMES. W. 44th St. Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
—BARNES, Herald Trib.
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr.
presents
Margaret Elliott
SULLAVAN • NUGENT
in
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
with
AUDREY CHRISTIE
MOROSCO. 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

DAVID WOLPER (in association with AL BORDE) presents
GERTRUDE NIESEN
FOLLOW THE GIRLS
Staged by HARRY DELMAR
JACKIE GLEASON
Buster West • Irina Baronova • Tim Herbert
Eves. Except Sun. 8:30 44th ST. THEATRE W. of B'way. LA. 4-4337
Matinees Wednesday & Saturday 2:30

"Hilarious, Irresistible."
—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY
with
SIDNEY BLACKMER • LOIS WILSON
PLYMOUTH Theatre. 45th St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER * DENNIS KING * DUDLEY DIGGES
IN
The Searching Wind
with BARBARA O'NEIL
FULTON W. 46 St. Eves. 8:40 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT"
Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Paul CZINNER present
ELISABETH
BERGNER
in The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
with ONSLOW STEVENS | 2nd YEAR!
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

couraged. Of the large cast, only George Matthews, as a tough boatswain's mate, was completely intelligible to me, so I don't feel competent to discuss the others.

FROM now on it is going to be the policy of this department to absent itself from any operetta immediately upon the entrance of any actor representing the Emperor of Austria. I'm not going into this point; it is simply an unfortunate fact that the Emperor and I are never happy in the same theatre, and since he can't be expected to leave, I will. I came to this decision reluctantly at the opening of "Rhapsody," a work also featuring Casanova and Maria Theresa, which appeared one gusty night last week at the Century. The score of "Rhapsody" was based on Fritz Kreisler's music and it was very pretty indeed. The book was by Leonard Louis Levinson and Arnold Sundgaard, and you can have it.

IF "The Man Who Had All the Luck" held me in my seat for three interminable acts, it was largely out of incredulity, for in it Arthur Miller surely wrote one of the strangest plays of the decade. Since it is now deceased, a very brief synopsis should suffice. The first act was about a garageman who didn't know much about machinery; the second act was about a pitcher who was no good when there were men on the bases because he had been trained privately by his father in the basement; the third act was about childbirth and a mink farm where the mink were threatened with poisoning because there were silkworms in their fish. There was also some mention of a veteran of the first World War who got the Croix de Guerre when the boiler blew up in a whore house. A little shapeless, you might say.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

There has to be a vital emergency to make her show her true courage and strength. For months the man she loves might think she is a timid soul, and then some afternoon, they go riding together. They rest beneath a cottonwood. He lays his head in her lap and closes his eyes. Suddenly, a rattlesnake appears beside him. But the Scorpio girl does not faint or scream to make the man move and perhaps get bitten. Slowly, she moves her hand to a rock behind her. She grasps the weapon. Then smash! She has crushed the head of the rattler as the man jumps to his feet and realizes her fortitude and wisdom.—*From an article on astrology in Romantic Range.*

Scorpio girl, won't you come out tonight?

MICHAEL TODD PRODUCTIONS
MAE WEST
IN PERSON
Catherine was Great
Directed by ROY HARGRAVE
ROYALE THEATRE, 45th St. West of Broadway
Every Eve. (ex. Mon.) 8:40: Mats. Sat. & Sun. 2:40

BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
with GEORGE GIVOT PAUL HAAKON WILBUR EVANS
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th Street
Eves. 8:30, Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

"BRIGHT NEW MUSICAL HIT."—LIFE
BLOOMER GIRL
—HAROLD ARLEN—E. Y. HARBURG, Songs
CELESTE HOLM MARGARET DOUGLASS JOAN McCRACKEN DAVID BROOKS
DOOLEY WILSON MABEL TALIAFERRO MATT BRIGGS
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. CI. 6-5990
Evs. 8:30—Mon. thru Thurs. $1.20 to $5.50; Fri. & Sat. $1.20 to $6. Tax Incl. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30

"No. 1 on the Hit Parade." Walter Winchell
EDWIN LESTER presents
The new operetta triumph
SONG OF NORWAY
Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
IMPERIAL Th. 45th W. of B'way. Evgs 8:30 Sharp. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

AGATHA CHRISTIE'S
Mystery Comedy
10 LITTLE INDIANS
"THRILLS, LAUGHS, SUSPENSE, EXCITEMENT." Rascoe, World-Tel.
BROADHURST THEA. • W. 44th St.
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

BROCK PEMBERTON presents
Frank Fay
in "Harvey"
A New Comedy by MARY CHASE
with JOSEPHINE HULL
Directed by ANTOINETTE PERRY
48th St. Theatre, E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MAX GORDON presents
THE LATE
GEORGE APLEY
By JOHN P. MARQUAND & GEO. S. KAUFMAN
Based on Mr. Marquand's Pulitzer Prize Novel
Staged by MR. KAUFMAN
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH 4-4256
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:40

FRITZ KREISLER'S
OPERETTA
Rhapsody
EVES. 8:30
MATS. WED. & SAT.
CENTURY THEATRE
7th Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 44

OF ALL THINGS

FROM all accounts, the passengers on the B-29s enjoyed their holiday trip to Tokio immensely. They expect to visit that fascinating city frequently, now that they have found the way.

●

Dr. Goebbels denies that the Germans ever claimed to be a super-race. It is possible that they were just a lot of ambitious fellows who wanted to move into a more respectable neighborhood.

●

Now we are told that there is an acute shortage of matches. This would have been serious back in the good old days when we had cigarettes to burn.

●

The enemy will be encouraged to hear that there is serious discord between our Army and Navy. There may even be scenes of actual violence when the cadets and middies meet in Baltimore this weekend.

●

The President has asked that the inauguration ceremonies be simple and inexpensive because of the war. Besides, it is likely that the novelty of the thing is beginning to wear off.

●

It seems that the younger Nazis still have fanatical faith in a German victory. It is, of course, possible that they may have to change their minds before they get much older.

●

It has been suggested that thirty-three House investigating committees be abolished and that one standing committee take over the whole job. Congressmen should realize that the craze for quiz programs has passed its peak.

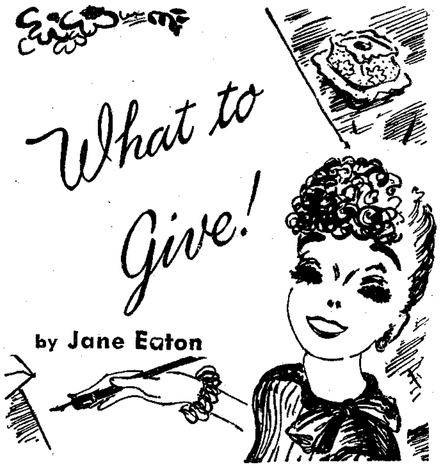
●

The Tokio radio is complaining that the American Marines are a "bunch of roughnecks." This is unquestionably as near the truth as the Japanese will ever get.

●

For some days last week, many telephone operators in Ohio and vicinity were not on speaking terms with their customers. Happily, those smiling voices are again being heard throughout the land.
—HOWARD BRUBAKER

The perfume of promise...
W
JE REVIENS
WORTH
Worth
JE REVIENS
(I will return)
unforgettable fragrance...
he'll remember it...
and you!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by Jane Eaton

TOKEN OF YOUR OWN GOOD TASTE

★This distinguished white and silver box houses Eaton's best-loved letter papers . . . PETERSBURG 1850, RANDOMWEAVE, FOREIGN MAIL, CALAIS RIPPLE. Boxed quantities suitable for engraving. You have a choice of classic or fashion-bordered papers, plain or color-lined envelopes. White or colors. $2.00 and $2.50.

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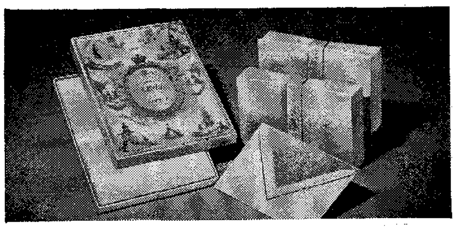
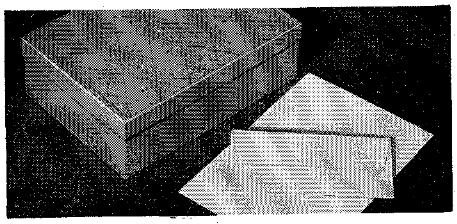


★Someone you know will thank you forever for this gift . . . an Eaton Open Stock paper . . . writing paper and envelopes that can be matched again and again on a fill-in-as-needed basis, anytime. Illustrated is CALAIS RIPPLE. Deckle-edged, it comes in white and colors. Paper, 65¢ a box. Envelopes, 35¢ a package.

FOR THE MEN IN YOUR LIFE



★Ideal answer to "What to give a man?"...welcomed by every one of them. Perfectly tailored, man-sized, quality white HIGHLAND VELLUM. Single sheets, packed in a handsome, masculine leatherette box, spiked with simulated nailheads. White only, $2.00. (Also at $1.00.)

If these are not available at your favorite store, you will find other Eaton boxes equally pleasing.

★

BE AN ANGEL... GIVE EATON'S

Eaton's fine letter papers

EATON'S 18 65 FINE LETTER PAPERS

EATON PAPER CORPORATION, PITTSFIELD, MASS

FOOTBALL

Traditional Game

LAST week, while Army and Navy were taking a breather, the college teams, a number of them sadly depleted not only by the demands of war but also by having played either Army or Navy, carried on bravely as though nothing had happened. Tradition and loyalty to one's alma mater are beautiful things, and nowhere more beautiful than in what is known to the newsreels as the world of sport. Tradition didn't do too well last Saturday, what with Yale finishing out its season against Virginia, and Princeton winding up matters by playing Atlantic City Naval Air Station. However, to offset this sort of thing, you had Pittsburgh meeting Penn State, Columbia meeting Dartmouth, and Cornell meeting Penn. And as for loyalty, these teams' supporters, like the teams themselves, carried on as if nothing had happened. Cornell had had a rather unhappy season, and Penn had been beaten badly not only by Army and Navy, which might have been expected, but by Michigan, which was something of a surprise. Accordingly, only a handful of loyal followers—no more than fifty thousand, say—turned out to watch Penn and Cornell put on their fifty-first match.

THE Penn-Cornell game was largely a repetition of last year's performance: Penn having a lot of trouble with Cornell until well into the second half and then going on to win just about as it pleased. The one great difference this fall was the absence of a man named Calcagni. Two seasons ago, Calcagni, one of the best tackles Penn has ever had, was elected captain of the 1943 team. By the time the 1943 season came around, though, the armed forces, under whose management Calcagni was operating, had transferred him to Cornell. In that year's Penn game, playing at his customary position, he spent a large part of the afternoon diagnosing the Penn plays and formations, most of which he knew as well as he knew his own hallway in the dark, and thoughtfully calling out his findings to the other Cornell players. Penn, a heavy favorite to win that game, was understandably embarrassed by this unwanted publicity, and before it quite knew what was up, it had

AMERICA'S NEW
Ballet INTERNATIONAL
"A SURE-SHOT HIT!"
—Quirk, News
"A gala event that proved to be a milestone in the cultural life of New York and those responsible for it deserve a big round of applause."
—GRENA BENNETT, Journal-American
INTERNATIONAL THEATRE
COLUMBUS CIRCLE at 59th ST.
Evgs. incl. Sunday 8:30 and Sat. & Sun. Mats. 2:30
Prices all Perfs. $1.20 to $4.20 Tax Inc. No Mon. Perf.

GEORGE ABBOTT'S 2 Comedy Hits
"SNAFU"
By
LOUIS SOLOMON & HAROLD BUCHMAN
HUDSON Thea., W. 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
2ND YEAR
KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
BILTMORE THEA., W. 47 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARY MARTIN
JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S.J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH : Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
46TH ST. Theatre, West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

"A SMASH HIT... a distinguished play."
—MARCH OF TIME
Soldier's Wife
ROSE FRANKEN'S COMEDY HIT
GOLDEN Theatre, West 45th St.

"Most important American comedy-drama in 20 years."—RASCOE, World-Telegram
Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40 Mats. Wed., & Sat. 2:40

MOTION PICTURE

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
50th St. & 6th Ave.
Irene DUNNE • Charles BOYER
"TOGETHER AGAIN"
with Charles COBURN
A Columbia Picture
Spectacular Stage Presentation
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

let Cornell score a touchdown. This year, there was no Calcagni, and there was no Cornell touchdown, either, and along about the middle of the third quarter Penn got the range of the enemy goal line and started going through Cornell as if it were a paper hoop.

The break came on a running play. Minisi of Penn took the ball and started on a wide sweep around left end. Half a dozen Cornell men spotted Minisi's move and went to the left with him. Two of them trapped him behind his own line and one of the pair tackled him. As the tackler's arms went around Minisi's waist, you could see the other Cornellians slow down to a trot. It was one of those mistakes which youngsters who haven't had enough time on the practice field will make, and it was a costly one. Minisi wriggled free from his tackler's grasp without breaking stride and set out for the Cornell goal. There were Cornell men between him and that goal, but he was going at top speed and they were easing up, and he outran them all.

Dekdebrun, Cornell's best back, was the main menace to Penn in this year's game, as he was in last year's, but he had no one like Calcagni in the line to open up holes for him to run with the ball, and almost no one to pass to. Accorsi, Robeson, and Di Stasio, his potential pass receivers, all had either injured feet or injured hands and were not at their best, and Drogin, apparently the only Cornell receiver in a reasonable state of repair, did not appear until late in the game.

THERE is a story about Drogin, who is seemingly accustomed to sitting on the sidelines for long periods, that I would like to believe is true. The scene is a game in which Cornell is having a disastrous time of it. As the enemy score climbs and climbs and the other Cornell players fall like autumn leaves before the enemy attack, Drogin continues to sit on the bench. After the game is over, Snavely, the Cornell coach, turns to the bench and his eye lights on Drogin. "I forgot about you, Drogin," Snavely says. "I could have used you, too." "Oh, that's all right, coach," Drogin replies. "I probably couldn't have pulled the game out of the fire for you anyway." —J. W. L.

•

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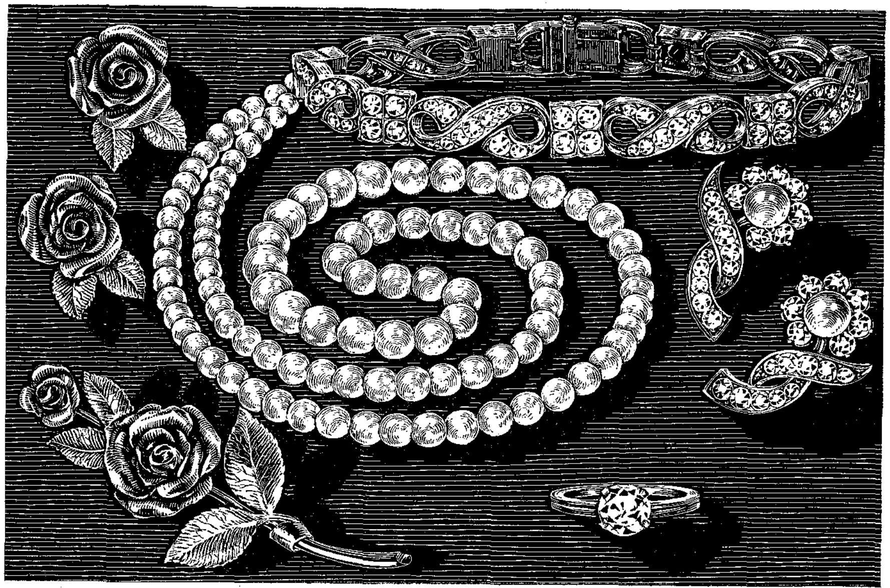

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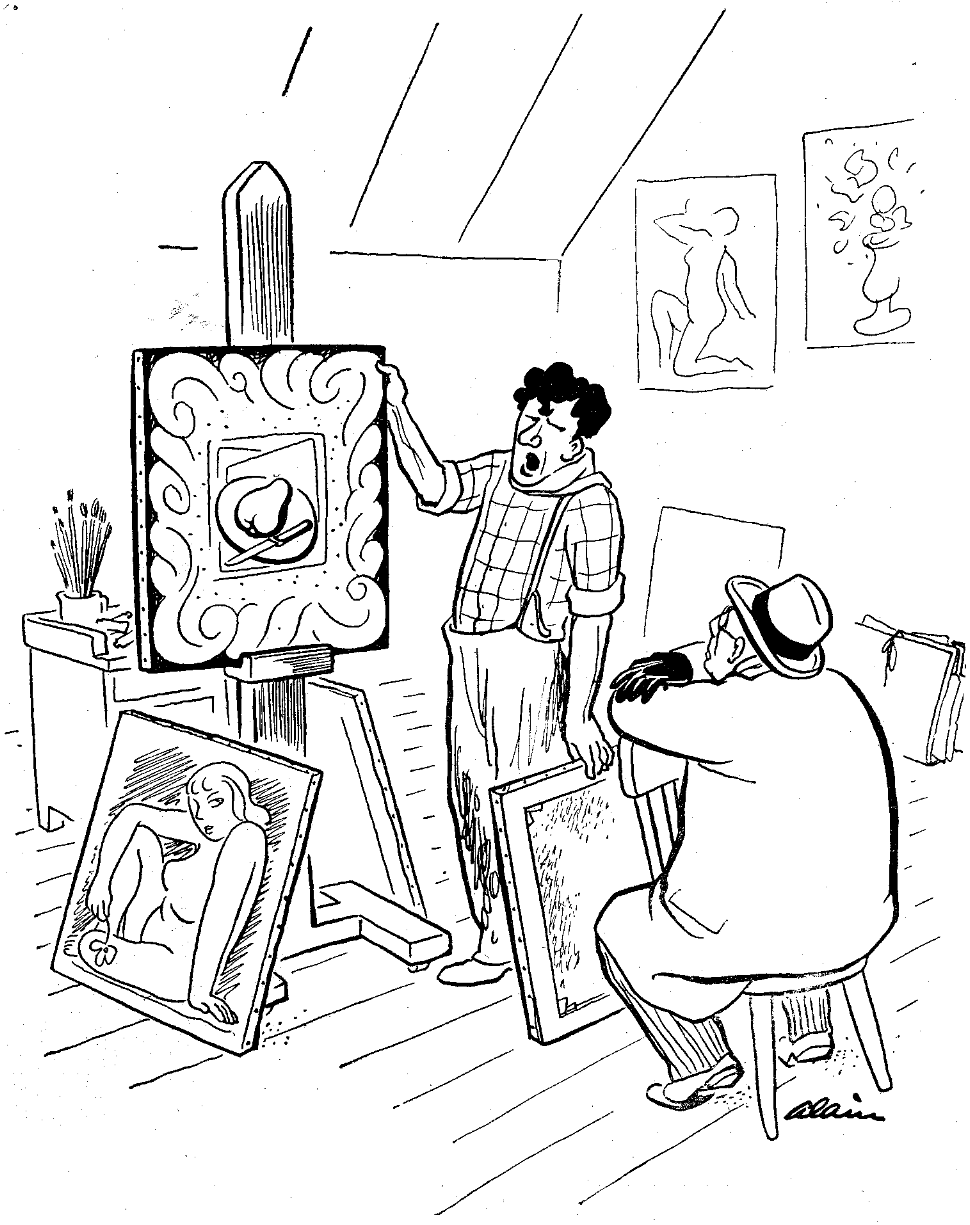
A REPORTER AT LARGE

TRIAL OF TWO SPIES

IT is sometimes difficult to remember that there are certain international rules of warfare. Under the Hague Conventions, the use of poison gas, for example, is illegal. So are dumdum bullets. Polluting streams and firing on field hospitals are violations of the code. Among the other rules is one dealing with the treatment of captured enemy spies. Spies, this provision says in effect, are to be given a fair trial, and what shall happen to them is to be decided upon solely on the evidence brought out at their hearing. Off and on, since the start of the Allied campaign in Italy, spies—or, rather, men and women accused of espionage—have been going on trial before Allied military tribunals. I recently received permission from the American Fifth Army's G-2 section to sit in on a trial in Rome. Two days before, I went around to the office of Major Robert Hendrickson, the Senior Legal Officer for the Rome area, to pick up some background on the case. The Major, a friendly, well-informed man of about fifty who was at one time Acting Governor of New Jersey and is currently on leave from the post of State Treasurer, told me that he expected the trial to begin at nine in the morning in one of the courtrooms of the Palace of Justice, near the banks of the Tiber. "Been quite a job getting one of the prosecution's witnesses down," he said. "He's a front-line soldier. Judges are a problem, too. Have to pick them from a panel of Army officers and they're usually tied up with their regular duties—you know how jury duty can cut into your time back home."

The case involved two Italians, a fifty-nine-year-old former Army captain and a woman, a schoolteacher of forty-eight. They were somewhat older than the general run of people tried for espionage, the Major said. Furthermore, as far as he knew, they were not graduates of any Nazi espionage school. "Some spies are highly trained," he remarked. "Know how to draw maps and make radio sets and what all our sleeve patches stand for, and they can concoct a nice explosive, too." Most of the operatives, however, were untrained, the Major said. "Still," he added, "it doesn't make too much difference how trained they are. It's results that count. If they get back to the Germans they're very brilliant and if they get caught they're very clumsy." Practically all the Germans' spies in Italy are Italians. A few of them, usually the young Fascists, do their work out of idealism. The majority, however, are in it for the money they can make. The Germans seem to be banking on the law of averages. They know that most of their agents will be caught, so their plan is to send as many as possible through our lines in the hope that a few will return with information. "I saw in a confession I was reading the other day," the Major went on, "that the Germans had told the accused he had nothing to worry about, that even if he were caught he would find the Allies were forgiving and would let him off with nothing worse than internment for the duration. This particular fellow, as it happened, had tried for something big, so he was shot."

The spies, Major Hendrickson said, are usually sent through the lines for a specific mission—to observe the insignia worn by troops near the front, to see how many ships are in the harbor at Naples, to discover where new airfields have been built. "Last spring, before the push," he said, "a defendant testified that he had been sent to find a rat, a cat, and a tree. We thought he was a nut." He smiled. "Turned out that the rat was the patch of the Eighth Army's Desert Rats, the cat was a tank-destroyer unit's insignia, and the tree was the maple leaf the Canadians wear." The Germans hope that the spies will return within ten days or two weeks, but getting back is a little tougher than coming through. The spies nearly always arrive on our side of the lines late at night, after being guided through



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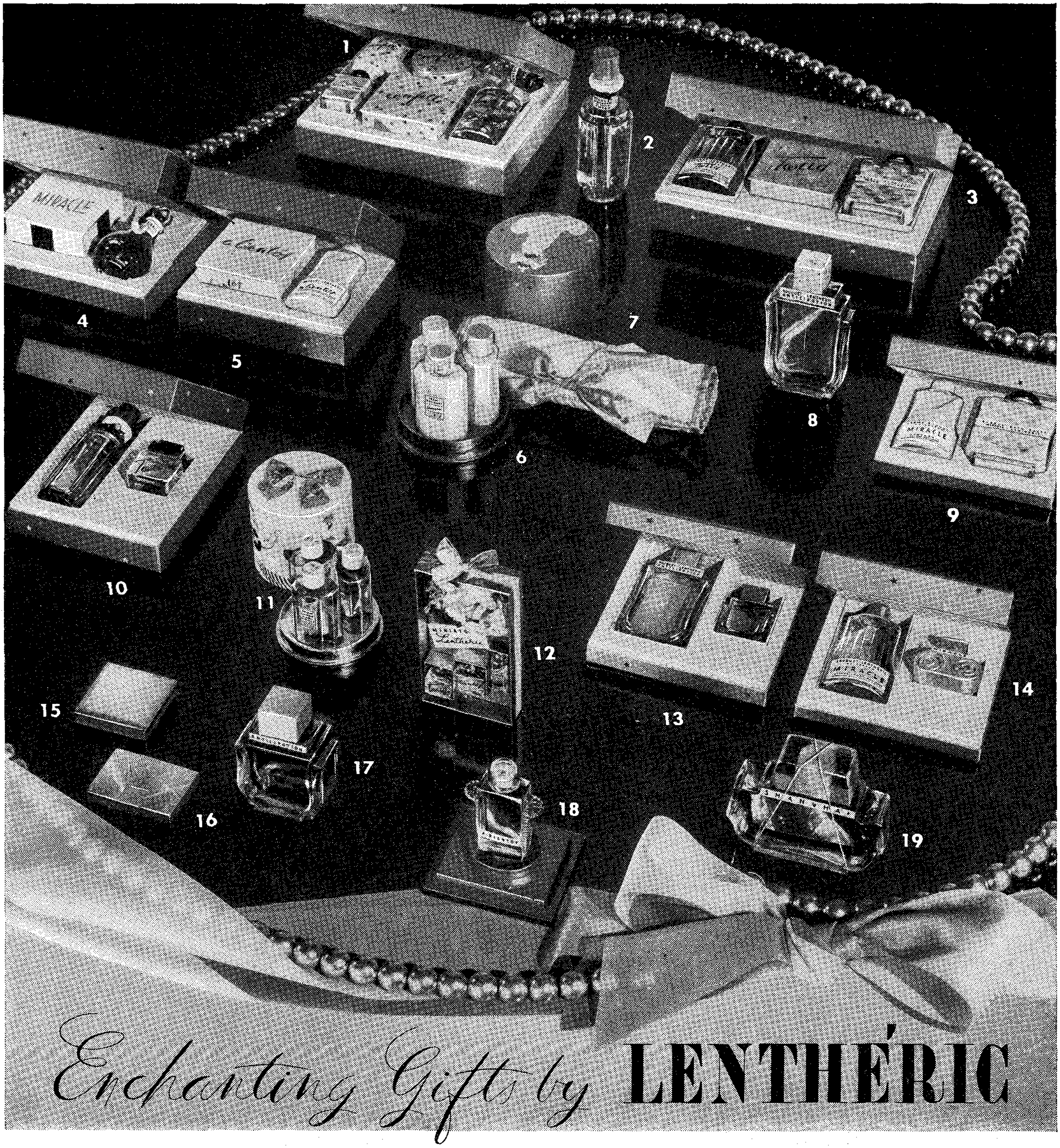

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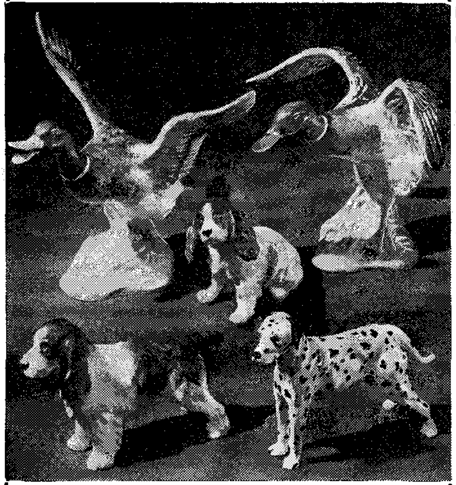

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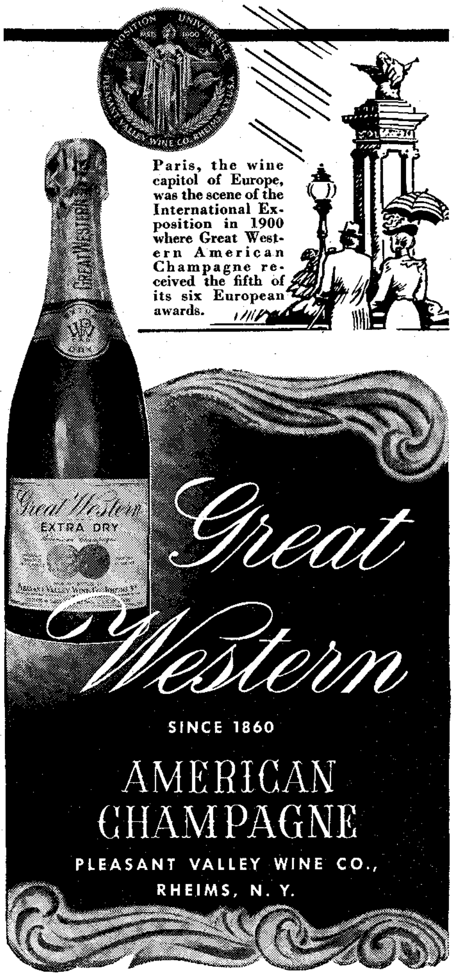

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Nazi minefields or rowed across streams or after rowing themselves to some lonely stretch of beach along the Tyrrhenian or the Adriatic. The theory is that by morning, being Italians, they will blend nicely with the landscape. The Allied counter-espionage agents often have advance information about the spies' intentions as well as their physical characteristics. Often, too, an Italian, figuring that he can get more out of the Allies than out of the Germans, turns informer and squeals on his group. The standard alibi offered by the spies who are caught is that they took up the work because they wanted to avoid doing forced labor for the Germans or to reach their families in southern Italy, or both. Sometimes they even claim that they are active Partisans and have committed many heroic acts of sabotage.

The agents are given meticulously fair trials, but most of them nevertheless get death sentences. They have, however, the right to appeal a verdict to the theatre's military governor, General Alexander, who has commuted a number of death sentences to prison terms. The spies who have had to die have generally been shot in barracks courtyards. "Carabinieri do the job," the Major said. "Better psychology to let the Italians kill their own." In a few instances, Allied officers, acting as defense counsels, have won acquittals for their clients. "Supposing the fellow was actually guilty?" I asked. "Supposing the defense lawyer was too good for the prosecutor?" "A cinch. If a man is acquitted, he is interned until the cessation of hostilities," the Major replied. He explained that by the time a man had been questioned by G-2, before being tried, he generally knew a little too much about our business. "And of course," he added, "the judges *could* make a mistake."

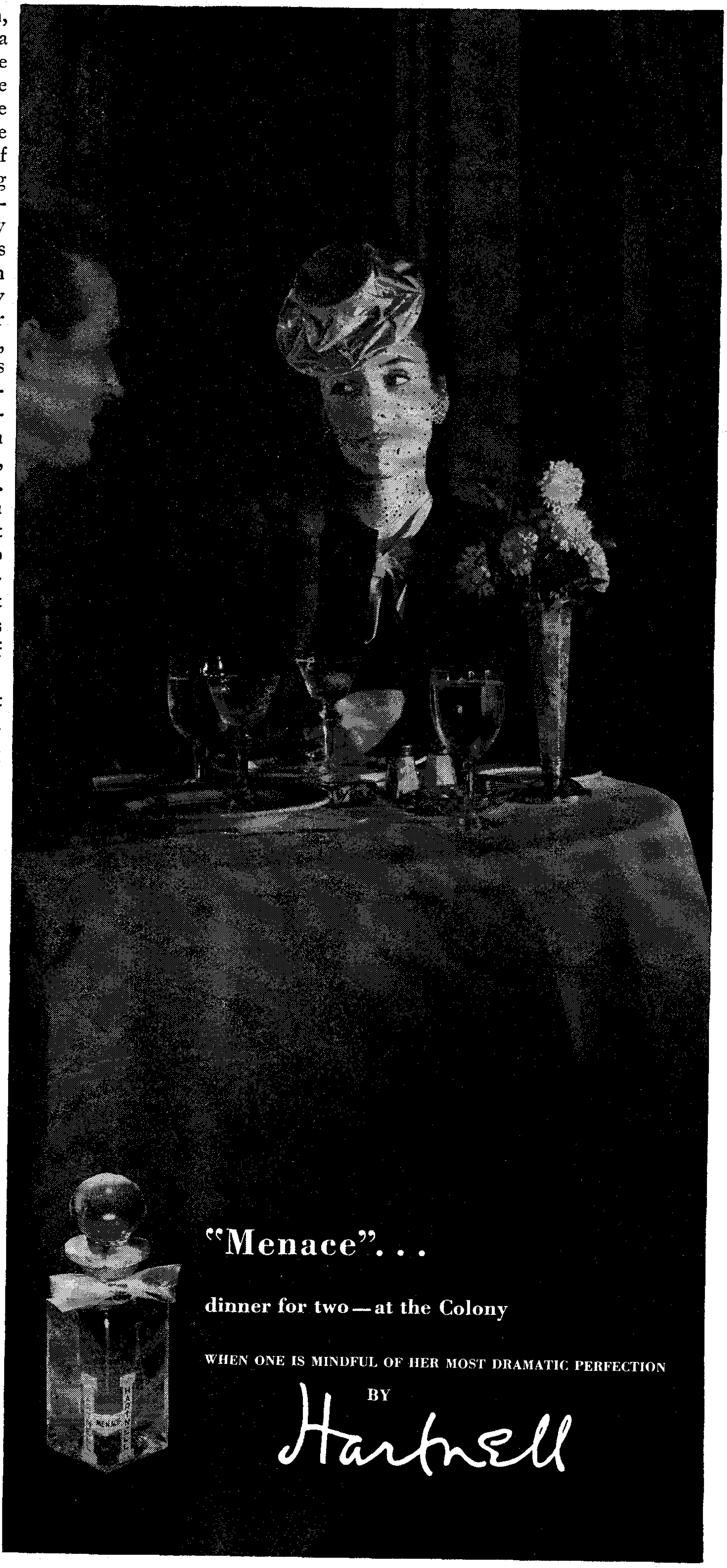
Getting back to the case I was going to watch, Hendrickson said that I would see three judges sitting on the bench. Three is the minimum number required for a military tribunal. At least one of the judges, the rules also state, must have a legal education. In this trial, all three had law degrees. The presiding judge was Lieutenant Colonel John Willis, an English barrister attached to the legal division of the Rome Allied Area Command. His associates were Major Paul Shriver, a former federal official in Colorado, now head of the Rome Allied Property Control Office, and Major Stephen Young, the Civil Affairs officer in the Lido di Roma district. "If Young gets you alone," the Major warned me, "he'll tell you that he was the only Democratic congressman-at-large elected in Ohio in 1940—a big Republican year." The prosecutor was Major Henry Glenn, a Fifth Army officer who had been in a New York law firm. The defense was being handled by Major Robert Woodward, once assistant corporation counsel for the City of Chicago and a member of the Illinois legislature for fourteen years. "It's none of my business what a fellow charges in the way of fees back home," Hendrickson said, slipping momentarily into shop talk, "but if you ask me, those defendants are saving themselves a lot of lire by having that kind of legal talent free."

The court, he continued, would be governed by regulations drawn up by General Alexander. They were based on the Hague Conventions, hatched some forty years ago, when international law was enjoying something of a vogue. The Conventions set forth the fundamental provisions and empowered the military governor of an occupying force to translate them into practical form. The Major read me the definition of a spy from the Conventions: "A person can only be considered a spy when, acting clandestinely or on false pretenses, he obtains or endeavors to obtain information in the zone of operations of a belligerent, with the intention of communicating it to the hostile party." "You'll probably hear the word 'intention' bandied about in court," he said. " 'Intention' is something that can go on only in the individual's head. A nice, discretionary word, and it gives lawyers something to argue about." The Conventions, he continued, declare that espionage, unlike poison gas, is perfectly legal. "However, when a spy is apprehended," he said gravely, "he is charged with committing an illegality." "I see," I said, and got up to go.

TWO days later I turned up at the Palace of Justice, a vast, heavily gargoyled building. An Italian police-man, wearing a tricorn and red sash, led me from the entrance through a series of drafty, empty corridors to the courtroom in which the trial was to be held. Two M.P.s, posted outside the doors, asked to see my credentials before letting me pass. The courtroom was of medium size, with a very high ceiling and too much marble. At the center of the room were two extremely long tables. To the right of them was the jury box. At the front of the room was the judges' bench, resting on a low podium. One of the judges, Major Young, the ex-congressman from Ohio, was already sitting at his place. He was reading the *Stars and Stripes* and absently whistling "Lili Marlene." Behind the bench, British and American flags were draped, and between them, on the wall, was a large, ornate crucifix. Below the crucifix was the inscription "La Legge E Uguale Per Tutti." Just in front of the judges' bench were two witness stands. A handsome, intelligent-looking young American sergeant named Principiano, who would serve as the interpreter, was sitting in one of them.

The two defendants were seated at one of the long tables. The woman turned when she heard my footsteps and stared at me. So this is Mata Hari, I thought. She had henna-dyed hair and tired brown eyes and looked very drab. She kept staring at me. In a moment, the other defendant turned around to see what she was looking at. He seemed older than fifty-nine. His eyes were very round and frightened. He said something to the woman and they stopped looking at me. The defense lawyer was sitting beside them, going over some papers. Major Glenn, the prosecutor, was chatting with his soldier witness, who, judging by the dust on his uniform, had had a long jeep ride down from the front.

At the rear of the room, against the wall, was a row of a dozen chairs. Three M.P.s were sitting there and I sat down beside them. In a few minutes Major Young looked toward a door just to one side of the judges' bench; someone was standing there, whispering a message to him. The Major got up, went out the door, and, a moment later, made his official entrance, filing into the courtroom sedately with his two colleagues. Everyone in the room rose. Major Young wore a shirt and tie. The other American judge, Major Shriver, a red-headed man, wore a military tunic. The presiding judge, Lieutenant Colonel Willis, a bleak-looking man in his early forties,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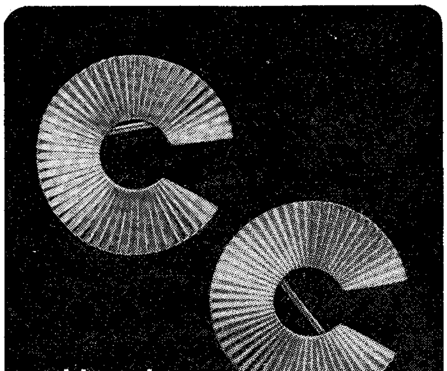

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had on short khaki pants and his shirt was open at the neck. The three of them looked briefly at the small group standing before them and sat down.

THE trial opened with the court president's asking Sergeant Principiano to rise and swear that he would interpret accurately and to the best of his ability. Colonel Willis then read the order by which the court had been convened and announced that the defendants, Captain Carlo Barghiglioni and Signorina Olga Spera, were charged with having violated Allied Forces' Proclamation Number 1, Article 4, Section 1—the espionage decree. Colonel Willis seemed to be in a bad humor. He spoke mincingly and scowled whenever he had to pause for the interpreter. He explained to the defendants that the court was being held in camera for reasons of security. He asked them, through the interpreter, if they were satisfied with their counsel. They nodded without getting up. He read the charge to them again. Did they understand it? They nodded again. He informed them that, since they faced the possibility of a sentence of death, the Court was automatically entering a plea of not guilty in their behalf.

Major Glenn then began to present the case for the prosecution. His voice was rather small, and as he spoke he rocked back and forth on his heels, in an attempt, I figured, to appear poised. On or about May 22nd, he said, the accused had been found acting as spies in Minturno, an Allied-held town. They had crossed the lines from German-occupied territory, on or about May 18th, near Esperia. They had set out from Rome, then behind the German lines, after receiving instructions and money from Italian and German intelligence officers. He summoned his soldier witness, a black-haired, cherubic-faced American captain, a counter-intelligence officer whom I'll call Costello. Captain Costello smiled confidently as he walked toward one of the witness stands, like a champion entering the ring. Soon after being tipped off by an informer, he testified, he had had Barghiglioni and Signorina Spera arrested in Minturno and brought to headquarters at Sessa, where they were interrogated separately. Once Barghiglioni was confronted with the informer's statement, he confessed quickly enough. He had left Rome, the accused had said, after receiving his instructions from a Colonel David, an Italian, and from a German lieutenant. The woman was supposed to serve as a "cover;" the two of them were to pose as a refugee couple trying to return to their home in southern Italy. They were primarily interested in noting the sleeve patches on the Allied soldiers and the locations of troop concentrations. Barghiglioni had claimed, Costello said, that after he had seen the enormous amount of stuff the Allies were moving up along Highway 7 toward the front he had had a change of heart.

"In what language was the interrogation conducted?" Colonel Willis asked.

"In Italian."

"Do you speak the language fluently?"

"Yes."

"You have been using such words as 'confession' and 'mission' in connection with the accused. I do not think those are their words. Hereafter use their exact words and not your own."

The woman, Captain Costello said, had been more stubborn and at first had stuck to her story and denied what Barghiglioni had already admitted. She refused to explain why she had seventeen thousand lire in her purse. Finally, she began to break. Yes, she had started out from Rome. Yes, she had received the money from German intelligence. Yes, patches and troop concentrations were what she was after. " 'In my home town of Tito, southeast of Naples,' " Captain Costello quoted her as saying, " 'I was to observe any Bolshevist manifestations. Besides watching the Communists, I was to organize guerrilla bands.' " The woman shook her shoulders up and down vigorously in objection, then decided to smile scornfully.

The witness was turned over to Major Woodward for cross-examination. The Major spoke easily, and with assurance. He was interested mainly in trying to find out under just what circumstances the counter-intelligence man had got the confessions from the two Italians.

"Did you tell Captain Barghiglioni that you would let him off with a light sentence if he told you everything?" Major Woodward asked Captain Costello sharply.

"I told him, 'You know what you did. You know what the penalty is.

We will try to help you out in your sentence if you tell the truth.' "

"Did you tell the same thing to Signorina Spera?"

Captain Costello looked surprised and annoyed by Woodward's hostile tone. "Yes, but she still wouldn't tell me the truth."

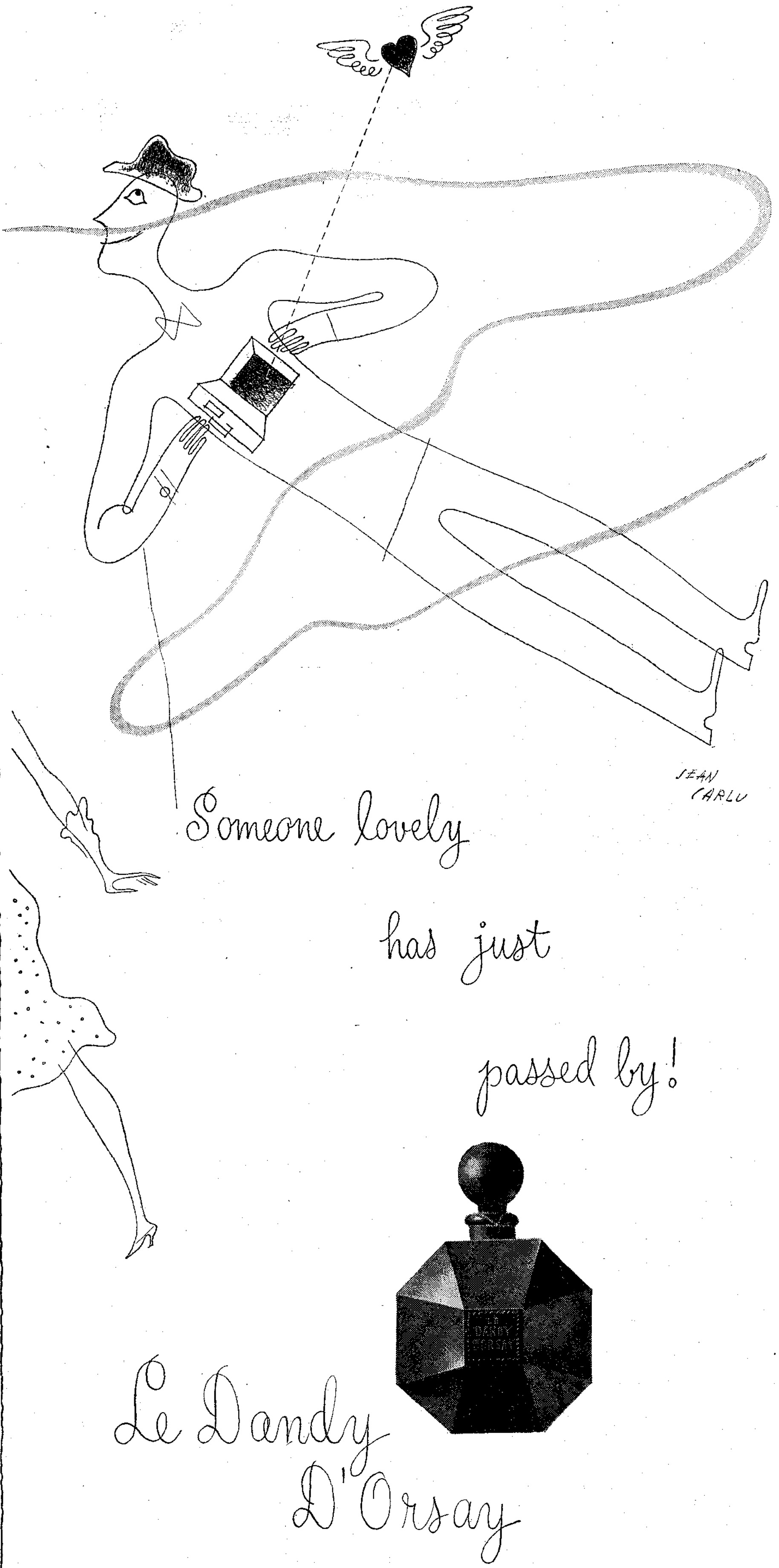
Woodward seemed delighted. Major Glenn was on his feet objecting. "Mr. President," he shouted, "it is the duty of a counter-intelligence officer to find out as much information as he can with the best means at his disposal!"

"It is our code," Woodward replied, "that no one can coerce, intimidate, or make promises in order to gain confessions. I am simply trying to draw a picture."

"The Major is trying to draw a wrong picture," the witness said, and Colonel Willis told him to shut up. Woodward asked that the confessions, which were exhibits in the trial, be stricken from the record. Colonel Willis replied that that could be done only if force had been used during the interrogation, and asked Captain Costello if that was the case. "No," the Captain replied. "The Court will rule," Colonel Willis then announced, "that the statements are admissible for what they're worth." Woodward raised his hands in a gesture of despair and then turned on Sergeant Principiano, who hadn't said anything for quite a while. "Why haven't you been interpreting?" the Major asked. "Now the defendants won't know what's been going on."

Woodward had only one further question. The witness had testified, he said, that Signorina Spera wanted to observe the Bolshevists in her home town but in the next breath had stated that it was the Communists she was going to watch. "Which is it?" he asked. Major Glenn rose to defend his witness. "I wasn't aware that there was any difference between the two," he said uncertainly. "Aha," Major Woodward replied, "we shall find out about that before we're through, don't you worry!" He didn't press for an answer, however. At that point, Colonel Willis adjourned court for lunch.

The two American judges, Shriver and Young, saw me standing outside the Palace of Justice and offered to drive me in their car to their mess. On the way, Young talked about his days as an Ohio congressman, and Shriver stared at the floor, perhaps worrying over some complicated legal problem. Just before we got out of the car, he spoke up. "I do not believe," he said, in a voice filled with conviction, "that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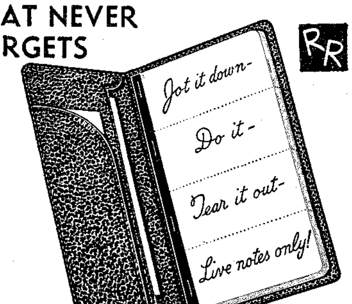

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the presiding judge of a military tribunal should conduct a trial wearing short pants."

ONLY one witness, the informer, testified during the brief afternoon session. The Germans must have been hard up to have hired him. He was a pimply, nineteen-year-old Italian boy, who constantly floundered in answering questions. Occasionally his answers were almost incoherent. The boy said that he had seen both the accused at a meeting which was called by the German lieutenant in Colonel David's office in Rome. A group of eight agents, including himself, had been assembled there before they left to cross the Allied lines. Major Shriver spoke up. He said he feared that the witness, by disclosing his rôle as an Axis agent, might be incriminating himself without realizing it. Colonel Willis said that he had been thinking the same thing. Major Young tried to explain the matter to the youth. He spoke slowly and carefully, as if he hoped that way to bridge the linguistic gap. "We Anglo-Saxons are proud of our justice," Young told him, through the interpreter. "We try to be fair, firm, and just. Before you go any further, we want you to know that you do not have to answer any questions that could be used against you if you should ever be prosecuted. You have the right not to testify. You can waive that right, but you must be sure you want to." The interpreter, sensing the witness's limitations, adopted Major Young's tone and manner in his translation. The boy stared at Principiano uncomprehendingly. Finally he spoke up. "If I know the truth," he said, "I will speak it." He seemed quite pleased with his reply and smiled. Major Glenn assured the Court that there was no intention of prosecuting the witness, but Young made another try at explaining to the youngster what risk was involved. This time the boy answered sternly, "I will say everything I know." The judges looked at one another but let him continue.

The eight agents, the boy went on, had been divided into three units. Barghiglioni and Signorina Spera were one of the units. The spies left Rome in three cars. On May 23rd, five days later, he saw the two defendants in Minturno. "Before we left Rome," he said, "Colonel David told us that what we were about to do would not be difficult. He gave us eighty-five hundred lire each. And cigarettes, too."

Major Woodward's cross-examination didn't last long. He asked the boy if he were sure he had seen the accused in Minturno.

"Yes."

"Did they wave to you or show any sign of recognition?"

"I do not remember. I cannot truthfully say."

"Couldn't it have been someone else?"

"They were like the man and woman I saw in Colonel David's office. Still, I cannot truthfully say."

Major Woodward asked several more questions, all of which drew the same vague responses. He looked inquiringly at the judges on the bench and then at Glenn. There was a look of understanding all around. The boy had undoubtedly helped G-2 to capture Barghiglioni and Signorina Spera, but as a witness he was a bust. Woodward told him to step down, and Colonel Willis adjourned court until the following morning.

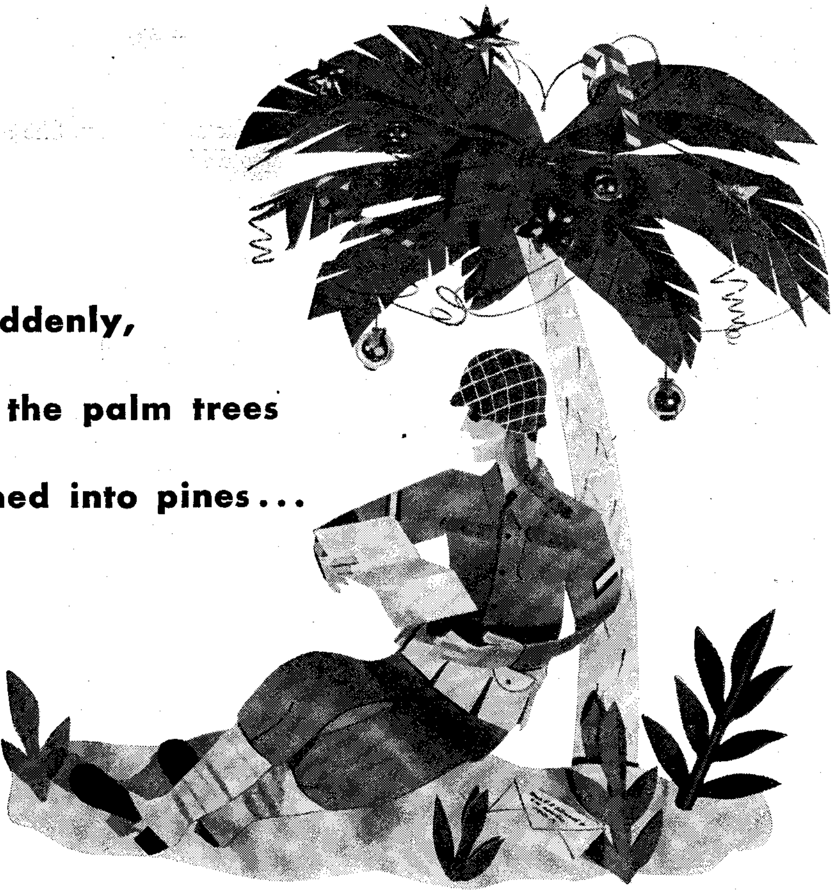
THE second, and final, day was given over almost entirely to the defense witnesses, the defendants themselves. Signorina Spera had tidied up her hair, and her dress appeared to be freshly ironed. She really looked like a schoolteacher now. Major Woodward didn't throw questions at her; instead, he asked her just to tell her own story. He stood near her and smiled reassuringly whenever she faltered. For the next three-quarters of an hour she spoke simply and in a clear voice, and the interpreter translated into English. She was forty-eight and single, she testified. She had been teaching in schools outside Italy for the past thirteen years and had just returned to her native land. On April 21st she had joined the Women's Auxiliary Group, a new Fascist organization to provide nurses in hospitals and clerks in military offices. It was slow in getting started. "We kept waiting for uniforms," she said. It was during this period that she met Colonel David, who enrolled her in his group. She was not sure what the group was doing, but she knew it had something to do with the war. On May 17th, David sent for her.

"I shall tell you about the whole day," Signorina Spera announced to the court in general. "At two o'clock Colonel David said to me, 'Sophia'—that was to be my organizational name—'between three and five come and get your orders.' I hardly had time to pack. When I returned, a German lieutenant was with Colonel David. The lieutenant told me that I was to go with Captain Barghiglioni, that the Captain had our instructions. We were to observe Allied soldiers' insignia and the numbers on their vehicles near Spigno. I was to act as the Captain's wife. I had never heard his name before. I said to the lieutenant that if I was to act as his wife I would need an identity card. 'Then go as lovers,' the lieutenant said." Signorina Spera looked at her co-defendant, who was staring glumly at the floor. She giggled primly. "Fine lovers!" she said.

At seven that evening she and six other agents assembled in Colonel David's office. Just before they were sent off on their way, the lieutenant told her and the Captain that he would see them soon. " 'Where?' I asked him," Signorina Spera said. " 'Supposing we cannot come back?' Then, he said, he would see us in Naples. But he didn't say when. That is the type of leadership," she added indignantly, "which has caused our downfall." Each of the three groups was given a car. On the way south, the car in which she and Barghiglioni were riding ran into the side of a bridge. The car was wrecked and both passengers were slightly injured. She spent the night in a nearby *pensione* and the Captain was taken to a hospital. The next day they resumed their trip in another car and, after reaching a certain point near the front that night, got out and started walking. After travelling a short distance, they were across the Allied lines. In the morning, near Esperia, they encountered some Moroccan soldiers, who turned them over to their French captain. Signorina Spera, speaking French, explained to the officer that they were refugees. He told them to get on their way and not interfere with his men. For the next five days, as they continued to move south, they slept in olive groves and on the stone floors of deserted farmhouses, where the sound of distant artillery fire kept them awake much of the time. When they reached Minturno, the Captain was feeling ill and Signorina Spera was dispirited, but a fine A.M.G. meal at the refugee center revived them. It was while they were there that they were arrested.

After they had been taken to Sessa, Signorina Spera said, she soon learned that she was no longer a secret agent. The G-2 man who interrogated her—Captain Costello—began by calling her Sophia and told her that Colonel David had turned traitor. "I asked him to call in the Colonel," Signorina Spera testified, "and if it were true I would slap the Colonel's face. The Captain said that in two days he would do that for

Suddenly,
the palm trees
turned into pines . . .



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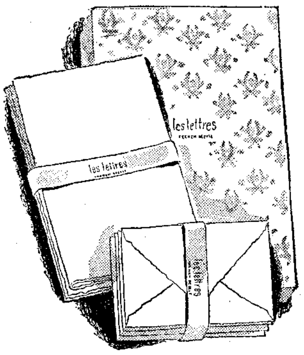

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me. I knew he was lying. If I talked, I talked because I wanted to, not because of the interrogator."

Signorina Spera then attacked Captain Costello's testimony. She admitted she had told him that she was going to observe Bolshevist activities in Tito but said that she had done so only because she thought it might persuade him to set her free. "Sometimes women don't think when they speak," she said, smiling. She smiled again when she discussed the allegation that she was to organize guerrilla bands. "Excuse me for laughing," she said, "but it is comical. I had no arms, no instructions, and no money with which to organize such bands." Besides, she added, she didn't know what the members of her family, scattered all the way from southern to northern Italy, would have thought of such behavior on her part. Naturally she would not undertake a project of that sort without consulting them. "Captain Costello gave me an importance which I did not have," she ended demurely.

Major Glenn's cross-examination brought out the fact that she was a member of the Fascist Party and that her thirteen years outside Italy had been spent in Tunisia, Argentina, Brazil, and Belgium, where, working for the Cultural Diffusion Section of the Italian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, she had taught various subjects to Italian nationals in Italian schools. At one point, in answering Major Glenn, she said, "I love my country as much as you do yours. What happened in September, 1943, should have happened in June, 1940. It was the fault of the House of Savoy." She said that she had been motivated by patriotism in undertaking her mission. When she and Captain Barghiglioni had seen the impressive Allied forces moving up Highway 7, they had decided to abandon their task. "If we helped the Germans," she said, "it could only mean prolonging the war on Italian soil."

Well, Major Glenn asked, if that were so, why hadn't they talked straight off to the first Allied officials they met. There had been the French captain near Esperia and the carabinieri and A.M.G. officers both in the towns through which they had gone and at the refugee center.

"It's human nature to try to get away," Colonel Willis said unexpectedly.

"The prosecution has asked a fair question," Major Young said. Glenn waited for Signorina Spera's answer. Finally, she said that she and the Captain had planned to speak to an A.M.G. officer in Minturno but had been arrested while waiting to see him. Glenn, smiling skeptically, turned the witness back to Major Woodward.

The defense counsel tried to diminish the effect of what Glenn had drawn from the witness by attempting to prove that she had no "intention" of helping the enemy. First, he read the definition of a spy to the judges, then, facing his witness, said in a very loud voice, "Your life may depend on this. Did you have the intention to communicate with the enemy? Are you a spy?"

"No," Signorina Spera said.

"Are you guilty?"

"No."

"Ever intend to be a spy?"

"No."

Major Glenn jumped to his feet and yelled that Woodward was practically telling his witness what to say. "Sit down, Major Glenn!" Colonel Willis said. Woodward went on loudly with his line of questioning while Glenn and Willis were still yelling at each other. "Let us all treat each other with respect," Young said, as Major Woodward, Major Glenn, and Colonel Willis finished their shouting in a dead heat.

CAPTAIN BARGHIGLIONI got up to testify. His left trouser leg was torn and he had no socks. His eyes looked even more frightened than they had the day before. He stood erect before the judges, clicked his heels smartly, and walked to the stand. When he was told to raise his right hand to take the oath, he held his arm out stiffly in a Fascist salute, then gradually crooked it after realizing his error. Major Woodward asked him to tell his story.

"What shall I say?" asked the defendant.

"Anything that will help the defense," his lawyer told him. Everyone except Captain Barghiglioni laughed.

When the Captain finally did speak, he did so in a surprisingly firm voice. He would be sixty in six months, he said. He came from Rome, he was married, and he had a son of twelve. He had worked as an engineer for a construction company for sixteen years. He had served in the Italian Army throughout the last war and for three months of this one. He had been discharged on reaching the age limit. Major Glenn rose. "This is all in the dispositions," he said. "We can save time if we skip this."

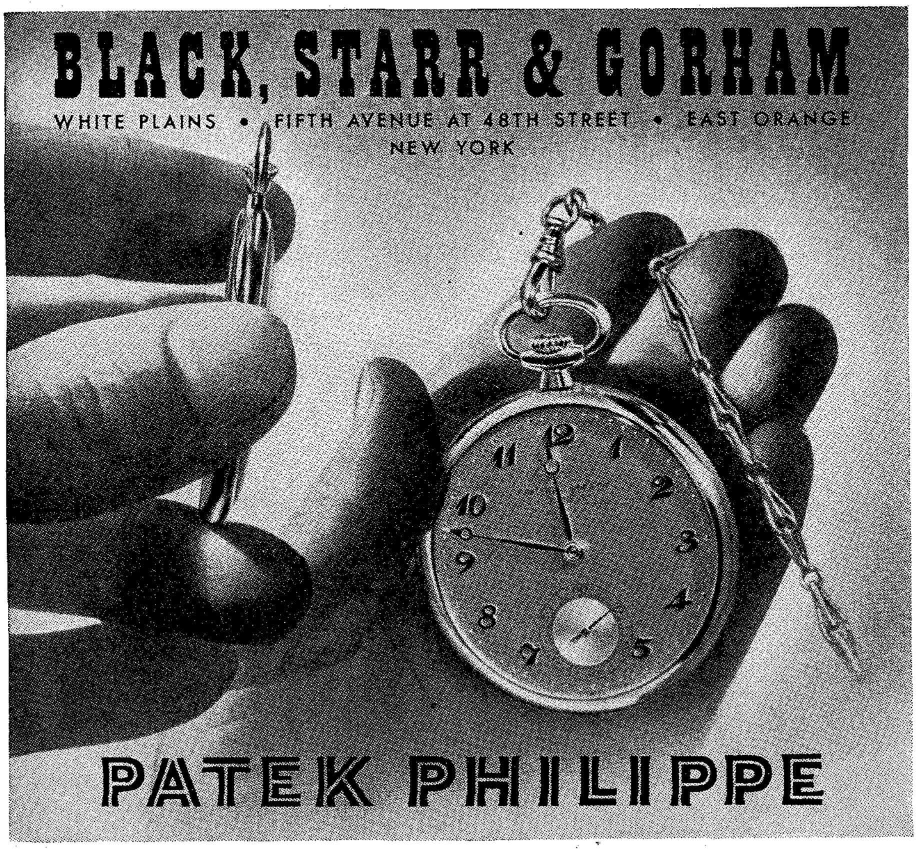
"The distinguished prosecutor is saving time," Major Woodward said hopelessly, to no one in particular.

"A man's life is at stake," Colonel Willis said grimly.

Barghiglioni, continuing, said that he had tried a number of times to get back into the Army, but that he had never received a reply to any of his requests, so he became a clerk at the headquarters of a provincial regiment. On December 8, 1943, tired of waiting to be reinstated, he volunteered to do any job the Fascists would give him. "I felt it was my duty to serve my country in time of war," he said. While Barghiglioni was waiting to hear about that, Colonel David turned up where Barghiglioni was stationed and made a public speech about patriotism. Barghiglioni spoke to him afterward and asked for a job as administrative officer of some military unit. David said he would let him know. On May 12th, Barghiglioni received a request from David to report to his offices in the Piazza Colonna, in Rome, two days later. It was then that he met the German lieutenant and learned of the mission for which he had been chosen. "It was not what I wanted," Barghiglioni said, "but I could not refuse it, because I am a soldier and know what discipline means, and also for economic reasons." He described how he had made his way south—the same story Signorina Spera had told. His voice went along in a firm monotone. Sergeant Principiano, keeping pace with him in a somewhat lower key, sounded like a priest reading from his breviary. Major Woodward hovered over his man, Major Glenn sat quietly, and the judges listened attentively. Captain Costello, looking even dustier than he had the day before, was sleeping, his head on the table.

After crossing the Allied lines, Barghiglioni said, he decided not to carry out his mission. "I could see the superior quality of your equipment," he said, "and you had ten men to their one. More important, I saw the enthusiasm with which the Italian people were hailing you. Italian soldiers, my old comrades, were also enthusiastic. German propaganda had said that you were mistreating Italians. It misled me. The final stroke was the abundant food I received from the A.M.G. That was one more argument for me not to do anything against the Allies." After that, he said, he lost no time in confessing everything to G-2, not only about himself but about his accomplices, too. "I wanted to put myself on the road to true sincerity," Barghiglioni said.

Major Glenn began his cross-examination by asking, "Before you crossed the lines, did you not believe that the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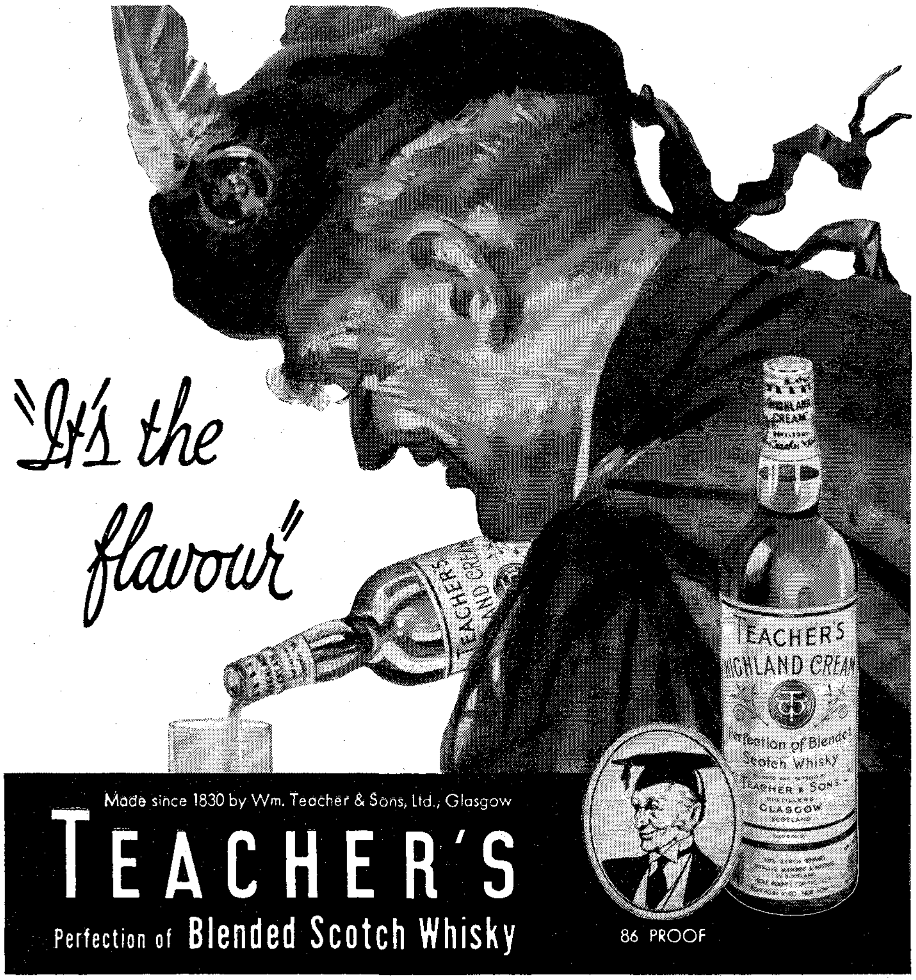

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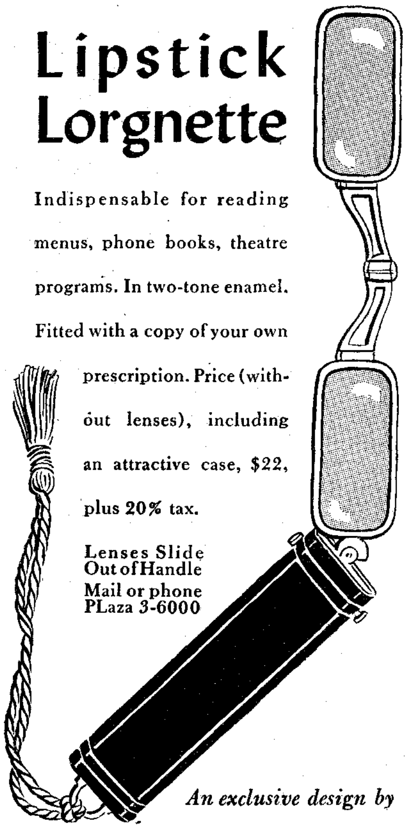

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future of Italy was tied up with German power?"

"Yes," the witness replied. "At first everybody thought like that."

"Did you think like that on the day you left Rome?"

"Yes, but it was very much diminished."

Major Glenn asked if the Captain wanted the Court to believe that he had enrolled in the Republican Fascist group and accepted his assignment only because he needed money and not because of patriotism.

Barghiglioni said that he had done so because Colonel David had ordered him to.

"But it was not an order," the prosecutor maintained. "You were discharged from the Army. It was a case of voluntarily accepting an offer."

"If I had refused, refused in front of everybody, it would have been worse, because of how I would have looked before my colleagues."

"Then it was a combination of financial considerations and cowardice?"

"Pardon me," Barghiglioni replied, "yes."

Major Glenn then wanted to know what Barghiglioni had intended to tell the A.M.G. officer in Minturno.

"I would have told him that I was fleeing from a military job the Germans had tried to make me take," the defendant answered.

"Then you had no intention of telling him that you had been given a specific espionage assignment?"

"No, I would have told him only part of the truth."

The prosecutor then asked Barghiglioni if he had been free to write what he wanted in his deposition for G-2. The witness nodded.

"And yet," Major Glenn said, "you did not put down that you had no intention of communicating with the enemy?"

"No."

Major Glenn said he was finished, but Barghiglioni wasn't. "I left Sessa too quickly," Barghiglioni called desperately after the Major. "There was no time for a more complete statement."

"I'm through," Major Glenn said.

Major Woodward asked the same question he had asked Signorina Spera: Had the Captain had the intention to communicate with the enemy? The answer was no. The defense rested.

ONLY Major Woodward's and Major Glenn's summations remained before the judges would retire to reach their verdict. Woodward came first. A faint tremolo crept into his voice as he spoke. Barghiglioni, he said, had been a member of the armed forces who, discharged, faced unemployment. He had accepted Colonel David's mission because he believed in the invincibility of German arms, he needed the money, and he wanted to avoid humiliation. As soon as the Captain had seen our men and equipment and the Italian reaction to our advance, he had realized that all the propaganda about German invincibility was false and had told his accomplice that he did not intend to fulfill the mission. She, also realizing the falsity of this propaganda, agreed with him. As soon as they had reached Minturno, the first place where they could safely give themselves up, they had started to do so but had been arrested before they had succeeded. No one denied, Major Woodward said, that when they had left Rome they could be called spies. However, he did deny that, once they had crossed the lines, they had the intention of communicating with the enemy. Intention, he maintained, had to be proved by an overt act. Our own prisoners of war, escaping from the enemy, were often given money before they crossed the lines to safety, but no one would dream of calling them spies. Refugees, too, were crossing the lines, but were they spies? "If I took a gun," Major Woodward said, "and walked into the distinguished prosecutor's room because I wanted to kill him, I could not be accused of a crime unless I attempted to commit one. Without the overt act, intention cannot be proved."

The only evidence which had been produced, Woodward continued, had been given by the accused themselves. If they had chosen not to speak, there would be no evidence. "If we have believed what they said against themselves," he said, "then we must believe what they say *for* themselves—that they had given up their mission and wanted to help us." As for the informer, if one of the group could abandon the project and go unprosecuted, the defendants should be let off, too. The evidence might prove ninety per cent that the defendants were guilty, but that wasn't enough. "If you cut off a man's head," he pointed out, "he dies, and that's only ten per cent. A soldier, a schoolteacher, poisoned by their government leaders! They are guilty of perpetrating a hoax on German espionage, nothing more. We Allies are great not because of our ships in the skies and on water and land but because of our principle of protecting the weak, of giving a fair trial even to our admitted enemies. Judges can defy kings and presidents, such is the power of our courts."

Major Glenn, in his summation, was less rhetorical. "By now," he began, "our own agents would have been put up against a wall and shot, without six officers giving up two days' time and without the benefit of a distinguished and conscientious defense." He then discussed what, according to the Hague Conventions, constitutes a spy. "First," he said, holding up one finger, "were they crossing clandestinely through the lines? Yes. They posed as refugees. There is your overt act." He held up a second finger. "Was it in the zone of military operations? They have testified that they could hear guns from the time they crossed the lines." He held up a third finger. "Did they endeavor to collect information? They did collect it. They walked up Highway 7 and saw the numbers of men and matériel we had. They even cite this information as one of the reasons for their so-called conversion." The only other pertinent point was their intention. The defendants had voluntarily gone on their mission, he said. The woman had admitted her membership in the Republican Fascist Party and the man, in his deposition, had stated his belief in the Reichswehr's might. Neither had denied having the intention to fulfill their mission before they had seen the impressive Allied equipment, which was after they were well inside Allied territory. He compared their behavior with that of the informer, whom he described as the one person in ten thousand who would go forth from German intelligence headquarters and immediately get in touch with the Allies. "What are we supposed to do to prove their intention?" Major Glenn asked, holding up four quivering fingers. "Pry open their craniums?"

THE *summations completed,* Colonel Willis recessed the court for the judges' deliberation. As the judges were leaving, an American M.P. called out from the rear of the courtroom to Colonel Willis and pointed at the informer. "Your Presidency," the soldier said, "he says it's stuffy in here. He says he wants to smoke a cigarette. O.K. to take him outside, sir?" "Yes, yes," Colonel Willis said.

During the wait, the two defendants carried on an animated conversation. Major Glenn smiled confidently at Major Woodward. Captain Costello, on his way out, spoke to me. "Am I ever sleepy!" he said. "Had to go all the way up to the front after court

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yesterday to tell my C. O. the case wasn't finished yet. Been driving all night and I haven't said a word all day."

The judges returned in forty minutes. "Tell the accused to stand," Colonel Willis ordered the interpreter. Signorina Spera and Captain Barghiglioni stood stiffly. "The Court," Colonel Willis told them, "after having given very careful consideration to the evidence, find that you did intend to aid the enemy as spies and find you guilty of the offense as charged." The convicted pair sat down, their faces immobile. The two lawyers, following the customary procedure, then argued what the penalty should be. Major Woodward said that Barghiglioni was an old man and that Signorina Spera was a woman, a schoolteacher who had been misled by her government. He said that they had told everything, both at Sessa and in court. Furthermore, they had been led to believe by the intelligence officer that they would be treated leniently. "This isn't the kind of case," he said in conclusion, "where the people were trained at an espionage school. Had Colonel David or the German lieutenant been on the stand, it would be quite different. These defendants are only stooges." Major Glenn asked for their lives. "I don't want to appear bloodthirsty," he said, "but I see no distinction between this and other cases." He said that boys of eighteen had been executed and that he didn't see any reason older people should receive different treatment. As for the question of executing a woman, he said that that could be reviewed by a higher echelon. "General Alexander," Major Glenn said, "can reduce the sentence, but he cannot increase it." Colonel Willis took exception to that. "We shall give our own verdict," he said, "and pay no heed to generals or anybody else."

The judges again retired. They were out for fifty minutes this time. After a half hour had gone by, Major Woodward walked over to the spies. The interpreter, alert, followed him. The Major said, "It may be death," and the interpreter, after glancing at Major Woodward for an instant, translated. Barghiglioni, whose eyes were less frightened now, looked at the interpreter as though he were going to reply. Then he suddenly turned to Major Woodward and stared at him. After a moment he took the lawyer's hand and shook it gratefully, nodding his head. Major Woodward watched him without expression until his hand was released.

The Court came in with its verdict

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at last, and everybody stood. Colonel Willis spoke slowly and solemnly. Signorina Spera was given eighteen years in prison, Barghiglioni got twenty years. "I have to inform you," Colonel Willis said to the defendants, after handing down the decision, "that you have the right to appeal within thirty days against the sentence or verdict but that in any event it requires reconsideration by the chief legal officer of the government, and whether you present an appeal or not it will be considered by him." The trial was over. For an instant I felt some curious sort of pride in what I had seen.

The M.P.s led the prisoners off. Barghiglioni had a rather sodden look on his face, but the woman was lively. She wanted to walk faster than her guard. Major Woodward was picking up his papers and Major Shriver was signalling me from the bench to meet him and Major Young outside the Palace for another lift. Then Captain Costello came up alongside me as I was leaving the courtroom. He was bleary-eyed. "Holy mackerel!" he said as we went down the corridor. "If I'd known it was going to be this much trouble for the U. S. Army, I might have let those two get away." —DANIEL LANG

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...feeling it beating sweetly against the sickness still acid in his throat. —*Page 14.*

Franklin felt the sickness of shock and loss of blood still lying hot and sour all across his chest... —*Page 24.*

His sickness rose and turned sour in his throat and he swallowed it acidly... —*Page 69.*

...the milk...seemed to lie heavy and curdled in his throat. —*Page 76.*

...his tongue was thick and sour... —*Page 88.*

She felt very old now, her sickness cold and sour..." —*Page 117.*

...he discovered how sour his mouth had been. —*Page 123.*

...and slowly now the sour weariness of it was oozing up into his throat and mouth. —*Page 167.*

The odor of bombing, sour but angering... —*Page 217.*

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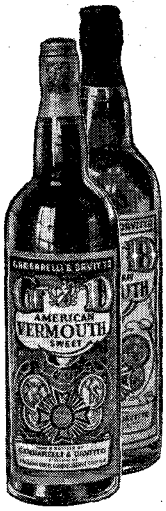

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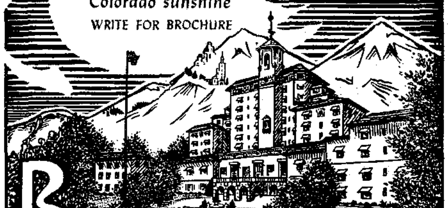

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THE RACE TRACK

Finale

IT would be hard to imagine a better day's racing to end a season with than that at Pimlico last Saturday. Even the people without a ticket on Megogo, who won the Pimlico Cup at almost 13–1, or on Rick's Raft, who brought off a 5–1 chance in the Walden Stakes, seemed to be having fun. Horses are not the durable animals they used to be, and I suppose that the revival of the Cup, which had a purse of $25,000 this year, may have lacked something for the older members of the Maryland Jockey Club, who love to recall, on the slightest provocation, how Exterminator used to win it. He won it three times. The Cup race they become most sentimental about is the one in 1920, in which he and Boniface ran head and head for the entire two miles and a quarter. Exterminator is nearly thirty now, and, I regret to say, failing a bit. However, seven of what is left of the handicap division gave a performance in this year's running of the Cup that the oldest clubman couldn't validly complain about. The new distance is two miles and a half, and for the first mile and a half of it the runners were strung out like lampposts on a suburban road, with Bolingbroke so far back that one felt rather sorry for him. Then things began to happen. Scawthorn, who rode Megogo, popped his mount to the front and stole away to a long lead. This stunt is just about the oldest one in riding, but Scawthorn seems able to get away with it repeatedly, especially in the longer races. Maybe the other jockeys simply don't believe that his mount can last or maybe he thinks faster than they do. Whatever the reason, the closest horse to Megogo at the finish was Bolingbroke, and *he* was eight lengths or so behind. Megogo, who paid $29.20, took four minutes, twenty and one-fifth seconds to run the race, which was so long that the horses had to pass the stands three times. Not bad going.

FOR your future reference and consideration, I recommend Rick's Raft, who took the $25,000 Walden Stakes, Pimlico's oldest fixture for two-year-olds. He is owned by William Helis and is not one of the expensive young horses Helis bought in 1943. As a matter of fact, he was simply one of the dozen

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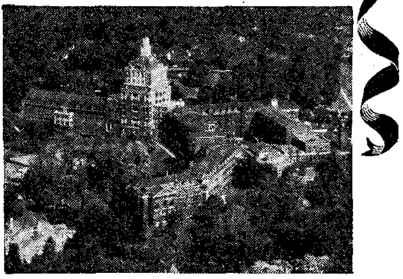

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purchased en bloc before Helis began bidding high, wide, and handsome at the sales. However, he is the only youngster in the stable ever to win an important race. That ought to give you an idea, if you haven't one already, of what a lottery the buying of yearlings is. Rick's Raft, who is as long as a wet Sunday, simply ran over Alexis and The Doge, to say nothing of Sir Francis and Plebiscite, the favorites, in the last quarter.

The Walden would have been more interesting if Pot o' Luck, who won the Pimlico Futurity the week before, had run in it. But Warren Wright, who owns him and hopes that he may be another Whirlaway, or at least another Pensive, decided that the colt had done enough for this year and shipped him off to Florida for a rest.

IT dawned on me, as everybody was packing up his pencils, speed charts, past-performance records, and whatnot, that last week I omitted my annual footnote on the improvement of the breed of the thoroughbred. Begging your pardon, here it is: In the course of the season, $410,230,402 was wagered at the Long Island tracks, an increase of $125,594,691 over 1943; 4,496,871 saw the races; the average bet on each race was $12.11, and the State of New York's revenue from racing was $27,480,745.28. The uncashed tickets amounted to $218,221.30. Apparently, horseplayers are more careless and the snoopers are not as sharp-eyed as they used to be.

Diogenes Checkpoints reports, by carrier pigeon from the north, that Canada had its best season, too. The pari-mutuel turnover up there was $37,068,199. Incidentally, the track at Claresholm, Alberta, had one day of racing last summer; the prize money was $440, and the amount wagered was $1,377. —AUDAX MINOR

•

In explanation of the latter accusation, Mrs. Watts claimed that science had proved that one is not responsible for what he does for four to eight hours after drinking a bottle of beer.—*Houston (Texas) Chronicle.*

Science, you've been drinking!

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From "It's Time to Say Goodbye," by Isabel Moore*]

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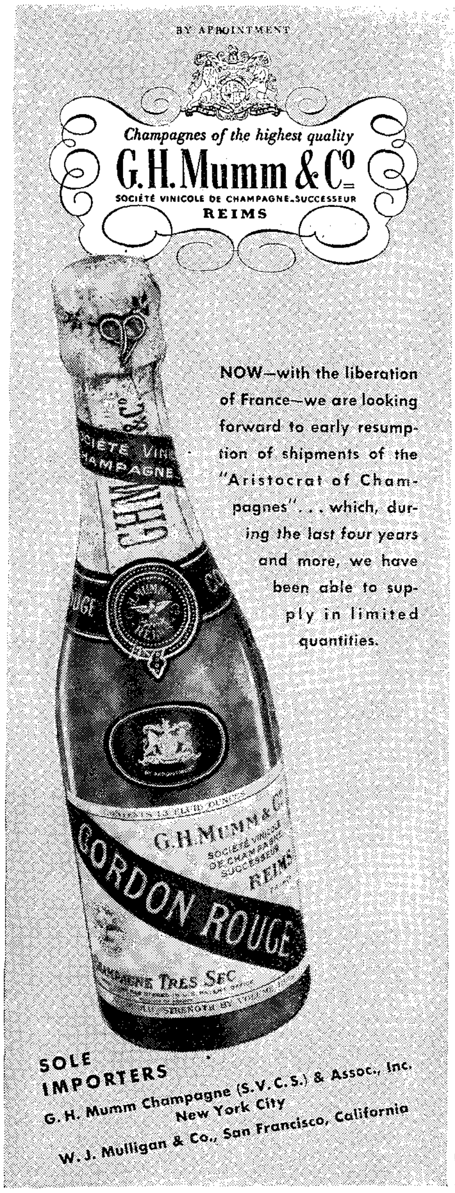
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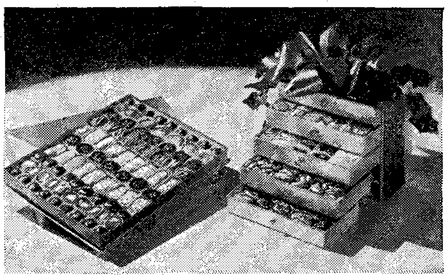
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UNCLE 'LISH, BEACHCOMBER

It was a very unusual winter at Sicasset if at least one vessel didn't come ashore on the beach or founder among the offshore ledges, where the granite skeleton of the Massachusetts coast is laid bare by the wasting action of the sea. Often there were several disasters during the same storm, and I remember that one year in the eighties, seven vessels piled up on the shore during the winter.

My great-uncle, Captain Elisha Hathaway, having spent forty-odd years of his life at sea, was an authority on the subject of wrecks and once explained to me the reason for Sicasset's ill fame. "We have more wrecks on this coast, boy, than any other shore around here, except maybe Chatham Bars, and it's all damn foolishness," he began. We were sitting outdoors under the grape trellis. "If the government wasn't a collection of stupid landsmen bastards—"

"Elisha!" my great-aunt Mahala called from inside the house. Uncle 'Lish looked sheepishly at me.

"As I was saying, most of this could be avoided with a little brains in Washington. Look here." He cleared the top of the table where we were sitting. "Suppose you're a skipper inbound in thick weather and looking for a landfall. You're headed into Boston—say this book represents Boston. Now, this glass here is Thatcher's Island lights, off Cape Ann, and the tobacco box is Minot's Light, right off this coast. Coming in from outside, you've got to see or hear one of those two to get your bearings for the ship channel, which is about midway between them. Do you understand that?"

I said I did.

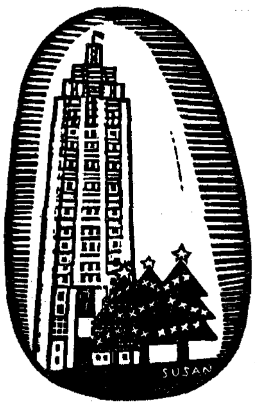
"Now, the reason all these craft pile up here is because they edge too far inshore, trying to pick up Minot's, and they get blown on our beaches by a northeaster. And I say that if the government was run by seamen instead of by a lot of political sharks and sculpins, by God, they'd put a lightship out in the middle of the bay and that would be the end of it."

And, as a matter of fact, some years later the Boston lightship was placed there, and Sicasset had a sharp reduction in shipwrecks.

In my young days, people used to date events by the shipwrecks that so often occurred at Sicasset. "It happened the year of the pineapple wreck" and "They were married the day the John Cook came ashore" were perfectly clear statements, understood by everybody. Vessels which broke apart were remembered not by their names but by their cargoes. There was the "potato wreck," which I recall. A Maine schooner broke up and covered the beach with edible Aroostook County potatoes. And the "cocoa wreck," when a big brig spilled a whole cargo of cocoa beans consigned to the Walter Baker people in Dorchester. Then there was the "orange wreck," which yellowed miles of beach with ripening fruit. And for years—perhaps even today there are people in Sicasset wearing soft felt hats and carrying jackknives that were taken from the hold of a German freighter that grounded on Deacon Litchfield's point and lay there a week before she was floated.

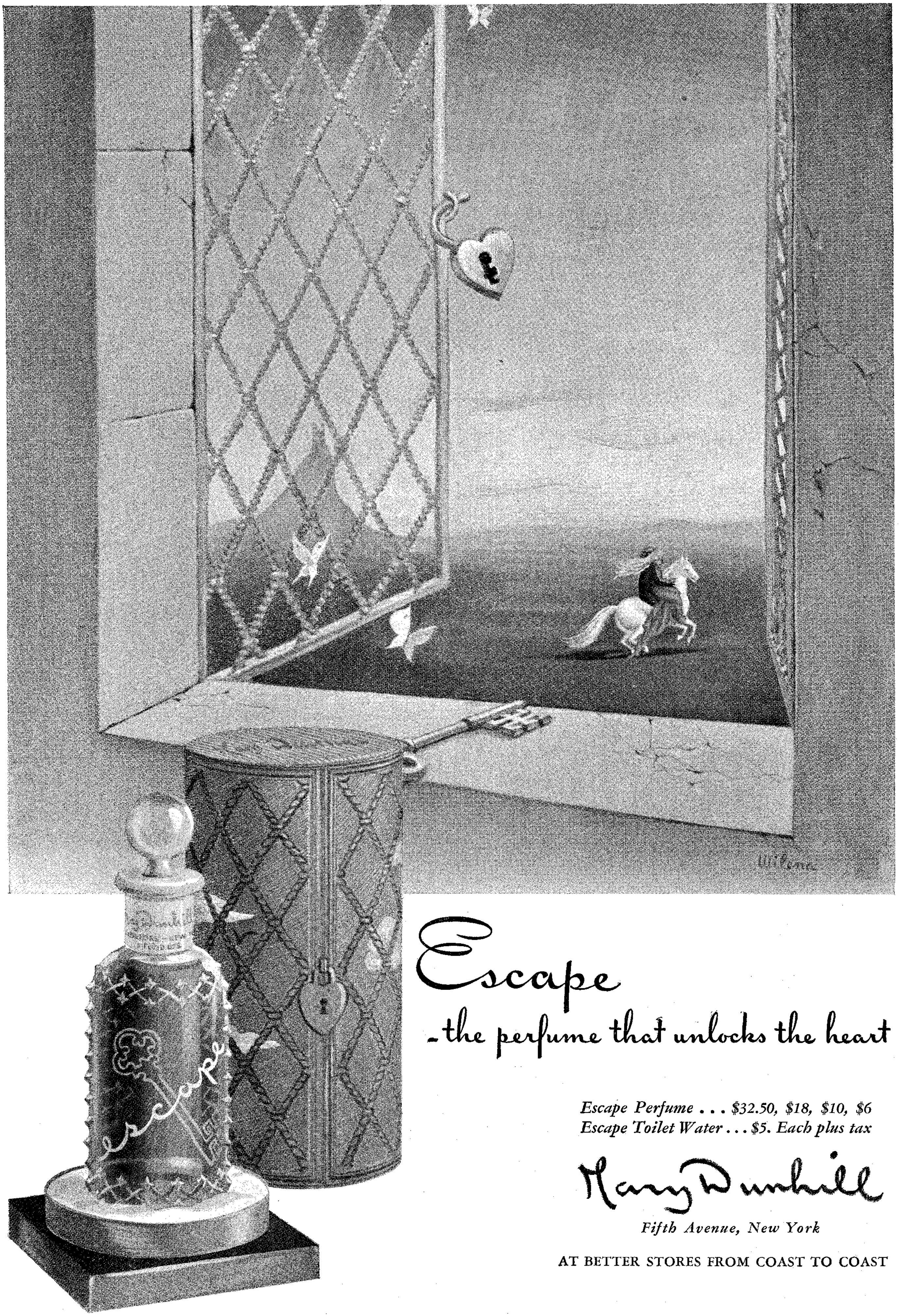
Because of the prevalence of looting, every Massachusetts seacoast town had a functionary known as a "wrecking master," appointed by the marine underwriters. His duty was to take charge of wrecked vessels and their cargoes and see that the property was guarded until disposition of it could be made. The wrecking master in Sicasset was more distinguished for his amiability and laziness than for anything else. He was Captain Abel Wood, owner and master of the little schooner Emily.

"Wreck ashore!" was a magic cry to the youth of Sicasset, and to their elders as well. The whole town closed up shop and went to the scene. One afternoon, during a northeast snowstorm in January of 1889, the news that a ship was in difficulty spread through the village. From the front windows of our house I could see, down on Main Street, a string of pungs, sleighs, and wood sleds loaded with people and heading for the causeway leading across the marshes to the beaches and the cliffs.



Uncle 'Lish, wearing a heavy ulster with a piece of rope tied about his middle, came down the lane between his house and ours. He had on a yellow sou'wester, with the flaps tied under his chin. His bowed legs were covered with hip boots and he carried a small brass spyglass. He opened the front door and called, "Wreck ashore, boy! I'm going to drive over. Want to come along?"

My mother objected because of the



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bitter weather, and also because my great-uncle was not considered a fit companion for the young. But Uncle 'Lish talked and talked and finally argued her into letting me go.

"Hell, Mercy," he said as she was fastening a heavy woollen scarf around my chin, "this won't hurt him. It's kinder blustery, maybe, but we'll keep in a lee."

As we headed across the causeway, we saw nothing of the wreck, but I began to realize something of the intensity of the gale. The deep bellowing of the sea frightened me. Big rollers assailed the beach and the receding undertow ripped away tons of rattling shale. We ascended the hump of a cliff and drew up in the lee of a cottage, where a group of people was standing. As Uncle 'Lish blanketed the horse, I got my first sight of the distressed vessel.

She was about a quarter of a mile offshore, a great, bulky three-master, lying nearly broadside to the sea and drifting slowly southward, parallel to the coast. Two cables led out from her hawse pipes, and their frequent slackening showed that her anchors were dragging. The vessel was rolling in a fearsome way and dirty yellow combers climbed over her side and washed across her decks. In the rigging were tiers of black dots, which I suddenly realized were men lashed in the shrouds.

"What do you make of her, Captain?" a man asked my uncle, who had his spyglass trained on the schooner. "What's her name?"

"I don't make much of her, but the sea is going to make scantling of her before long," Uncle 'Lish said. "If those damned anchors would catch hold of something and bring her head up, she might ride it out even now. She's the something Parnell. Wait a minute." He squinted through the telescope. "Oh, she's the Alice Parnell O'Hara, out of Portland. Seems to me I saw in the *Advertiser* that she cleared from Jamaica a fortnight ago, with sugar and rum for Boston."

At this announcement, I noticed that some of the bystanders seemed to take a greater interest in the ship.

DOWN on the beach, Captain George White and his crew from the lifesaving station were trying to launch a surf boat against the tremendous seas. They had already made several attempts and had got outside the breakers, only to be driven back by the gale as soon as they cleared the shelter of the cliff. While they were still trying to go off to the schooner, the chafed hawsers suddenly parted. The O'Hara, freed from their restraint, swung sharply around and with gathering speed drifted to leeward. Riding high on a towering comber, she came in almost bow on and with a terrific impact grounded among the breakers.

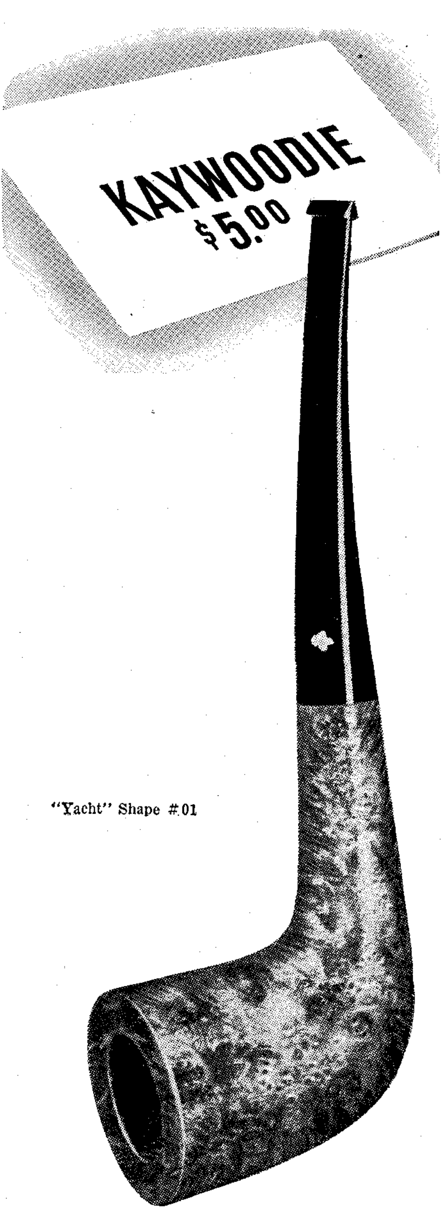
"Well, by Godfrey Mighty!" Uncle 'Lish roared. "Boy, that's something like it. Here it's just about high water. In three hours those fellers could walk ashore. Only they'd be froze stiffer'n mackerel, if they aren't already."

By the time Uncle 'Lish and I had made our way to the beach, Captain White had his lifesaving gear assembled. The first shot of the Lyle gun sent a line across the deck of the schooner, just forward of the foremast. Some of the crew climbed down from the rigging and made it fast. In what seemed a very few minutes, the breeches buoy was making trips across fifty yards of wicked sea.

Fourteen men were on board and of these twelve, including the captain, who had a broken leg, came in, badly frostbitten but alive. They were taken to nearby houses and put between hot blankets. Two of the crew had succumbed. Their bodies later had to be freed with axes from the frozen shrouds.

It was nearly dark and I was so cold that I begged to go home, but Uncle 'Lish wouldn't leave. "You go up to that green house," he said to me, pointing. "It's Aunt Hannah Small's and she'll take you in and give you something hot to drink. Aleck's maybe there. I saw him a while back. I'll come after you a little later. I've got to stay around here." Aleck Small was Uncle 'Lish's ex-cabin boy and now his man of all work ashore. Aleck was in the house when I got there, talking to his aunt, who made a great fuss over me and fed me hot tea and doughnuts. Aleck was not himself. He seemed moody and anxious and he kept looking out the window. We could dimly see the O'Hara below on the beach, a great, black leviathan sprawled on the hard sand, now that the tide was receding, her jib boom thrust far up over the beach, which was deserted. The lifesaving crew had apparently gone back to the station and I wondered where Uncle 'Lish was.

"Don't it beat all hell," Aleck said to me, "that a man can sit around half the winter and nuthin' happens and the one day Abel Wood goes away, this damn hooker makes up her mind to plant her fat stern down on this beach? He had



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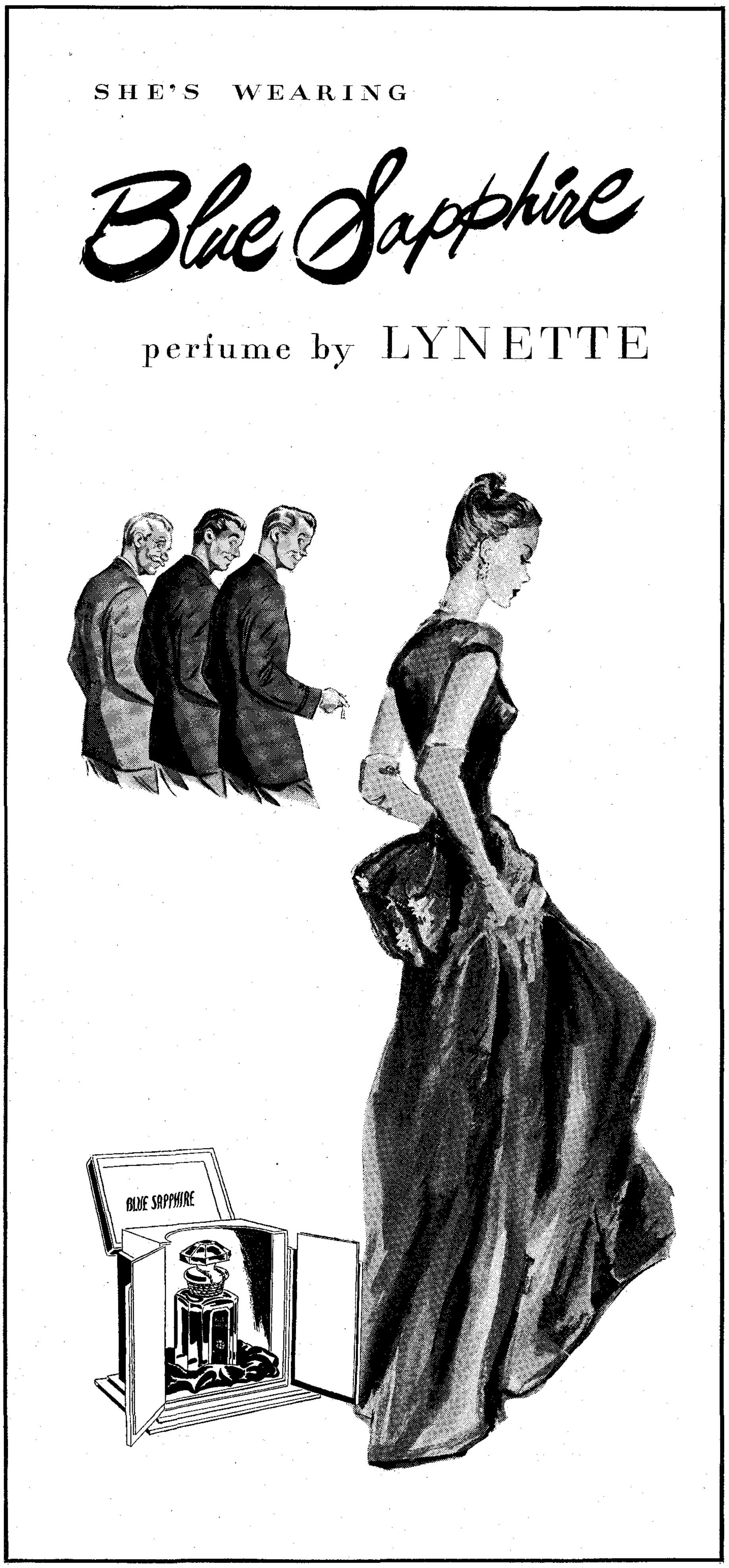

to pick out today to go to Boston. Why, he ain't bin in Boston before sense Christ was a carpenter. And who's goin' to watch this schooner's what I want to know."

"Well, Aleck, mebbe Cap'n 'Lish will," Aunt Hannah said.

This suggestion seemed to make Aleck more morose. "Eyah, that's jest what I'm thinkin'. It's too damn cold to hang around, and b'Jesus, I ain't a-goin' to do it." Nevertheless, he did hang around and, after a few minutes, Uncle 'Lish stomped in. "Aleck," he said, "you come out here with me."

They went outside and I heard snatches of a long monologue by my uncle, punctuated with "Aye aye, sirs" from Aleck. When Uncle 'Lish had finished, he came back in.

"Well, boy," he said. "I suppose you're ready to go home, and I'm damn sure your mother is ready to have you. It'll be pretty soon now. Aleck has gone for the horse and wagon. I hate to leave this schooner alone, and Aleck and I are going aboard for one last look around, although I don't think anybody will bother her this kind of a night."

Aunt Hannah made us sit down and eat a bite of supper with her. Presently we heard the rumbling of the democrat wagon and Aleck appeared.

"We might as well drive down to the schooner first," Uncle 'Lish said. "You wait, boy," he told me, "and we'll come after you."

A long while later, it seemed to me, Uncle 'Lish returned. "Come on!" he shouted to me, standing in the doorway. "The Sicasset packet is shoving off. Good night, Hannah, and thanks."

The oilcloth curtains of the wagon were closely drawn and I found that we were all to sit in the front seat. The back of the wagon, Uncle 'Lish explained, was filled with some things that Aleck had been storing in his Aunt Hannah's shed. Aleck's belongings were covered with a large canvas and the wagon springs were very low.

"I been tryin' for about a year now to git them things home," Aleck said, "and this seemed a good charnce." The wagon bumped over the rough road and the springs were down on the axles as we passed down deserted Main Street and turned into our lane. Mother was just as upset as I had feared she would be and I was fed another hot supper and sent to bed.

THE following afternoon I went over to Uncle 'Lish's house and found Captain Abel Wood and my uncle in conversation before a roaring fire in the sitting room.

"And so there ye be, Cap'n 'Lisha," Captain Abel was saying. "Twenty year I bin wreckin' marster and it's the first time I ain't bin here when one come ashore. Of course, she had to come, goddam 'er, the one day I warn't around."

"She's all right, isn't she?" Uncle 'Lish asked.

"Like hell she's all right," Captain Abel said. "The coaming's off the for'ard hatch and some of that rum's gone, b'God."

"That so? How much of it?"

"Well, of course, Cap'n, I ain't checked the manifest yet, but the way the stuff was stowed, I jedge that about four casks off the top tier are missin'. Nothin' else touched, fur's I can see."

"Any suspicions?" my great-uncle asked.

"Suspicions, hell! It might be anybody. There was wheel marks on the top of the beach where the tide didn't reach 'em. Somebody must have drove a wagon right under her counter and had the stuff passed down to 'em."

Uncle 'Lish nodded. "It could be done that way," he said.

"And I jest can't do anythin' about it. All I say is there's a hell of a lot of sunsabitches in the world and most of 'em live in Sicasset. Well, I got to be gettin' over to the wreck. I—"

"Wait a minute, Abel. Before you go out in this freezing weather, how about a little tot to warm you up? . . . Aleck!"

When Aleck appeared, Uncle 'Lish said, "Make up two hot rums with lemon and sugar and put a little piece of butter in one of 'em. And Aleck, you might try that last lot we got in, so I can see what it's like." The rum came and the two cronies were drinking as I left for home.

Although the selectmen appointed a committee of substantial citizens to investigate the disappearance of the O'Hara's rum, no trace of it was ever found. Uncle 'Lish was chairman of the committee.

—RALPH FRYE

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A CORRECTION

Just to keep the record straight it was the famous Whistler's Mother, not Hitler's, that was exhibited at the recent mother and daughter meeting of Pleasantville Methodists. There is nothing to be gained in trying to explain how the error occurred.—*Titusville (Pa.) Herald.*

Just the same, we'd like to hear about it.

Give him a cheerful year-ful of
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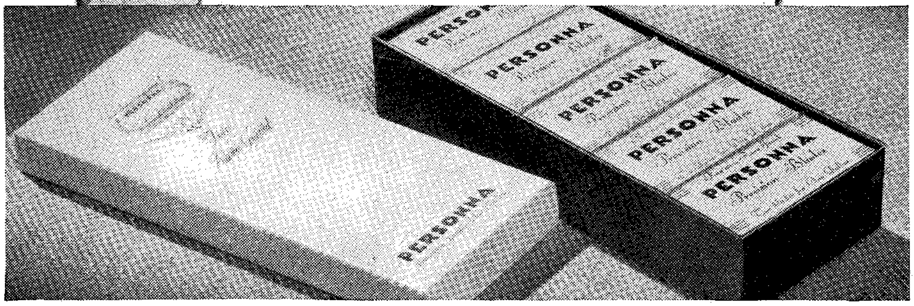

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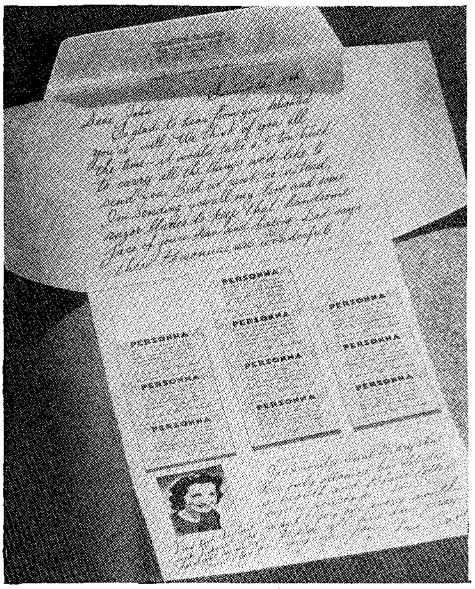

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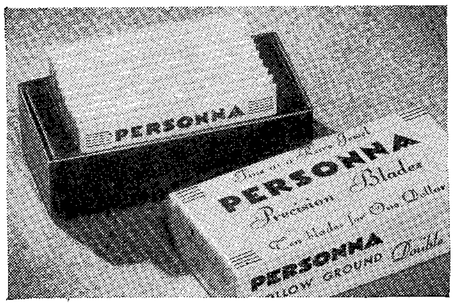

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR

WE launch our discussion of Christmas suggestions this week with the most practical piece of advice we can think of, which is to get a move on. So far, we fondly hope, we have helped you through these important subjects:

September 16. . . . Gifts for men and women in the services, here and abroad.
November 4. . . . Christmas cards.
November 18. . . . Lingerie and accessories for women, and luggage.
November 25. . . . Gifts for the house.

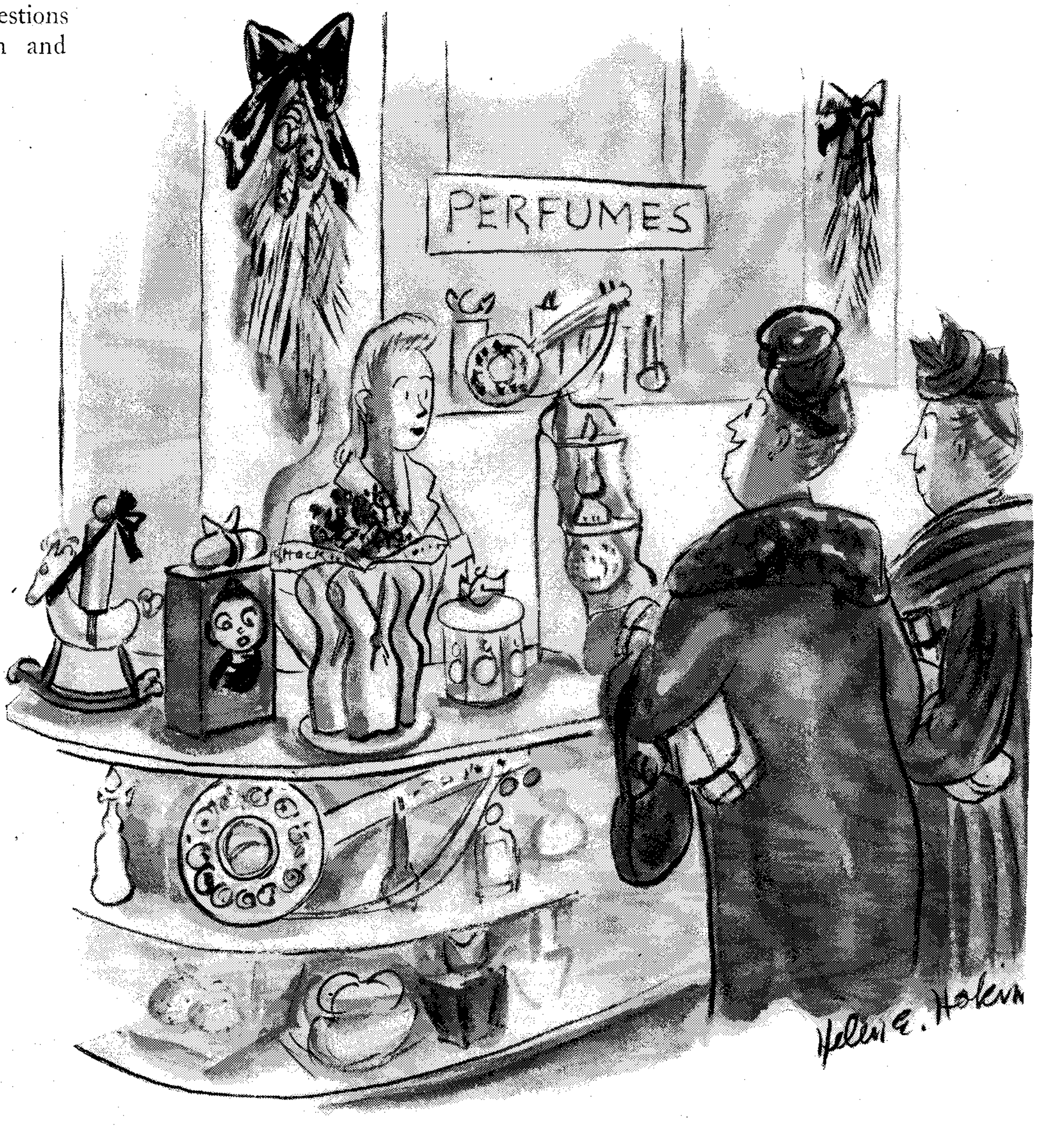
Now we turn our attention to gifts of food for service men and women stationed in this country, jewelry, and general suggestions for the civilian (plus a few added starters for the service) male.

Food for the Services

FOR two wartime Christmases, before passing on to you suggestions for food gifts for service men and women, we took what seemed to be a sensible precaution by discussing the matter with a number of interested parties at the receiving end. Convinced that we had discovered the appetites of all soldiers and sailors, men and women, we decided that making inquiries of members of the armed forces this year would turn out to be just a formality. Well, we were mistaken. A good many of the warriors now in training seem to have tastes that are, to say the least, subtle. The fact that some soldiers have suggested to us that crêpes Suzette put up in jars be included in this year's Christmas boxes makes us realize how right the postwar planners are when they predict that the problems of readjustment will be enormous. The truth is that in the last twelve months more and more luxurious foods have become G.I., with the natural result that if a box from home is not to duplicate what a man gets at mess, you'll have to have some fairly fancy ideas. This does not mean that men and women aren't happy to have food from home *whatever* it is.

We assume that most of you, after three years' experience in shipping Christmas presents to soldiers, have learned at least the importance, if not the art, of packing perishables properly. We feel we should repeat emphatically, however, that a chocolate cake or a mince pie that isn't packed to resist the weight of a couple of tanks should have stayed at home. Unless you can lay your hands on a really stout carton, you had better have food sent direct from a reliable shop instead of trying to get off a magnificent homemade product in a ramshackle package. As far as we can make out, the impression that there is a prejudice among soldiers and sailors against squashy foods has got around not because soldiers and sailors dislike foods that are squashy but because they dislike foods that are squashed. With that warning, we will now take up the question of what to put inside your perfect box. So that you won't have to struggle through a lot of suggestions which have nothing to do with your particular problem, we have divided our report, and our men, into groups.

IN Group I, we include men who are going through instruction in camps: aviation cadets, Navy recruits, and so on, as well as men encountering our old friend basic training. The tastes of these men may not differ much from those of men in the other groups, but their opportunities to enjoy elaborate refreshments are not at all the same. For one thing, they are often kept under such strict supervision that they can't manage the more elaborate snacks. Because they have so little freedom, they are obliged to live mainly off the mess and the PX, and so their need of food from home is moderately urgent. They



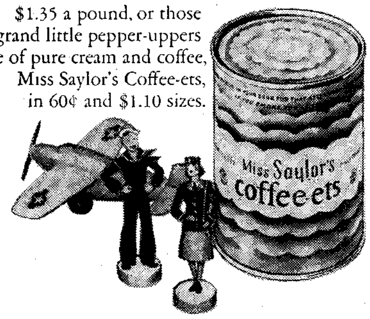
"What's Prince Matchabelli up to this year?"

EVEN IN WAR TIMES

we still use...fragrant chocolate, personally selected for quality and taste appeal...the best fresh cream and butter available ...delicately blended flavors and choice nuts. To these fine ingredients we bring the cooking skill inherited from our Pennsylvania Dutch ancestors. That's what gives our candy its home-made flavor.

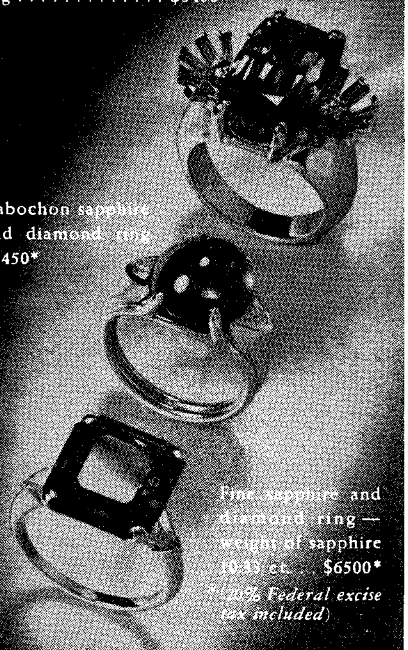
MISS SAYLOR'S CANDIES ARE UNUSUAL

You may have a little trouble getting Miss Saylor's Unusual French Cream Chocolates or Coffee-ets as the boys and girls in service must be supplied. But they'll be back soon, so keep asking. French Cream Chocolates, $1.35 a pound, or those grand little pepper-uppers made of pure cream and coffee, Miss Saylor's Coffee-ets, in 60¢ and $1.10 sizes.



MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC.
ENCINAL AVENUE · ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

Sapphire and baguette diamond ring $3400*



Cabochon sapphire and diamond ring $1450*

Fine sapphire and diamond ring—weight of sapphire 10.33 ct. . . $6500*

(*20% Federal excise tax included)

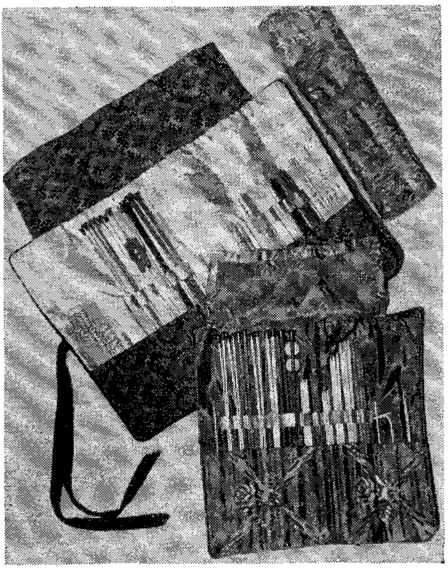
Olga TRITT

589 MADISON AVENUE
AT 57TH STREET
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

like things which are packed in small containers (preferably tin or glass) and do not make for too much policing afterward. They can manage even such luxuries as foie gras and caviar all right. An appetizing smoked rainbow trout paté put up in Colorado and sold at Bellows' Gourmets' Bazaar, 67 East 52nd Street, ought to be just the thing. (Doesn't sound like the Old Army, does it?) They also ask for wurste, which can be found at Barney Greengrass, 541 Amsterdam Avenue (86th); Macy; and Mansbach's Market, 1372 Sixth Avenue (56th), among other places.

Men in this same group also want small cakes, but mostly they would like something more interesting than cookies. A sort of sugared shortbread called snow balls, both interesting and delicious, is carried by Alice H. Marks, 6 East 52nd Street, and a simpler, homemade shortbread is at Altman. Chocolate-filled pastry sticks, sold at Martin's Fruit Shop, 1042 Madison Avenue (79th), are a nice idea. So are *Oblaten*, waferlike Viennese confections, packed in boxes, which we have run to earth at the Cosmopolitan Confiserie, 510 Madison Avenue (53rd), where we also found some very good hazelnut-filled wafers, called *Pischinger Torten*, which ought to be very popular. Brownies are always a safe bet. Long's French Bakers, 1044 Madison Avenue (79th); the Dodd Pastry Shop, 669 Lexington Avenue (56th); and, of course, Schrafft's are a few of the places that have them. Nearly all first-class food shops can provide *Lebkuchen* packed in glass jars. Nata Lee, 1046 Madison Avenue (80th), and the Buchler Cake Shop, 812 Lexington Avenue (63rd), make a variety of good small, rich cakes. Dried fruits appear to please most men. Martin's Fruit Shop and Altman carry a fine collection, all boxed—apricots stuffed with more of the same, prunes stuffed with nuts or with marzipan, and so on. Finally, those fresh Dawn melting-in-the-mouth Arizona dates are nearly everywhere. These, which are in great demand at camps, are packed in two-pound redwood boxes and in smaller cartons.

NEXT is Group II, Army and Navy men and officers who are more or less on permanent station. These men, besides being able to buy hard candies, popcorn, and such from their PX, get enough time off to go in to town, whatever it may be, and shop for simple, staple commodities. A considerable number in this group go in for simplified bachelor housekeeping, the sort



Oh Santa! **BROCADE OR DAMASK KNITTING NEEDLE CASES** $8.95 each

Nearly half the good folks on your Noël list are knitting addicts—and here's a gift they'll really cherish! Larger case is rich damask, red, blue or green, and holds knitting and sock needles plus complete knitting works. Smaller case is rich brocade in assorted pastels. Mail orders invited.

Alice Maynard
Knitting Headquarters
558 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

English Bone China Inkwell, peach, turquoise, white with colored flower bouquets, 5" square.......$15.95
Pen Holder to match....... 7.50

EXPRESS COLLECT

At our new store
680 FIFTH AVENUE
bet. 53rd and 54th Sts.
New York 19, N. Y.

Alfred Orlik Inc.

FIRST COME—FIRST SERVED!

Tree ripened, naturally colored, selected **SUNNED SWEET** oranges and grapefruit shipped from our groves the day it's picked.

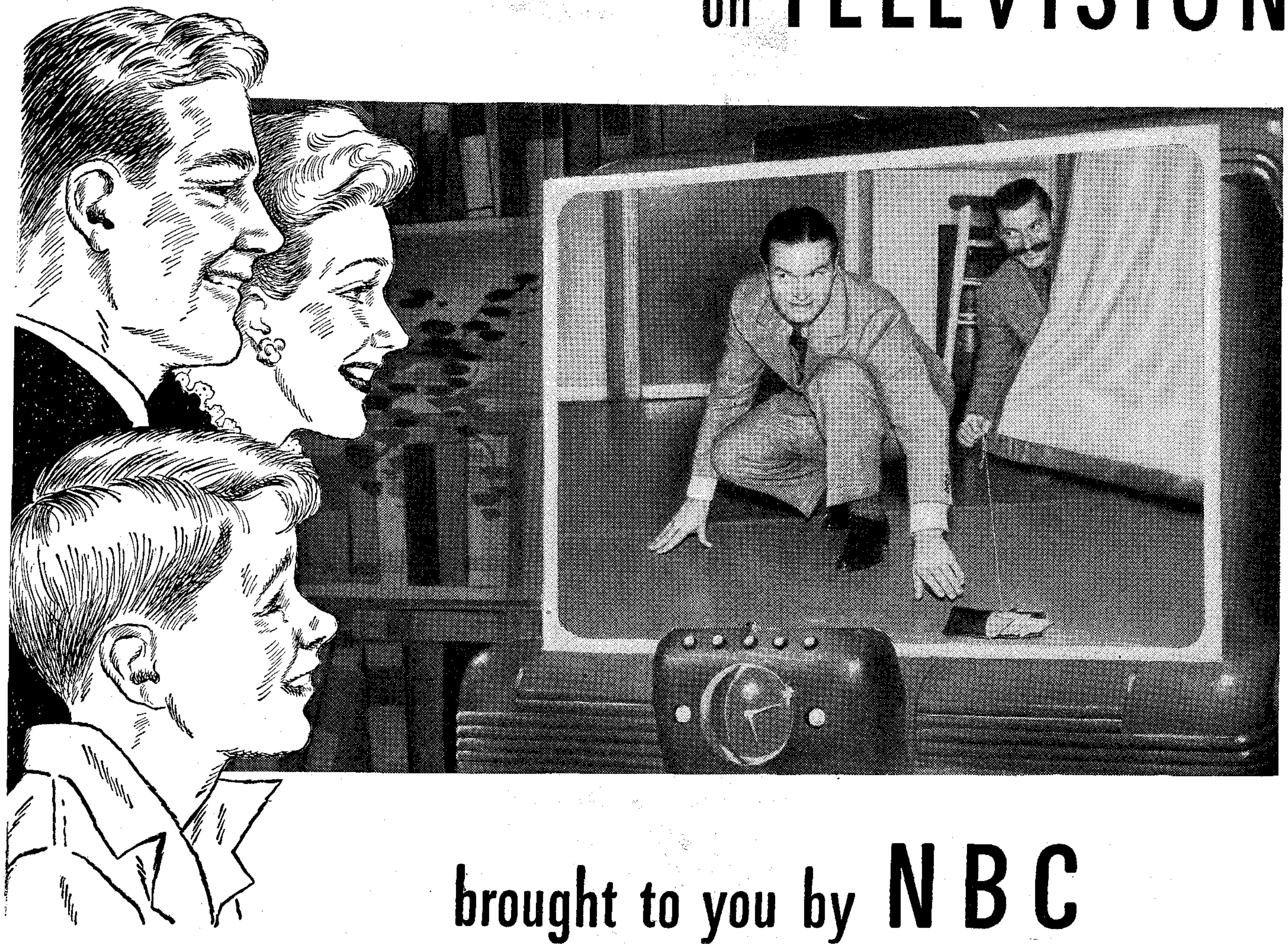
ALL ORANGES—ALL GRAPEFRUIT—OR MIXED—
$4.50 per bushel (Express prepaid east of the Mississippi and bordering states. For Western shipments add $1 per bushel).

A CHRISTMAS GIFT TO BE REMEMBERED PACKED IN SILVERY SPANISH MOSS.

Booking orders for shipment after Dec. 1st through April. Insure your winter supply by ordering NOW for shipment at regular intervals. We can add only a limited number to our lists.

NO SHIPMENTS AT ALL BETWEEN DEC. 12 - January 8.
THE BARFIELD GROVES POLK CITY, FLORIDA

Imagine Bob Hope... on TELEVISION



brought to you by NBC

Think how, on NBC Television, the amusing antics of America's greatest comedians... the zany adventures of Bob Hope, for example . . . could take place before your eyes in hilarious *visual action.*

Just picture how television programs from the studios of the National Broadcasting Company . . . where the nation's most popular sound radio programs now originate... are going to up the excitement of home entertainment.

At the present time, NBC has extensive television plans under way. With the cooperation of business and government these plans, after the war, will bring about vast NBC Television networks . . . networks gradually sprouting from Eastern, Mid-Western and Western centers and finally grouping together . . . forming coast-to-coast links to provide television for the whole nation's post-war enjoyment.

Popular-priced television receivers will bring to your home sight and sound programs up to the highest standards of NBC . . . television programs of the finest shows in this fascinating and improved field of entertainment.

* * *

Depend on NBC to lead in new branches of broadcasting by the same wide margin that now makes it "*The Network Most People Listen to Most.*"

National Broadcasting Company

America's No. 1 Network

NBC

A Service of Radio Corporation of America

which concentrates on canned soups. In some barracks there are heaters on which such things can be warmed up. For men without this convenience, Hammacher Schlemmer sells a useful little device which does the trick very neatly. The thing is called Cookit (get-it?), costs $1, and is about the size of a woman's compact; the fuel is small, round wafers of something or other, each of which will burn about twelve minutes. This stove must not, of course, be sent unless you find out that your soldier will be allowed to use it. Some inspection officers are stuffy about fire hazards, and others, it seems, don't care. For that matter, be sure that the man likes soup. Men who do like soup tell us they want something fancier than the canned varieties provided by small-town stores. They speak enthusiastically of Underwood's black bean with sherry. Some of the Gristede stores have this, but the supply is small. Bellows' Gourmets' Bazaar; Ellen Grey, 800 Madison Avenue (68th); and DuBarry (Chelsea 2-8858; no shop) make their own soups. The Ellen Grey shop has, among other things, Baltimore terrapin stew and a Creole gumbo which some of our correspondents certainly would have mentioned if their imaginations had soared that high.

Men in this semi-permanent group are usually prepared to cope with such comparatively serious things as roast chicken and pastries. Pastries can be ordered from the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 514 Madison Avenue (54th). Vendôme, 415 Madison Avenue (48th), will ship roast chicken, turkey, game, almost anything of the sort, all expertly done. Maison Glass, 15 East 47th Street, takes orders for baked hams, beautifully done and real Smithfields, which are hard to find. There is so much disagreement about ham among our correspondents (some

DO NOT OPEN TILL XMAS

THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

The star-blazed trail

At Christmas time all trails lead home—through the air, across the seven seas, on the glittering rails! And just as surely the way of the gift buyer leads to "the greatest sporting goods store in the world" for the gift merchandise that appeals to outdoor men and women of all ages.

14-KT. GOLD PEN & PENCIL SET $125.00*
Eversharp "Command Performance" pen and repeater pencil set of 14-kt. gold throughout.
"64" EVERSHARP PEN & PENCIL SET
14-kt. solid gold clasp and cap. $64*
Engraving per letter . . . . . . $ .10
*Plus 20% Federal Excise Tax

SPORTS NECKTIES $3.50
Exclusive, embroidered "sport motif" ties feature woodcock, horse's head, trout fly, mallard or canvas back duck.

KIKIT GAME $12.00
Guaranteed excitement for two, four or six people. Ball is passed from one colored rod to another to score.

SWEDISH RAZOR $17.50
Hollow ground razor of Swedish steel that shaves like a straight razor and can be honed and stropped. 2 extra blades, holder for stropping.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

CHICAGO STORE: VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE 9 NORTH WABASH

Volunteer
Chameleon-like, this deep-hued polish shade adapts itself to colors, hours, moods . . . becomes a complete polish wardrobe in itself. And like all La Cross fashion-keyed polish shades, it's checked for staying power and lasting brilliance.
La Cross
America's finest Manicure Implements... Hand Beauty Aids
SCHNEFEL BROS. CORP. · 630 FIFTH AVE. · NEW YORK 20

say that the subsequent policing of barracks is more trouble than the ham is worth) that perhaps you had better sound out your beneficiary. There is great enthusiasm for all varieties of hors d'oeuvres (anchovies, imported sardines, caviar, foie gras, and the like), with which appropriate crackers should always be sent. Old Denmark, 135 East 57th Street; Vendôme, DuBarry, Hammacher Schlemmer, and Gristede's Bon Voyage Shop all have collections of such things. Cheese is also feverishly popular, and most of the shops just mentioned carry a fine assortment. So, for that matter, do Macy and Altman.

IN Group III, we have put men who live on or off the post but who have wives somewhere nearby to cook for them occasionally (usually on a gas ring in a coat closet, called a kitchenette by the local real-estate firm). Here the sky is the limit—fancy canned things, smoked turkey, game, whatever you can think of. If, of course, the gas ring is *literally* a gas ring, anything like an uncooked ham will present a problem. That makes one more thing for you to check up on. Cocktail provender, cheese, pies, crêpes Suzette, canned meat, and maple syrup are all welcome, too.

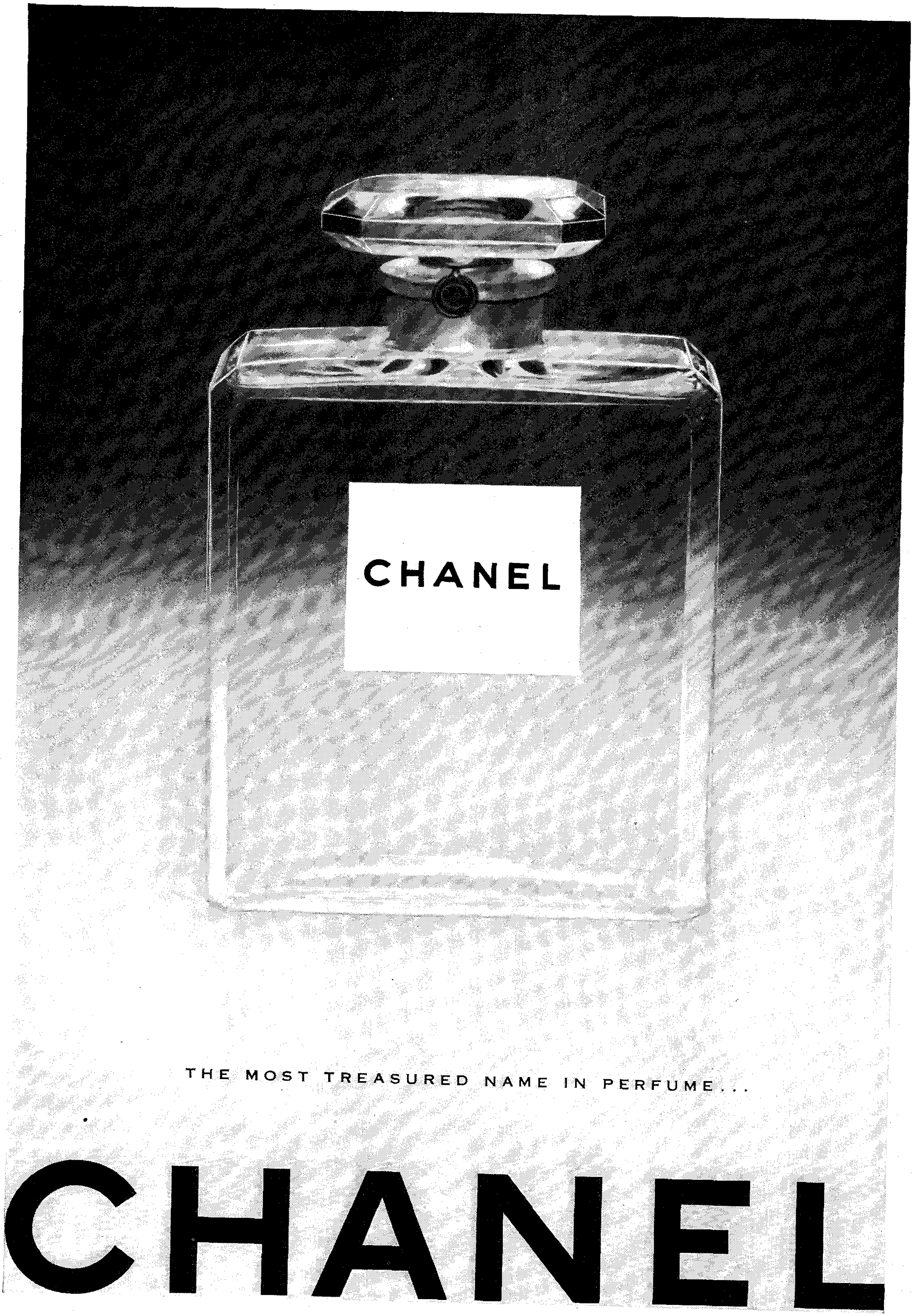
WAVES, Wacs, Spars, and women Marines are, as you might guess, much less frightened by the housekeeping difficulties presented by an elaborate box from home. Unlike the men, the girls, it seems, like to sit around after mess munching sweet things or fruit, since the craving for sweets is almost insatiable when they begin training and get ten times more exercise than they ever had before. Another difference is that while a soldier, when asked about his tastes in food, has to stop and brood, a Wac or a Wave usually has a list a mile long that she can roll off her tongue much more glibly than the Articles of War. Girls especially like fruits. If you want to be special, you might try sending some of those fine Comice pears, which can be bought at places like Shaffer's Market (673 Madison Avenue, at 61st) and Martin's Fruit Shop or ordered direct from Blue Goose Orchards, 253 Fir Street, Medford, Oregon. The young ladies also want cheese and crackers, fresh dates, raisins, dried figs, cheese cakes (there are good ones at Long and Buchler), and cookies. They also ask for nut bread (because it can be eaten without butter), homemade jams and jellies (Exchange for Woman's Work), fried chicken, roast chicken, sausage, all kinds of meat and fish pastes, and pickles (some unusually good ones at DuBarry).

Certain delicacies, of course, have universal appeal. Every man and woman, it seems, wants candy, and by candy they mean luxurious chocolates and bonbons, homemade fudge, and glacé nuts; hard candies were either ignored or disdained by our correspondents. You won't have to be reminded of the celebrated national brands of candy, which you will find everywhere, so we shall mention only a few more regional which we think especially fine. There are, to begin with, the chocolates of Rosemarie de Paris, 697 Fifth Avenue (55th); the much less well-known but delicious fondants at Lola's French Sweet Shop, 167 West 74th Street, which also has excellent glacé nuts; and Alice Marks' collection of homemade caramels and chocolates. Altman & Kuhne, 700 Fifth Avenue (55th), have Viennese chocolates; Eugenia Tay, 50 East 58th Street, specializes in paper-thin chocolate-covered mints, chocolates with unusual fillings, and maple, chocolate, and coffee fudge; Henny Wyle, 557 Madison Avenue (56th), sells wonderful Viennese chocolates. Altman, by the way, has recently become the agency for the Blum chocolates and bonbons, made in San Francisco. Fruit cake, too, is popular in the camps. Mrs. Jerome Ziegler, 61 East 64th Street, makes a nice one. Fruit cake can be ordered from Louis Sherry, Fifth Avenue at 59th Street; the Exchange for Woman's Work, Ellen Grey, Altman, Vendôme, Maison Glass, Bellows' Gourmets' Bazaar, Schrafft, and Longchamps, to name just a handful. All the services like salted nuts. Anna Bibro, 860 Madison Avenue (70th), Maison Glass, and Louis Sherry turn out excellent toasted almonds, pecans, and so on.

LAST WORD: If you haven't attended to your overseas darlings by this time, you are of course lost. And as for those in this country, remember that it is already December 2nd.

Jewelry

WE are going to avoid those ten-thousand-dollar baubles, if you don't mind, this year and instead suggest a number of items a man in uniform might (let's assume he has a private income) buy his wife or young lady. Happily, there is handsome jewelry around in the shops at fairly pre-



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME . . .

CHANEL

Those beautiful, all-wool Chatham Blankets are here!

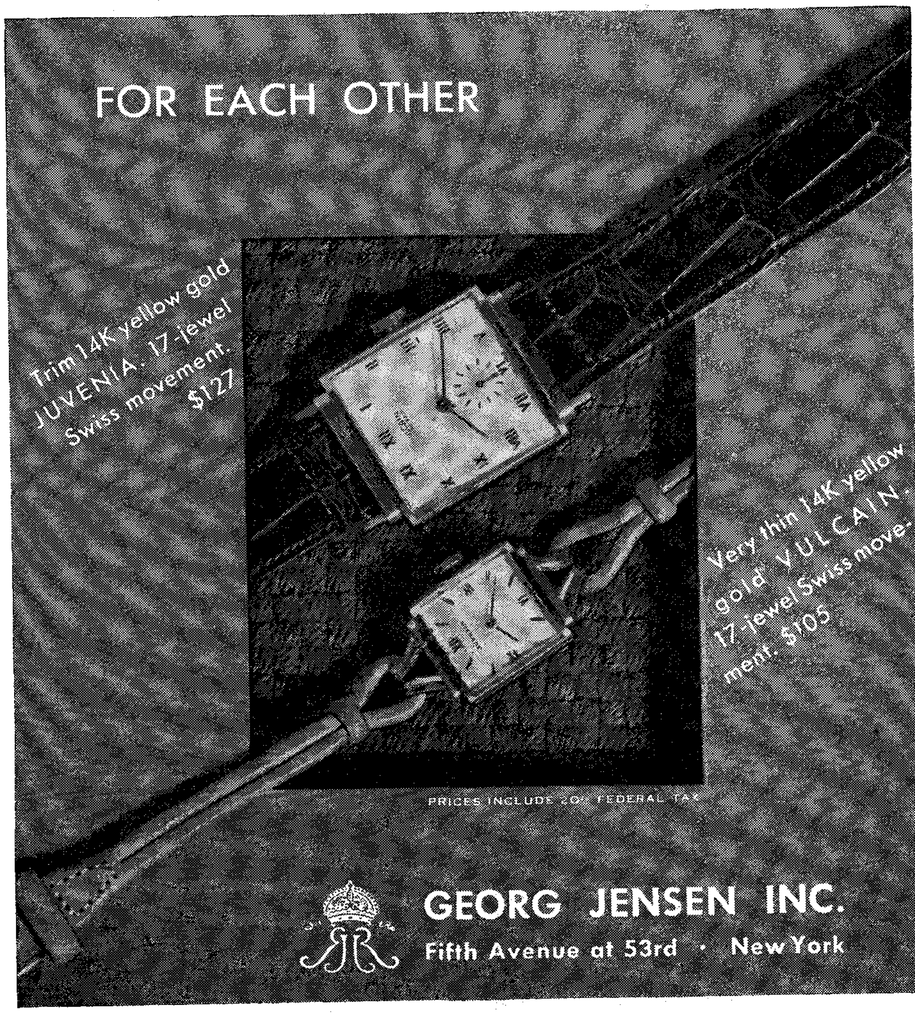
Last word in blanket luxury—that's the Chatham LAMSDOWN. Weighs four full pounds—all fine, new wool. Generous double-bed size (72 x 84). Light, fluffy, magically warm...a blanket to brighten your bedroom and keep you snug on the frostiest nights. Rose, Blue, Green, Cedar, White, with matching rayon satin binding. About $16. (*Slightly higher in the West.*)

BE SURE—look for the Chatham Informative Label. It gives full specifications, enables you to *compare* values.

NOW ON SALE AT:

B. ALTMAN & CO. • JAMES McCREERY & CO.
BLOOMINGDALE'S • STERN BROTHERS • GIMBEL BROTHERS • LORD & TAYLOR
JAMES McCUTCHEON & CO.

CHATHAM Blankets



FOR EACH OTHER

Trim 14K yellow gold JUVENIA. 17-jewel Swiss movement. $127

Very thin 14K yellow gold VULCAIN. 17-jewel Swiss movement. $105

PRICES INCLUDE 20% FEDERAL TAX

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Avenue at 53rd · New York

sentable prices. Besides, there are good watches again, and certainly nothing is more welcome or more practical. It may relieve you to know that in this collection of suggestions the prices include that twenty-per-cent federal tax. Here are our findings:

Black, Starr & Gorham: Lovely round silver compacts with beaded edges; $18. Silver jonquil earrings (haven't noticed this design before); $20. Others in the shape of full-blown roses; $10. More elaborate earring designs include a gold bird perched on a sapphire-studded branch; $115. For watches: gold calendar wristwatches that give the day of the week and the date and have a sweep second hand for good measure. Round ones, $109; square ones, $115.50. Nice, heavy, two-tone gold square link bracelets are $96.

Cartier: Ruby or sapphire guard rings set in palladium; they make, among other things, attractive engagement rings; $90 up. Gold wristwatches start at $56. A gold link bracelet is studded with eight topaz-quartz ovals; $111.

Edmond Frisch, 336 Park Avenue (51st): A particularly handsome square steel wristwatch which has an unusual thick oval crystal that magnifies its face; $62, and looks like platinum.

Frank S. Hartley, 1 East 57th Street: Especially nice two-tone gold bowknot earrings set with good-sized cabochon sapphires; $100. For romantics: a book-shaped gold locket trimmed with black enamel and with room inside for six photographs; $85.

Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue (53d): His silver jewelry includes such pretties as hatpins ($6), matching earrings and rings ($13 each), bracelets ($27.50), and necklaces ($55), all in a design of fat leaf buds. A circular silver brooch decorated with a startled faun is $15. In gold, a ring set with six large moonstones and with a sapphire center; handsome and $110. Smaller ones have a single moonstone surrounded by ten cabochon sapphires; $102. Gold leaf-shaped earrings set with moonstones are $95; crescent-shaped ones are $110.

Little Shop of T. Azeez, 386 Park Avenue (54th): Excellent earrings. Our favorites are shaped like roses, with three gold leaves and centers set with such semiprecious stuff as Nassau pearls (they resemble coral), angel-pink coral, or turquoise; $125. Others, with gold

mountings, are made so that one stone is in front of the lobe and the other behind it. These are $125 with cultured pearls, amethysts, corals, or topazes; $75 with turquoises.

Ross Pennell, 698 Fifth Avenue (55th): Specialists in gold charms, priced at $4.40 up. Among them, we liked best the flexible fish ($9.60), the turtles with semiprecious stone bodies ($10.80 up), and the whiskbrooms ($9). Charms with spinning discs which may be engraved with the giver's and the receiver's names (legible only when the discs are spinning, and never mind why) are $9. Some of those crystals from England, with foxheads, horses, or hounds inside, are mounted in gold to make sports pins; from $48. Gold snail-shell earrings are $66 and matching rings are $38.40. Filigree gold ball hatpins with an amethyst rondelle center and a tiny pearl top; $12 each.

Tiffany: Lots of inexpensive businesses, among them beautiful engine-turned gold disc earrings with a gold ball in the center, at $66, and large two-tone gold pinwheel-shaped brooches with topaz-quartz centers, at $71.50. Heavy gold link bracelets ($65) are nice with round gold charms ($27.25 up) or two-tone gold four-leaf clovers ($30.75 up). A gold ring set with an emerald-cut topaz quartz and six small rubies; $74.

Olga Tritt, 589 Madison Avenue (57th): Gold hoop earrings dangling a gold bell with a cultured-pearl, sapphire, or ruby clapper; $88, $100, and $115, respectively. White-gold seashell earrings (well, where can you get platinum now?) set with cabochon emeralds are $130.

Gifts for Men

As a simple matter of fair play, we have sloped through the shops and assembled a reasonably thoughtful list of things that might please whatever men you know who do not happen to be in uniform. The lot of even the civilian male is not a particularly carefree one this year, and we have done our best not to add to his problems by recommending the useless and annoying devices that always seem to appear on the shelves before the holiday season. (We have also, in the course of our travels, turned up a number of new items for service men, and they are in here, too.) That twenty-per-cent tax, as you know, applies to toilet water, wallets, lighters, jewelry, and anything of silver or gold; the prices we give you do not include this tax.

And now, here goes:

Abercrombie & Fitch: Leather wallets with a transparent pocket that will reveal both sides of military-discharge papers or any frequently shown document; $7.50. The Bello razor-blade sharpener is $4.95; keeps a blade going for thirty shaves or more, they say. A perspiration-proof leather wallet with built-in change purse, address book,

Rogers Peet.. Authentic Fashions

Ladies!

for *his* Christmas!

Pure

Silk Robe

featured at

$85

Limited edition of exclusive patterns designed and printed on heavy silk expressly for Rogers Peet — and no one else.

Rogers Peet Company

The label that adds distinction to your Gift.

In New York:
Fifth Avenue
at 41st Street

13th Street
at Broadway

Warren Street
at Broadway

And in Boston:
Tremont St.
at Bromfield St.

Smart Smoking!

These handsome accessories make smoking more than a casual gesture - - - they double your pleasure and add charm to any room. There's a fetching twinkle in the eye of the little terrier, exquisitely painted on lovely lustrous leather. And every piece is made with unusually fine workmanship.

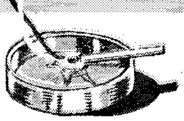
THE BOX, 7¾" x 3¾", has two compartments, for regular or king-size cigarettes $17.50

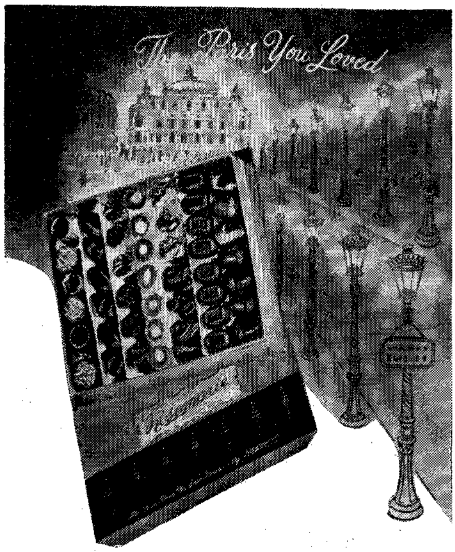
THE ASH-TRAY, glass in leather, is 4¼" in diameter. The match case is made for regular box-matches. The cigarette-server is 2¼" x 3½" oval . $11.95

The box may be purchased alone; the other three items are sold as a set. They all come in deep, rich shades of green or brown. Also waste-basket to match, brown only, (not shown) $17.50

Hammacher Schlemmer

145 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. VOL. 5-4700

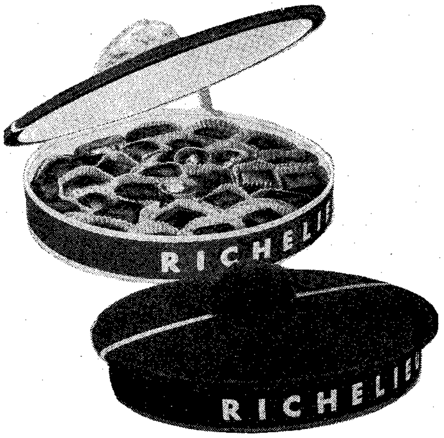




Incomparable Sweets

Tantalizing and delicious are these unusually fine chocolates superbly made from choice Continental recipes.

Assortment
"THE LAST TIME WE SAW PARIS"
No. 16 1 lb. 3.75; 2 lbs. 7.50; 3 lbs. 11.25



ROSEMARIE CHOCOLATES
No. 14 Silk Hand-made Box $7.50

Rosemarie de PARIS INC.

CHOCOLATIER • CONFISEUR
Fifth Avenue • NEW YORK • Park Avenue

To delight your friends, send coupon with name and address, and check, to our **MAIL ORDER OFFICE,** 664 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y., and we will send them your choice.

Name ....
Address ....
City ....State..............

Other delicious chocolates in attractive Gift Boxes—3.00 and 5.00, Coffret 10.50.

(Add 50c for packing and postage East of Mississippi, 75c West)

snapshot compartment, and even a place for currency; $6.50.

Altman: Fine full-fashioned ribbed wool socks in brown, black, or blue; $3, and a rarity these days. Flannel robes, made of a satisfactory combination of wool and cotton, in solid colors; $10.85. For year-round swimmers: waterproofed poplin bathing trunks; $3.50. Seven-fold ties of silk (yes, silk) Spitalsfield and Macclesfield for $7.50; all those folds make for a long and handsome life, which is as it should be at the price.

Brooks Brothers: The button-down collar shirt was probably invented here. White Oxford cloth ones in the over-the-head or the coat models are $3.95. Raincoats in a fine poplin with a plaid lining; $30. Wool challis ties in small foulard or Paisley patterns are safe presents at $2.25: surrealist designs are $5, and you're on your own there. The shop's own after-shave lotion and cologne in flask bottles, both in cologne or pine scent; $1.50 to $2.75. Brooks' Refrigerant for chapped skin has the rose-water scent of Victorian hand lotions; $1.25.

Mark Cross: English clothes brush, half soft bristles for removing lint and half hard bristles for dried mud; pigskin backs, saddle-sewn over whalebone for flexibility; $9.25. A neat flexible pigskin case which holds four cigars is $7.50. Hand-sewn Brazilian peccary pull-on gloves are $7.50; African capeskins are $4.50. Good billfolds, in pin seal, English pig, Newfoundland seal, baby lizard, shark, or crocodile; $5 and up. Nothing from Ruritania.

Dunhill: Humidors for a hundred cigars (if there are a hundred left); $45 in mahogany, $55 in walnut. Highly special timepieces for aviators; chronographs of 18-karat gold are $195. Lighters, too, naturally.

Albert Leonard George: Country jackets of India capeskin with Scotch wool lining; $75. Flannel shirts in many colors and three weights for heavy duty; $16.50 to $22.50. English gloves, made of deerskin, are handsome for town and warm for the country; $10.50. In Australian boar, hand-sewn, they are $8.50. English ties of wool taffeta, practically uncreasable; $3.50.

Hammacher Schlemmer: Sterling-silver Martini stirrer with stag handle; $6.50. A small, zippered pigskin case designed to hold a lot of insignia; we've heard officers inquire for this sort of thing; $3.95.

Knize: Cashmere scarves in black (they're hard to find in this color), white for the Navy, natural color for the Army, and a great variety of other colors and color combinations; around $7. Handmade English braces: buckcloth ones in plain colors for $5.50 and striped silk ones for $6.50. For bow-tie wearers, nice silk ones in small patterns; $2.50. And Knize's own Knize-Ten colognes and toilet waters, smelling of tobacco and Russian leather; $3.75 and $6.75, respectively.

Lord & Taylor: Pullovers, with or without sleeves, in imported cashmere; sleeveless ones are $15 and the others start at $18. Goatskin flying mittens with first finger as well as thumb (unusual), lined with sheepskin and good for a lot of things; $9.50. Reverse sheepskin mitt (wool is *inside*), for skating and the like; $4.

Macy: For the head of the house: a pillow-backed easy chair stuffed with sponge rubber; upholstered in muslin, $104. For someone home from Saipan, add to it a great square hassock to go in front; in muslin, $49.95. Gold pocket knives for watch chains; $23.43. Money clips which look like an envelope, stamp and all, on which name and address are to be engraved; $5.98 in silver, engraving extra. York House Coronas are imported Havanas; twenty-five for $10.59, and Macy says it has plenty. The Humidor Shop also has zippered tobacco pouches with moisture-proof lining; $2.

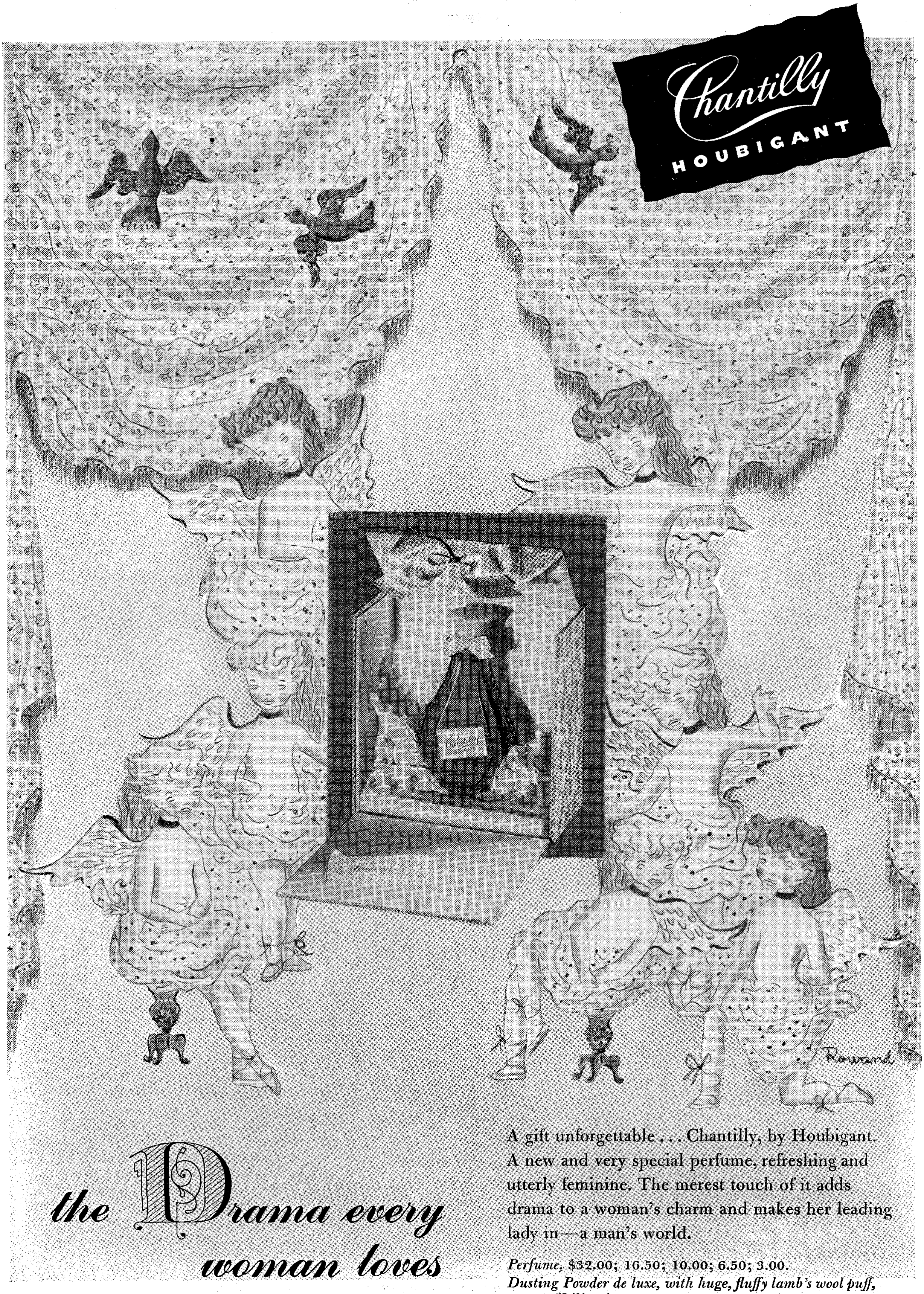
McCreery: Comfortable sports jackets in American tweeds; $20 to $27.50. Three-button corduroy coats for the country; $13.50. Square pocket lighters in chromium finish; $6.75. There's a good range of Alligator raincoats here, from cotton poplins for $11.50 to wool gabardines for $31.50.

Saks-Fifth Avenue: Dressing gowns of polo cloth, double-breasted and with notched or shawl collars; $60. Umbrellas for taxiless rainy nights: a nice one with whangee crook handle and wood shank is $12.50. Silk Spitalsfields and Macclesfield ties; $5, $5.50, and $6.50.

Tripler: Bow ties made to size, without that adjustable metal business in back; silks in narrow stripes, two-color plaids, Scotch plaids, and Macclesfield and Spitalsfields silks; $1.75 to $3.50. Waterproofed raincoats lined with poplin; $19.75. English trench coats with detachable wool lining and rubberized interlining; $48.

Sulka: Ready-made dressing gowns in imported Scotch tartans or fine thin flannels; $75 up. Reading jackets without piping, $27.50; with piping (some people just can't concentrate without a little piping), $35. Good supply of flat lisle undershirts, either sleeveless or T-shirt style; $2.25.

Wanamaker's London Shop, 59 Liberty Street: You wait on yourself here, and you'll like it, for everything is nicely arranged. Pajamas of English broadcloth with woven stripes and *collars*; $8.50. Squares of English tie silks in the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prewar woven patterns are made into ties to order (takes ten days, though); $6.50. English doeskin gloves, hand-sewn; $7.50. India silk thirty-inch squares (for mufflers) with hand-rolled edges, in brilliant or restrained colors; $5. At the 9th Street store: weatherproof hip-length jackets of Skinner's tackle twill with wool-lined sleeves and removable sheepskin lining; $35.

MISCELLANY: Bloomingdale's workmanlike aluminum pocket lighter, in the sixth-floor tobacco shop, is $5.... Bergdorf Goodman have big, English-type breast-pocket wallets for all kinds of papers as well as money; $17 in pig.... Black, Starr & Gorham have silver harness buckles for leather belts; $6.25. ...Kauffman, 139 East 24th Street, makes good harness-leather belts; $2.50. ...Gourielli, 16 East 55th Street, has huge shaving sticks, good for half a year; $2.... Yardley's wood shaving bowl and shaving stick are back in stock; $1 and fifty cents, respectively.... Charvet, 18 East 53rd Street, has dressing gowns of imported flannel with sleeves lined in thin silk ($65) and in bright Indian cottons ($37.50, and they launder perfectly); all custom-made in two or three weeks.... Arthur Gilmore still has the old-time hip wallets in pig; $6.... Munsch-Protzmann, in the Ritz, has revived its fine Cologne d'Alsace; $2.75 for eight ounces.... War-news checker-uppers like the Hammond (1 East 43rd Street) reference set, a globe on a walnut stand with a compartment beneath holding an atlas; $17.50.... Keep, 5 East 44th Street, has big English wool mufflers in Paisley patterns; $8.50 and $13.50.... Jensen has a good supply of full-back Malacca canes; $13.... Alfred Orlik, 680 Fifth Avenue (53rd), has a gold-mounted cigarette holder in white, black, tortoise, or amber composition with a supply of quill mouthpieces; $19.50.... Aquascutum, 200 Fifth Avenue (23rd), still has some of its fine British trench coats; $59 with buttoned-in lining, $44 without.

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LOVE IS A WONDERFUL THING DEPARTMENT

(CRACKING UNDER STRAIN DIVISION)

[*From the London Times*]

KISSED HIS SECRETARY

For kissing his secretary, Miss Lila Chamberlain Buckingham (17), of Hillfield Avenue, Hornsey, London, Reginald William Saunders (34), certified accountant, of South Grove House, Highgate, London, was ordered to pay £15 damages and costs in the King's Bench Division yesterday.

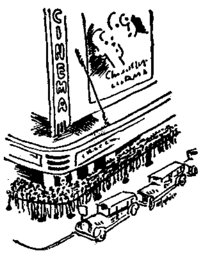
Mr. Saunders said he was bound to admit an indiscretion, and in explanation referred to the strain under which people had been working for a long time.

Mr. Justice Tucker said that Miss Buckingham had been in Mr. Saunders's service only two and a half weeks when he made advances to her in his office and kissed her. It was very wrong and improper for him to behave in that way. He recognised that it was so, and it was to his credit that he did not deny the incident.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Good Half Minute

THE technicians of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have done fine by Doolittle's famous bombing raid of 1942 in "Thirty Seconds over Tokyo." The bombing scenes last only a little longer on the screen than the title indicates, but miracles of camera science (I could mention "montage" and "perspective," but it wouldn't prove anything except that I know how to spell them) were wrought in behalf of this moment of climax. You will probably wish, if you see the picture, that the story department had been confined to the same amount of screen time, or none at all. Apparently the scenarists found nothing in the written experiences of Captain Ted Lawson, one of the B-25 pilots who made the raid, to stir them to new, unhackneyed treatments of love, war, and comedy, and much of the two hours and a quarter of the film is given to things you've seen Hollywood do before. These hundred and thirty-five minutes have the net effect of making the good thirty seconds look very good indeed.



It's true that time is needed to show the long, painstaking preparations and the aftermath of uncertainty and suffering that lend point to the title, but I think all this would have been within the scope of a documentary picture of reasonable length. Lawson's experience is too dramatic to need the padding of de-luxe platitudes, and it is basically a means to the end of describing the raid as a whole. "Thirty Seconds over Tokyo" is at its best in the fine, tense sweep of the planes inland from the sea to the target, when they hedge-hop across a strange land unknown to the fliers except on charts, and during the bomb run itself, in which the aforementioned magic of technicians in Hollywood has reproduced the face of Tokyo and the sight and sounds of the five-hundred-pound bombs striking the city from a plane that you see at the same time, with its bomb-bay doors ajar and its fuselage shaking from the concussion. There have been few better artificial representations of air war, or any kind of war, than this. Since Spencer Tracy has top billing in the picture, it may be well to mention that he does not play Lawson (the hero's part is acted conventionally by Van Johnson) but General—then Lieutenant Colonel—Doolittle. Doolittle is stern, curt, and iron-faced in Mr. Tracy's rendition (the last trait, I expect, being one over which Mr. Tracy hasn't much control), and makes up in efficiency for what he seems to lack here of the well-advertised Doolittle humor.

"DARK WATERS" starts out to be one of those psychological horror pieces in which a villain, or squad of villains, tries to destroy the sanity of a female victim. It is some sort of tribute to the double standard that the victim is never male. In this case, Merle Oberon, a young heiress with a mental hangover from a torpedoing in the Indian Ocean, is so close to the line to begin with that the chief villain, Thomas Mitchell, appears to be off to a long head start with his mental deviltry. Plot trouble, however (the writers', not Mr. Mitchell's), forces him to abandon the psychological approach and be more blunt, so he spends most of the last half of the picture taking pistol shots at Miss Oberon and her fiancé, Franchot Tone, in the middle of a bayou on a Louisiana plantation. The bayou setting helps give "Dark Waters" a pretty substantial note of brooding terror, but your interest begins to subside when the gunplay sets in. Up to then, you may find the film good for an occasional medium-cold shiver.

IRENE DUNNE and Charles Boyer achieve a degree of cuteness in "Together Again" which I think will prove, when all the records are checked, to have bettered their previous efforts in that direction by the distance from here to Pooh Corner. Each becomes engaged to a high-school student, and a million laughs ensue, all of them uttered by persons in the picture. —JOHN LARDNER

•

Curious to know what the pyramids are saying these days, we dropped in on S. A. Ackley, the leading local authority in such matters. Mr. Ackley is a tall, thin man of 76, whose white hair stands out loosely at the sides. For 33 years he was associated with the Y.M.C.A. here, retiring as secretary in 1928. Since then he has given over his full time to studying the relation of the Great Pyramid of Cheops to human destiny, a subject in which he has been boring for a quarter century.—*Chicago Daily News.*

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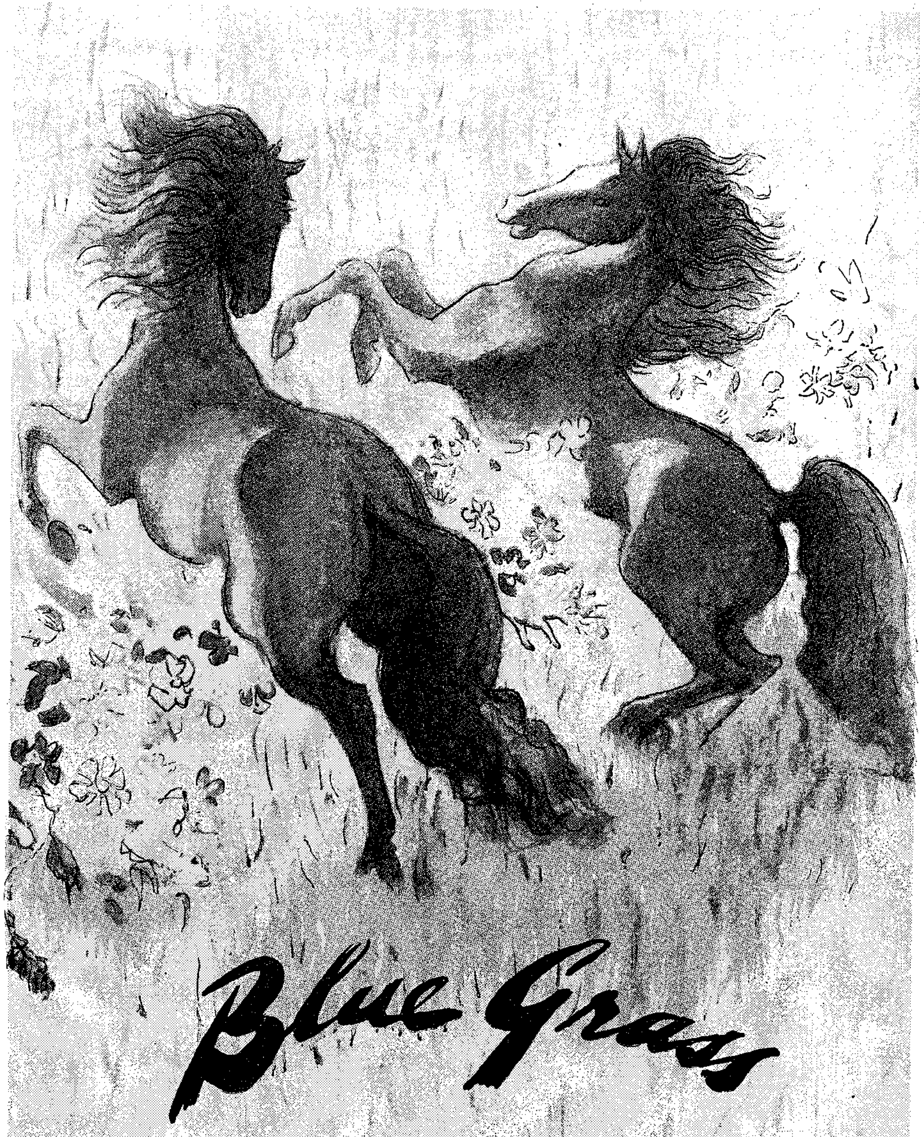

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Elizabeth Arden

TWO LUMPS OF ICE IN THE FRUIT JUICE

I WENT out on the gallery of the American Embassy in Port-au-Prince at ten o'clock for my mid-morning cup of coffee; then I stayed to smoke a cigarette, and I saw Vandenberg coming up the drive, stepping carefully on the white gravel. It was very clear that he knew nobody was permitted to walk on the grass borders planted by the Ambassador's wife. Of course, she did not conceal herself on the grounds all morning to keep an eye on the grass borders (or on the plot of cannas, either), but it was rather generally believed that she had spies. In any case, Vandenberg kept on the gravel, crunching awkwardly, his big head cocked forward. I could see how preoccupied he was.

Vandenberg was Dutch. He played the piano with a great deal of force and, for all I know, with a measure of genius. His papers established that he had been on tour in South Africa when the Germans invaded the Netherlands. He had turned up in Haiti late in 1942 and settled down to await permission to enter the United States. First he rented a small house in the Turgeau district of Port-au-Prince and bought a piano. Later he gave up the house and, with his piano, moved in with an old French couple on the Pacot hillside, above the city.

He gave recitals of Chopin and Bach every couple of months at one or another of the theatres or at a club. He stopped in at the Embassy about once a week to inquire, in his very deep, slow voice, whether we'd had word from Washington about his visa application, and when we said no, he always stood completely still for a minute or two, looking extremely disturbed, and then went ponderously away down the gravel drive.

Today he spotted me as he came up the Embassy steps, and he walked across the gallery and sat beside me. It was clear, now that I saw him close up, that this morning he had some worry more urgent than the visa. For an instant it crossed my mind that he had gone broke and intended to affix the touch upon me.

But it wasn't that.

He said, "Good morning, Monsieur. I suppose there is no information from your Department of State concerning my visa?"

I said no, there was no information as yet; I was very sorry. He shrugged and murmured, "Ah, well," but his thoughts obviously were not entirely upon his visa. He stared at me and said abruptly, "You have heard that Monsieur Bercy has died?"

"Yes," I said. "I've heard. How is Madame Bercy? How does she take it?"

The Bercys were the old French couple with whom Vandenberg had taken rooms. I knew them slightly. They had come to Haiti a good many years before and M. Bercy had gone into the exporting business. A few days earlier, he had died. He was survived only by his widow, who was herself almost eighty.

"She holds up," Vandenberg said. "At her age there are no dramatics. The sense of loss is probably blunted. I don't know. She will be dead soon herself, naturally, and she understands this. But for me the affair has been most shocking." He paused uncertainly. His lips were suddenly almost without color. Then, unmistakably, he shuddered, which was somehow fantastic in so large a man.

I was very surprised. "You were so fond of him?" I said.

"Fond of—" It appeared that Vandenberg did not understand. He seemed to be putting the words in order in his mind. After a moment he said, "I was not fond of him. I paid no attention to him and he paid none to me. He had a temper like a goat and I think he was not always very clean."

He turned his head until his eyes were looking directly into mine, and at the same time he placed a large hand on my knee. Slowly he said, "I have been living with the old Bercys for more than six months, as you know. Yesterday morning, for the first time, I found ice in my breakfast orange juice. Two lumps."

I missed the point, and must have looked puzzled.

"Listen," Vandenberg said. "Old Bercy was French. Madame Bercy *is* French. It was their belief that a cup of coffee made a breakfast. When I went to live there, I said to them, 'I prefer the American breakfast—orange juice, a cereal, eggs, toast, and butter.' I paid them enough and they tried to please me, but I never got cereal. They couldn't quite agree to the corn flakes. But orange juice, eggs, toast, and butter, yes."

Vandenberg gripped my knee a little tighter. "You will understand that the toast was always cold, which is characteristic of the Bercys and perhaps of the French race. The toast cold, the orange juice warm. Of course, the Bercys have no refrigerator, no ice machine. But there is an ice plant in this town. Ice can be bought. I said to Madame Bercy, 'Is it not possible to have ice in my morning juice, in the

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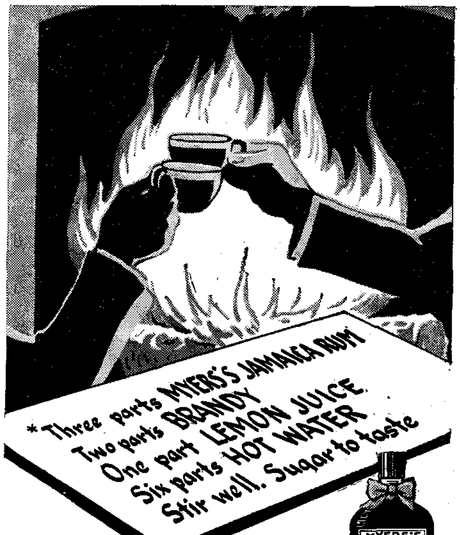

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American way?' Always she looked at me blankly, as if trying to grasp some immense revolutionary idea. Then I would raise hell with the houseboy, the one who brought me my breakfast. *Never* did any of this do any good at all." His voice trailed off. He sat quietly. It was as though he had finished what he had to say.

I was about to excuse myself and go back to my desk. But Vandenberg, it turned out, had not finished. In a louder tone, emphatically, he said, "Yesterday morning, for the first time, I found ice in my breakfast orange juice. As I told you, two lumps. To myself I cried, 'Success!' This is good orange juice, you know, in Haiti. I like it. So I stirred up the ice in it and it was very cold, and afterward I thought to myself, 'Ah ha, so old Bercy has been the one who did not permit Madame Bercy to buy ice for the orange juice. And now that he is dead—' " Vandenberg's face was without expression. The words tumbled out. "Suddenly," he said, "I understood all."

"All what?" I asked him.

"The ice!" he cried. He sucked in his breath, hard. "Listen! Yesterday was Thursday. Old Bercy died Tuesday afternoon. The funeral was Wednesday. This is the tropics. To preserve Monsieur Bercy from Tuesday afternoon to Wednesday noon, the hour of the funeral, of course they packed him in ice. But they did not bury the ice when they buried Monsieur Bercy. No. Madame Bercy is French and frugal, and she saw to it that they saved the ice, and Thursday morning some of it was left. At least two lumps were left—enough for my orange juice, enough to chill the orange juice for me."

"Come," I said. "Surely not—"

"This morning," Vandenberg went on, "this morning, which is Friday, there was no ice in my orange juice—none. Think what you please of it. Provide your own explanation. Tonight I go to a hotel. If there comes word on my visa, please to telephone me at the Hotel du Quai, Rue du Quai, dial 2961."

He stood up and gave me his hand to shake, and went slowly along the gallery and down the steps. In his intense agitation, he walked directly across the grass border that had been planted under the personal supervision of the Ambassador's wife.

—William A. Krauss

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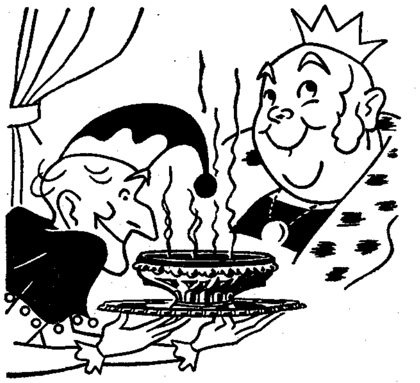
. . . she looked around and saw a masked intruder leering at her from the kitchen door.—*Denver Rocky Mountain News.*

Cellophane mask?



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Music about People

THE Philharmonic-Symphony and Artur Rodzinski presented an important and timely novelty last week—the première of Arnold Schönberg's "Ode to Napoleon," in which Byron's "Ode to Napoleon Buonaparte" is scored for speaking voice, piano, and string orchestra. The composition is meant to be more than a musical version of a scornful poem about Napoleon. Many of the lines apply neatly to other and more recent would-be world conquerors, and often there is a fine fury in the music to back up the most eloquent verses. The musical design calls for the blending of the speaking voice, whose rhythms are prescribed and whose inflections are suggested, with the instruments. The first night, unfortunately, the speaker was equipped with a microphone, and the "Ode to Napoleon" was in effect a composition for loudspeaker and orchestra. This mechanical difficulty didn't help the delicate tonal balances which are so important in Schönberg's music, and sometimes the Ode sounded like a recitation with incidental instrumental background. Still, even with this acoustic disproportion, it was evident that the Ode was an arresting, finely knit creation, although perhaps now and then perplexing to ears not wholly at ease with the composer's unusual harmonic idiom. Mack Harrell read the verses dramatically and in what I suspect was good Byronic tradition. Mr. Rodzinski and the orchestra, with Edward Steuermann at the piano, took efficient charge of the instrumental activities.

There have been other musical portraits in circulation of late, mostly of a more intimate nature. Virgil Thomson took over from Eugene Ormandy for one number on the Philadelphia Orchestra's program to conduct his own "Suite for Orchestra," which contained five portraits from a collection of more than a hundred Mr. Thomson has composed. Most of the audience probably didn't know the five subjects who sat for the suite (Mr. Thomson usually writes such sketches in the presence of the subject), but such knowledge wasn't essential. However, the music must have had an extra appeal for those who happened to be acquainted with the men and women who inspired it. All the items were concisely and ingeniously written. The one I especially liked was a charming cantabile for strings, which described Nicolas de Chatelain, a young painter. Mr. Thomson, an experienced director, drew an excellent performance from the orchestra. The musicians also shone in music by Sibelius, Tchaikovsky, and Ravel, conducted by Mr. Ormandy. Nathan Milstein was the soloist for the Tchaikovsky violin concerto, which he delivered brilliantly after a few early moments of uncertain intonation.

Several more impressions of people turned up in the impressive Town Hall piano recital by Max Kotlarsky, who played Leonard Bernstein's "Seven Anniversaries." Among the subjects of these attractive short pieces were Aaron Copland, William Schuman, and Paul Bowles, all of whom the resourceful Mr. Kotlarsky also represented by bright music of their own.

JANET FAIRBANK's Carnegie Chamber Music Hall song recital, as usual, brought many of us up-to-date on new vocal music. Some of the best contributions in Miss Fairbank's long list came, as it happened, from writers on music for the *Herald Tribune*—Paul Bowles, Virgil Thomson, and Lou Harrison. (The critic composers are getting a lot of attention this season, and deservedly so.) Mr. Harrison's "Sanctus" was, for some listeners, an introduction to this gentleman, who has taste and talent and knows how to say his say tersely without being abrupt about it. To go into the minutiae of Miss Fairbank's program would call for an essay, but it may serve to record that there were a number of songs that ought to go into the standard recital repertory and that there were quite a few that are not likely to have extensive circulation. The chief trouble with some of the unlikelier entries was that the composers picked unsuitable poems and then fought it out with the words to a losing decision. Miss Fairbank, in any case, won ample honors, and so did her accompanist, Paul Meyer.

THE New Friends of Music, as you probably know, are devoting their five-thirty Sunday sessions at Town Hall to Mozart and French composers this season. As always, the New Friends supply, along with staples, a quantity of things you don't often hear elsewhere—for example, two Fauré song cycles which were sung persuasively at a re-

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WATERTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

cent New Friends musicale by Martial Singher. Of course, you may not greet every offering at every concert with equal rapture (I wasn't exactly overwhelmed by a Rameau cantata), but you can count on an interesting, intelligent, and not too lengthy session of accomplished music making. I should add that these subscription concerts are sold out, so if you want to go, you'll have to find an old friend with an extra ticket.

THE New York City Center Opera is supplementing its stimulating season with two extra weeks of Johann Strauss's "The Gypsy Baron," which is to be on view at the City Center through Sunday evening, December 10th. "The Gypsy Baron" has one of those stories in which the tenor isn't accepted by the community until he proves to be of noble lineage. This plot handicap, however, is offset somewhat by a succession of Strauss waltzes and Strauss gypsy inventions. George Mead, an exceptional translator of operas into plausible and singable English, has done handsomely with the assignment of converting the German lyrics into something that doesn't sound like a translation. The show, as a whole, is goodlooking, well sung, and as lively as the story permits it to be. The production is rather in the straight old operatic manner. I would have preferred fresher treatment, but sometimes it seems to me that I am in the minority when it comes to chucking out traditions in the performance of the heavier light opera.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

PRACTICE HOUR, REAR VIEW

It is the hour for carefree antic,
For hopscotch, tag, and skipping rope,
But Anne is chained to scales pedantic
Beyond all human hope.

Her elbows, swift and sharp, combine
Efficiency, exasperation;
Behold her brief, indignant spine,
An angry exclamation.

Marshalled by metronomic tick,
Ten steely pistons grimly pound;
To each admonitory click
Responds its squad of sound.

Shrill roller skates around the block
Are obbligato to her labors.
God rest Johann Sebastian Bach
And heaven help the neighbors!

—CAROLYN WILSON LINK

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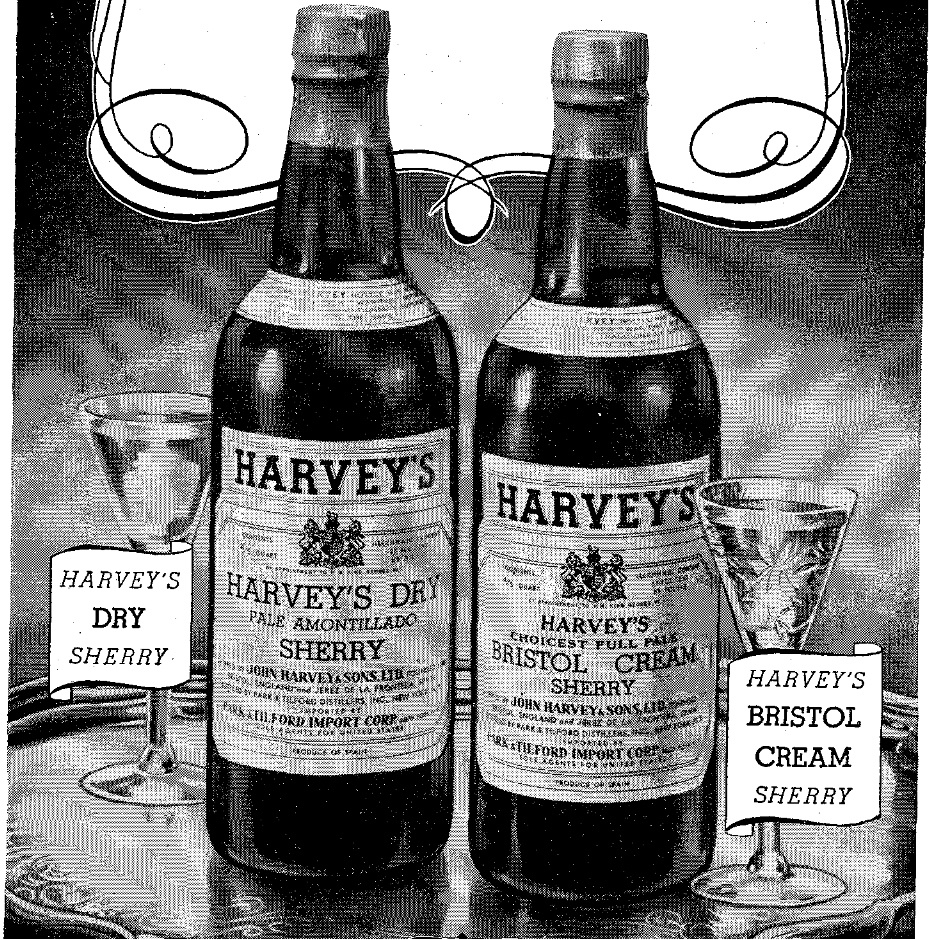
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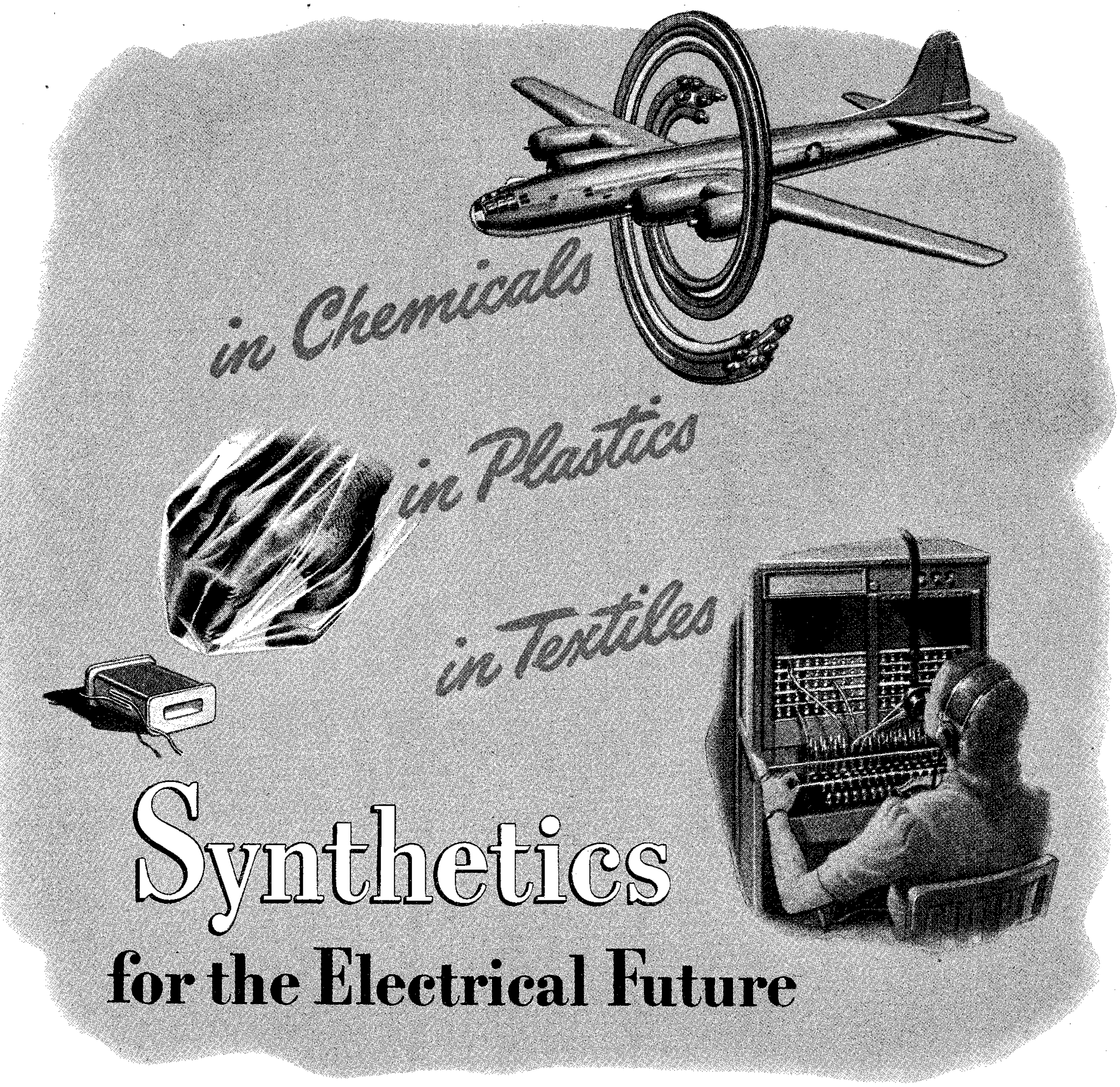

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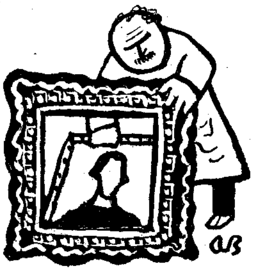
THE ART GALLERIES

Ben Shahn and David Hare

THERE is no denying that for a good share of the poorer people of the world, in both the country and the city, certain parts of their lives are almost hopelessly dull and dispirited. The long ride home on the subway, the outlook from the tenement window on the tenement across the street, the listlessness of Sunday morning, the aimless hours spent sitting on a bench or a stoop or a log in the country because there is nothing much else one can afford to do, the bleakness of the factory yard and the equal bleakness of the scrub pasture—such times are the blank spots of ordinary existence, and there is a special quality about them that few artists have tried to analyze. People can't be said to suffer at these moments; they are too near emotional dead center for that. There is little drama in such situations, and no violence, and so the painters of social protest have largely ignored them. About the only artist of sound feeling I know of who has tried to depict this side of modern life is Ben Shahn, and, perhaps to make up for his fellows' shortcomings, he has really concentrated on the subject. His new show at the Downtown Gallery (it is his first in four years and it closes this Saturday) is a wistful panorama of all the drabness, the sadness, the emptiness of a good part of everyday life.

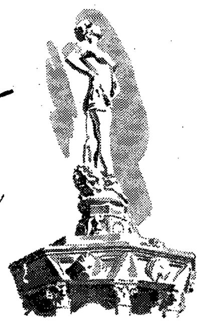


Shahn is a painter of blank walls, bare trees, raw and chilly landscapes. (But the landscapes are always only the background of his pictures; he is primarily interested in people.) By reason of his choice of subjects, his painting is static rather than dynamic, but he manages somehow to invest even his most purposeless scenes (see "Scabbies Are Welcome," of some strikers lounging outside a strike headquarters, or the poisonously green "The Clinic") with a truly terrific sense of the ominous and the foreboding. He depends a good deal on photographs for his documentation, and his use of this short cut to realism, I believe, is responsible for his principal faults as an artist—an odd, flat look his paintings have, for instance, which gives them sometimes a surely unintended appearance of the naïve; the preponderance of gray in their tonality; and the feeling one gets throughout that he is painting not observed color but remembered color.

I think he goes astray, too, when he tries to make his canvases carry too much overt meaning, as in "India" and "A Boy," or "Italian Landscape," with its black-clad nuns, ruined chapel, and funeral procession. "India," for example, shows a group of half-starved Hindus gathered at the foot of a temple's stairs, and it is certainly an honest attempt to portray the mixture of misery and fanaticism such a scene might have. But it is what I call a long-range attempt. One can't escape a feeling that Shahn just hasn't *been* there, and as a result the painting hasn't half the emotional impact of such far simpler subjects as "Fourth of July Orator," with its speaker blatting from his platform, or the almost heartbreaking "Girl Jumping Rope," which shows a girl skipping rope before a tumbledown house and a boy gazing out toward a pleasant field beyond, yet quite uninsistently expresses just about as much of the poignance and innocent frustrations of slum childhood as two or three square feet of canvas can convey.

I shall come back to my first thesis. There are times in most lives, and particularly among the poor, when things just stop dead, when there just isn't much to do. You can listen to a speech, as in "Fourth of July Orator;" you can peer through the cracks of a fence at a game going on in the field beyond, like the two figures in "Sunday Football;" or you can just sit quietly, boredly waiting for things to get going again, as in "Spring, 1940" or "Sunday Morning." Shahn's great value as an artist is that he understands these often overlooked moments and interprets them succinctly and expertly.

AT Art of This Century there is a show of Surrealist sculptures by David Hare, who is a newcomer both to the galleries and to this medium, for it seems that until about two years ago he had occupied himself solely with photography. Perhaps the chief charm of his work at the moment is its freshness of attack. All the pieces shown are in plaster, and, unlike most sculptors—who, although they may originate their pieces in plaster, always do so with some solider stuff, like bronze, in mind, and thus are limited by the problems of casting—



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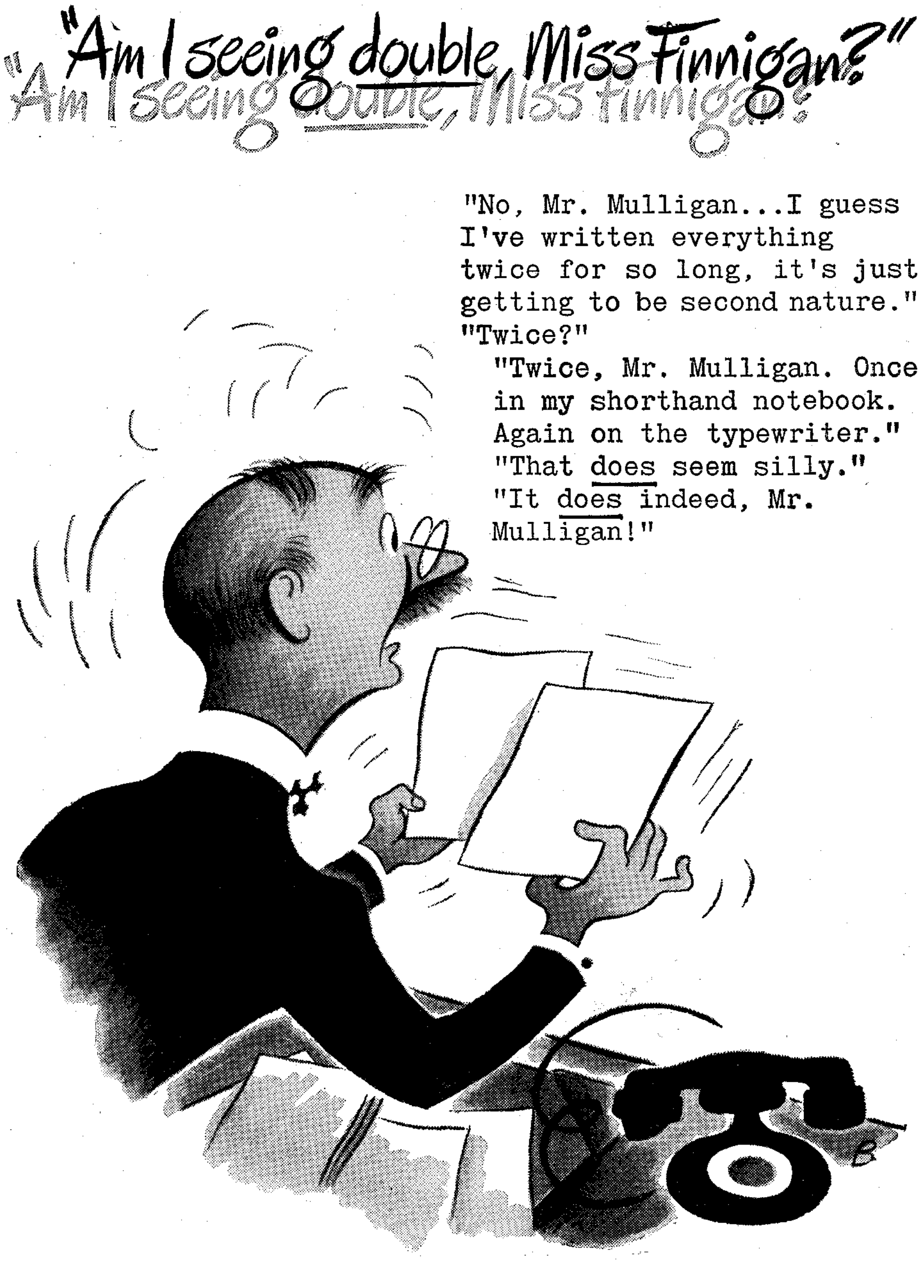
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he treats it as an end in itself and achieves some unusual effects with it. In "Hunter," for example, he gets an odd, ropy look in one section of the composition, apparently by dipping cord in the plaster and festooning it about before it hardens, while in others, like "Crab" and "Man with Facility," he gets something similar to the "accidental" effects the Surrealist painters are so fond of by letting the wet plaster run or drip or form in blobs on the surfaces of the composition.

All this trick stuff, of course, would be merely fun and very little else if Mr. Hare didn't have real feeling to back it up. As is natural with anyone so new to his medium, Hare's expression is still immature artistically and his influences are obvious. There are touches of Hans Arp in his forms, and an overall suggestion of Kurt Seligmann in his fantasy—enough to suggest, at least, that ideologically the two inhabit much the same world. But Hare has that prime quality that all good sculptors, fantastic or otherwise, must have—a sense of form and balance—and this, coupled with his feeling for the portentous, gives his work a good deal of evocative power. I liked particularly "Knight," very stately and important-looking, as well as the more delicate "Woman and Cage" and the primarily playful "Young Queen." —ROBERT M. COATES

•

G. R. writes: Would like to know concerning a lady that whirled around and around and fell over. She had eaten pumpkin pie, spareribs, and pickles for breakfast. Could this have brought on the attack?—*Health column in the Washington Times-Herald.*

No, the thing goes deeper than that.

•

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Jacksonville Florida Times-Union*]

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Taunton, 2731 Park Street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Janet, to Allen Davis Jr., S2c, USNR.

The marriage will take place on skates at 9 o'clock in the Southside Skating Rink. All friends of the couple are invited.

Good Books for Christmas Giving

Forever Amber

By Kathleen Winsor

"A rushing torrent of a book—as exciting a story as you will meet in several months of Sundays."—*Boston Herald.* This national best seller is "stridently alive, vibrant with the color of Charles II's reign."—*Saturday Review of Literature* $3.00

Account Rendered

By Vera Brittain

In an eloquent and moving new novel, the author of *Testament of Youth* reveals the effect of two wars upon a sensitive personality. $3.00

Young'un

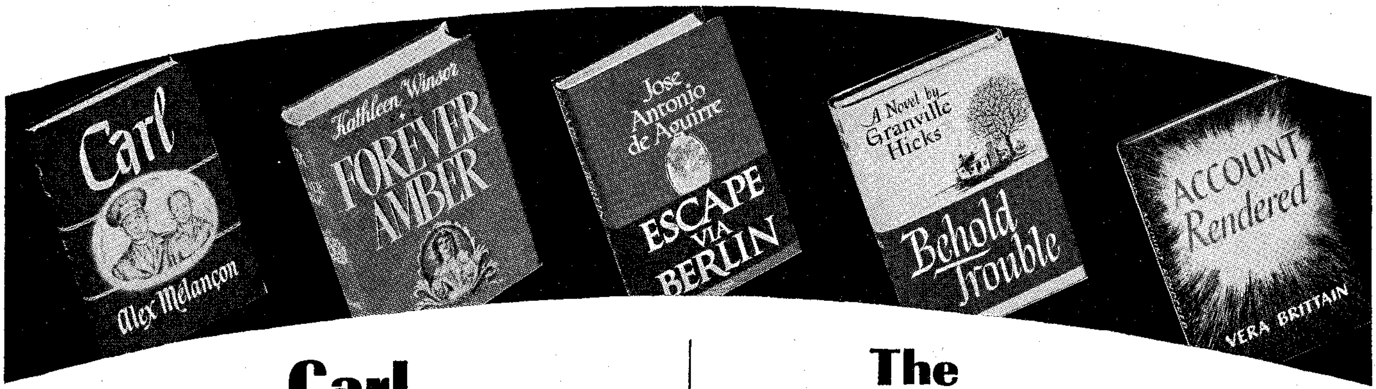
By Herbert Best

Young'un is a spirited and delightful girl whom all America is taking to heart. "A magical little tale . . . to read it is to have your faith in human nature restored."—*N.Y. Herald Tribune Book Review* $2.50

Behold Trouble

By Granville Hicks

A forceful novel, by the author of *Only One Storm,* about a man's revolt against society, and the exciting and tragic results. $2.75



Carl

By Alex Mélançon

Timely, original small-boy stories with a very special flavor, based on the correspondence of an imaginative seven-year-old with a newspaper man now in the Army Air Force. $2.00

Brook Willow

By Nelia Gardner White

"A beautifully compound, intensely felt, and penetratingly psychological novel."—*N.Y. Herald Tribune Book Review* $2.50

The Wind on the Moon

By Eric Linklater

An engaging fantasy which, like *Alice in Wonderland,* will appeal to all ingenuous souls. $2.75

Escape via Berlin

By José Antonio de Aguirre

Dr. de Aguirre was formerly President of the Basque Republic. "His story has depth, it has elevation, and it has truth . . . A highly civilized book by a highly civilized man."—*The New Yorker* $3.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

BOOKS

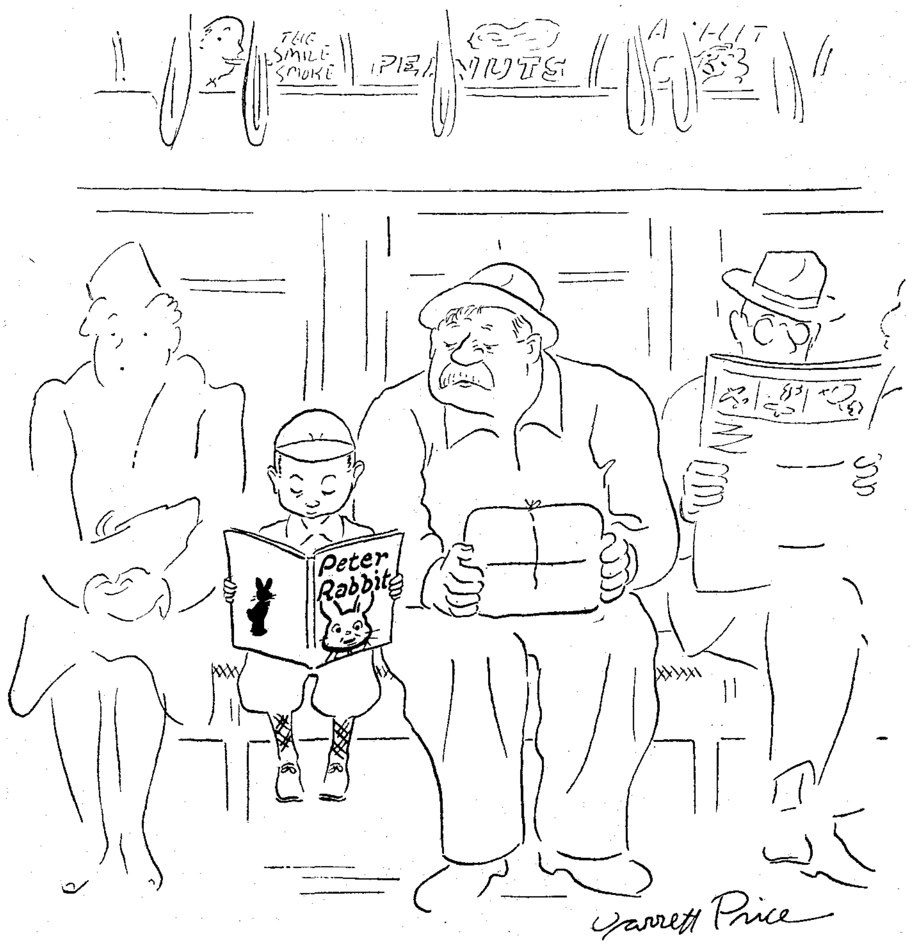
Gift Books and Books for Gifts

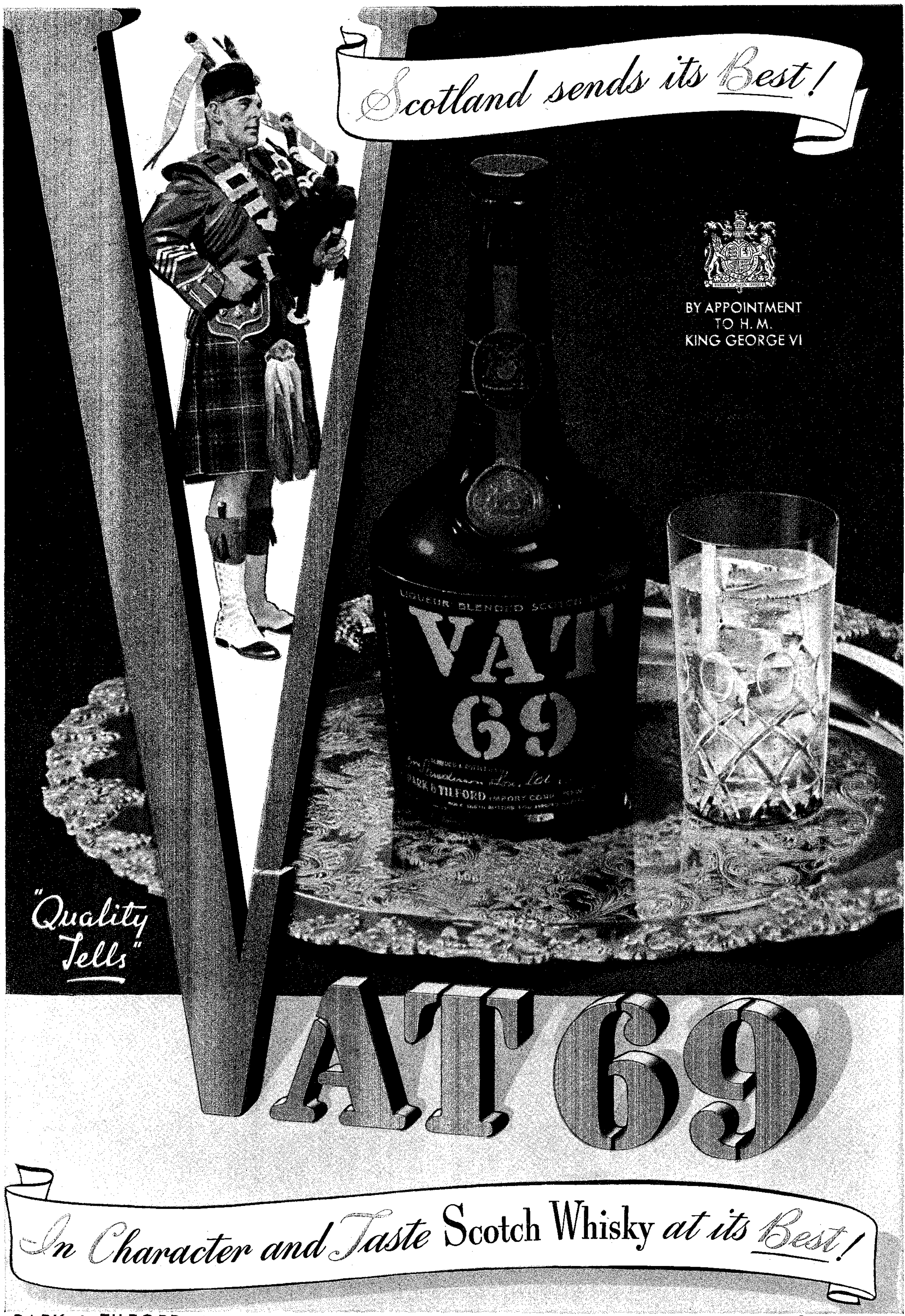
THE approach of Christmas brings inevitably—along with other speciously festive features—the pretentious over-illustrated gift book. Seventy years ago it was Jean Ingelow or Mrs. Browning in a stuffed brown or red leather binding; today it is Walt Whitman in a slip cover. I have just been through a dozen of the new Christmas specials, and the only thing I can really recommend is the splendid edition of "Grimm's Fairy Tales," published by Pantheon Books. This volume contains all the two hundred and ten stories in the only complete translation ever made—that done by Margaret Hunt in the eighties and for many years now out of print. The style has been somewhat revised for this edition. The book has also a preface by Padraic Colum and an essay on the Grimms and their work by the folklore scholar Joseph Campbell, and it is admirably illustrated by Josef Scharl, who has avoided the modern type of fairy-tale picture and done drawings of peasants, animals, and monsters that approximate to old woodcuts. (If the publishers should want to repeat next year what I imagine will be the success of this volume, I suggest that they bring out a translation of the similar collection of Russian tales by Alexander Afanasev, which have hitherto appeared in English only scattered in mixed collections. These Russian stories have more dramatic life and are even more enchanting than the German ones. The Baba-Yaga, with her fence of spiked skulls whose eye sockets glow at night and her magic pestle and mortar with which she propels herself through the air, makes the witch in "Hänsel and Gretel" look stodgy, and the Golden Goose seems loutish compared with the Fire Bird.)

For the rest, "Crime and Punishment," "Jane Eyre," "Leaves of Grass," "The Essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson," and "The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin" have been published by A. S. Barnes in the Illustrated Modern Library series, and "Tales of Edgar Allan Poe" has been published by Random House in a special edition; "Tales of Mystery and Imagination," by Poe, "The Red Badge of Courage," by Stephen Crane, "Life on the Mississippi," by Mark Twain, "The Wind in the Willows," by Kenneth Grahame, and "The Divine Comedy" of Dante have been brought out in special editions by Heritage Press. It is amazing that the efforts of the publishers to provide distinguished and tempting books should have resulted in so much bad taste. In the case of the Modern Library volumes, the format is at least fairly attractive, but in those of the Heritage Press the format is often clumsy and vulgar. And in both cases the illustrations are sometimes a dreadful mistake. It could not perhaps have been foreseen by the publishers that such estimable American artists as John S. Curry and Thomas H. Benton should turn out to be indifferent illustrators, but certainly the drawings and water colors of Benton for Franklin's "Autobiography" and "Life on the Mississippi" and those of Curry for Emerson's "Essays" and "The Red Badge of Courage" give the effect not of adorning or amplifying but of littering and obstructing the text.

Mr. Benton, so heroic in his murals, here seems strangely flimsy and sketchy, and Mr. Curry, accustomed to working in harmonies of rounded masses, turns out figures that seem blurred and inert. Both men are primarily painters and not at home with a book to be pointed up, and when they do do something pleasant in color, its effect is often more or less killed by the opposite page of printing or by the crease in the middle of a double spread. One of the pictures by Mr. Curry for Emerson, which is also reproduced on the slip cover—the enormous marble head and shoulders of a vacuous Greek sage with a number of costumed live celebrities lined up like pygmies at the level of his chest—is calculated to set the teeth on edge.

Boardman Robinson does no better for "Leaves of Grass." The Walt Whitman of his frontispiece looks like a faded department-store Santa Claus, and the poet's idealized Americans are doughy and vague in the extreme. Philip Reisman, who has already been allowed to disfigure "Anna Karenina" in a Random House edition, here contributes to "Crime and Punishment" his formless caricatures of Russian types, which have the distorted proportions of a Rowlandson without Rowlandson's ability as a draughtsman. Of the two sets of illustrations to Poe, it is saying very little indeed to say that the Random House series by Fritz Eichenberg is better than

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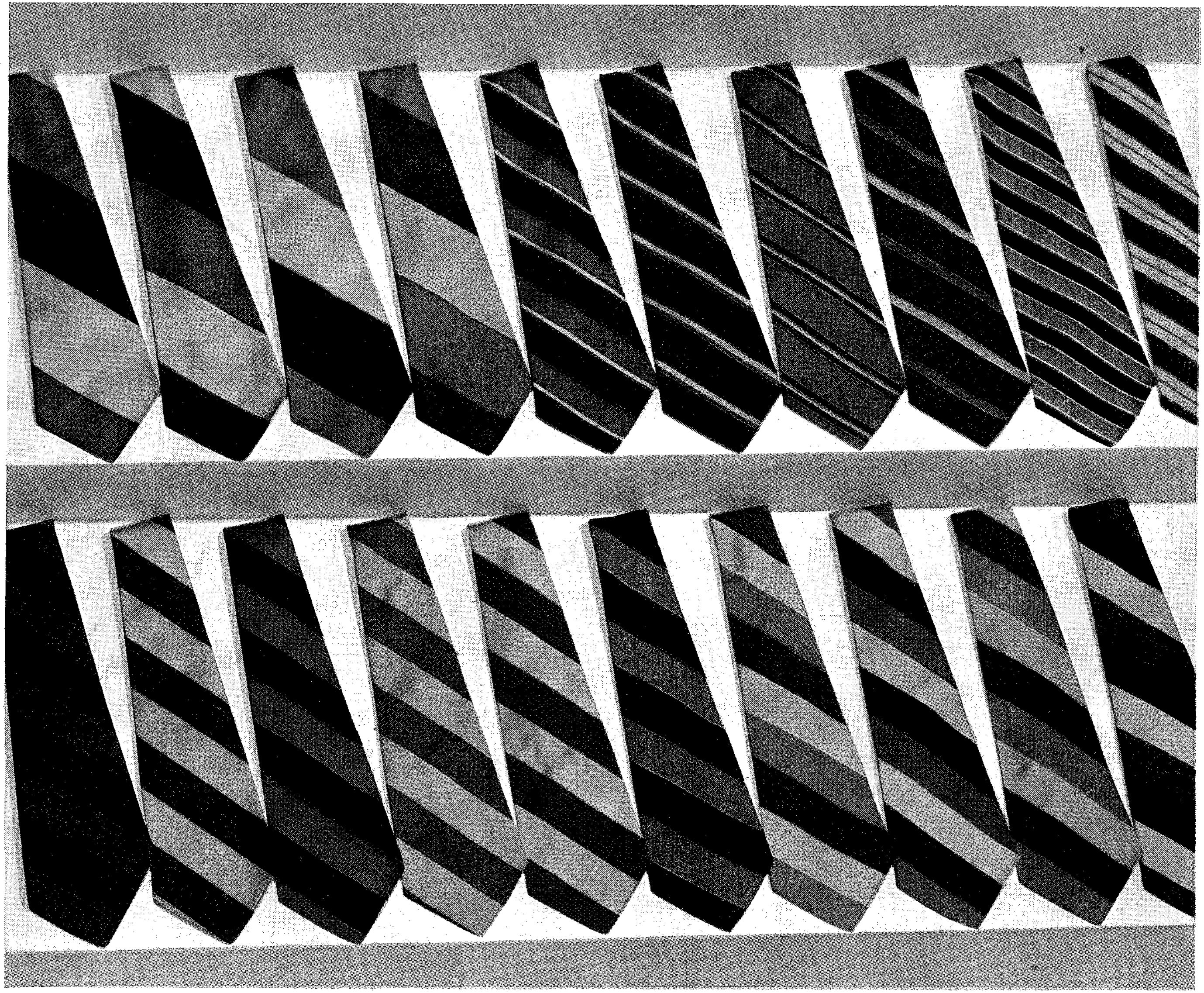

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McCURRACH ORGANIZATION • DEPT. H • 411 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK the Heritage Press series by William Sharp. Mr. Eichenberg's wood engravings at least have a certain solidity and sharpness—qualities lacking in all the other pictures mentioned. (If they *must* keep on publishing fancy editions of Poe, why not reprint the Aubrey Beardsley drawings, which have an independent imaginative life and a real artistic value?) Perhaps the pictures that come out the best are those for the Modern Library "Jane Eyre" by Edward A. Wilson, who is a professional and veteran illustrator and knows how to handle the problem. His faces are not particularly interesting, but his Victorian bedrooms and tree-lined drives in which no human figures appear do contribute what it is possible for illustrations to contribute to the atmosphere of the book.

The Heritage Press editions do, however, have points of interest. The edition of "Life on the Mississippi" includes a number of passages which the prejudice or taste of his period persuaded Mark Twain to suppress, and the Dante, a modern translation by Melville B. Anderson into a not too bad line-by-line *terza rima*, includes thirty-two of William Blake's drawings, now printed for the first time as illustrations to the text. One is doubtful as to whether to approve of the policy avowed by the editor in connection with the selection of these: to "avoid the grisly surrealistic suggestiveness which came into many of the drawings." The new edition of "The Wind in the Willows" has pictures by Arthur Rackham. It appears that Kenneth Grahame had wanted Rackham to illustrate this book but had died before anything had been arranged about it. The present publishers induced Rackham to undertake it just before his own death, when he could work only an hour a day. These illustrations are not among his best, but have their share of the delicacy and fancy that people who like Rackham enjoy.

I WANT now to make a few suggestions of books that do seem to me appropriate for Christmas presents. Since this department is to run this season no regular Christmas list, I shall not try to find books to suit all tastes but merely mention a few, published this year, that I should pick out to give, myself.

Here are some that are small and inexpensive and that ought to please people with literary interests without being sufficiently obvious so that they will be likely to have seen them already. "Nev-

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME VOLUMES

BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS

(*All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these books first appeared in this magazine.*)

The Road Back to Paris, by A. J. Liebling (*Doubleday, Doran, $3*).

The observations and personal record of a *New Yorker* correspondent in France, England, North Africa, and on the high seas, from the fall of France through most of 1943. Remarkably well-informed stories of the struggle for goals now won.

The Better Taylors, by Richard Taylor (*Random House, $2.50*).

Mr. Taylor's first collection of drawings of his round-eyed people, mostly women, in about a hundred and seventy-five predicaments.

The Portable Dorothy Parker (*Viking, $2*).

All the poems from "Not So Deep as a Well" and all the stories from "Here Lies," the author's two previous collections, together with five stories and a poem never before in book form. The definitive Parker.

The Summer Landscape, by Rolfe Humphries (*Scribner, $1.75*).

A new collection of verse by a sensitive and gifted lyric poet.

Spots by Suba (*Dutton, $1*).

A small volume of this artist's graceful and witty black-and-white drawings of children, grownups, and animals, which have long decorated the pages of *The New Yorker*.

Crazy like a Fox, by S. J. Perelman (*Random House, $2.50*).

Any subject that the old master wants to tackle is doomed to devastation. In this new compilation, he takes on forty-six, from beekeeping to oral hygiene, and the result is the usual chaos.

Grandmother and the Comet, by Victoria Lincoln (*Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50*).

The author of "February Hill" presents thirty diverting short stories which, in a subtitle, she disarmingly calls "insubstantial." They are interspersed with nearly a dozen brief poems.

Is It Anyone We Know? by George Price (*Murray Hill, $2.49*).

A collection of all the cartoons from two earlier books, "Good-Humor Man" and "It's Smart to Be People," and twenty-five cartoons that have not appeared in a book before. Some three hundred drawings of Price's frowzy but engaging people.

Pétain, the Old Man of France, by Janet Flanner (*Simon & Schuster, $1*).

A full and often mordant portrait of the Marshal and a compact history of the Third Republic.

Peter Arno's Man in the Shower (*Simon & Schuster, $2.50*).

This is the artist's first album to appear in three years. Besides the title picture, there are a hundred and fourteen other lively drawings of the Arno world.

Take Them up Tenderly, by Margaret Case Harriman (*Knopf, $2.75*).

Profiles of fifteen people who are either intimately or vaguely connected with the theatre. How the author takes them up doesn't matter as much as how she sets them down.

Feeling No Pain, by Sydney Hoff (*Dial Press, $2.50*).

Hoff's first collection of drawings. Almost two hundred glimpses of his ladies and gentlemen of the Bronx and the Rockaways, generally harassed and often in their underwear.

Love and Admiration, by Louise Field Cooper (*Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $2.50*).

Twenty-five polished short pieces, mostly fiction, about suburban life, by a writer who understands its humor and complexity.

Small Fry, by William Steig (*Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $1.50*).

An album of the Steig urchins, brats, and minor angels, from the depression years to the Commando era. More than a hundred pictures of juvenile rascals.

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- ☐ **BICYCLE COMMANDOS.** *by Wendell Farmer.* Illus. by *Alice Harvey.* Four children help track down a saboteur. 7 to 10. *Jr. Guild Selection.* $2.
- ☐ **RED LIGHT GREEN LIGHT.** *By Golden MacDonald. Illus. by Leonard Weisgard.* A delightful "traffic" book for children up to 5. *Jr. Guild Selection.* $2.
- ☐ **THE LAND WE LIVE ON.** *By Carroll L. and Mildred Adams Fenton.* The story of our land in simple text and 46 photographs. Up to 12. *Jr. Guild Selection.* $2.50
- ☐ **FRED AND BROWN BEAVER RIDE THE RIVER.** *Written and illustrated by Sanford Tousey.* An exciting trip down the Mississippi in the 1830's. 6 to 10. $1.50
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- ☐ **YONIE WONDERNOSE.** *Marguerite de Angeli.* A charming story about a boy who finds his curiosity an asset in taking care of his father's farm. Picture Book Age. *Jr. Guild Selection* $2.

Junior Books

Doubleday, Doran • Garden City, N.Y.

ertheless," by Marianne Moore (Macmillan), is hardly larger than a Christmas card and contains some of her animal poems, hand-carved and curiously patterned, as well as a very fine piece which is appropriate to the season as well as of almost unique rarity in sending out a beam of Christian feeling in connection with the war. Two other books not much bigger are the little volume of stories by Anaïs Nin, "Under a Glass Bell" (Gotham Book Mart), to which the cover and designs by Ian Hugo give a mysterious and piquant distinction; and the paper-bound pamphlet of "Selections from Herman Melville's Poetry," edited by F. O. Matthiessen and published by New Directions. If you want to send a little book which is really no bigger than a Christmas card, there is "Spots by Suba" (Dutton), sketches of children, ballet dancers, circus animals, sailors, and working girls, which are already known to readers of this magazine.

Of slightly larger size but still not on the heavy side are "Imaginary Interviews," by André Gide (Knopf), "A Selection from the Poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson," by W. H. Auden (Doubleday, Doran), and "Summer Landscape" (Scribner), a small volume of poems by Rolfe Humphries. The first of these has a smart little format, with clear, sharp type that matches Gide's style. The second is a routine wartime book, a good light size but with inferior paper. In our time the anthologizing impulse has been carried to rather depressing lengths—as if we could compensate for our present sterility by picking over and recombining the past yet at the same time bring its greatness within our own range by presenting it in such a way as to make it assimilable by nibbling, like a plate of cocktail appetizers. But Auden's rearrangement of Tennyson—to which he has contributed a preface, brief, brilliant, and slightly cockeyed—makes that great poet delightful and exciting as he may not have appeared before even to readers who knew him pretty well.

There have lately been a number of albums of colored reproductions of paintings, but far the best of these books this season seems to me "Masterpieces of Painting from the National Gallery of Art," edited by Huntington Cairns and John Walker (Random House). If I knew any schoolboy or schoolgirl who was showing an interest in art, I should certainly give him or her this. The eighty-five reproductions are large, all in color and admirably selected to cover a variety of painting, from Giotto

Borzoi Books

A CHRISTMAS LIST

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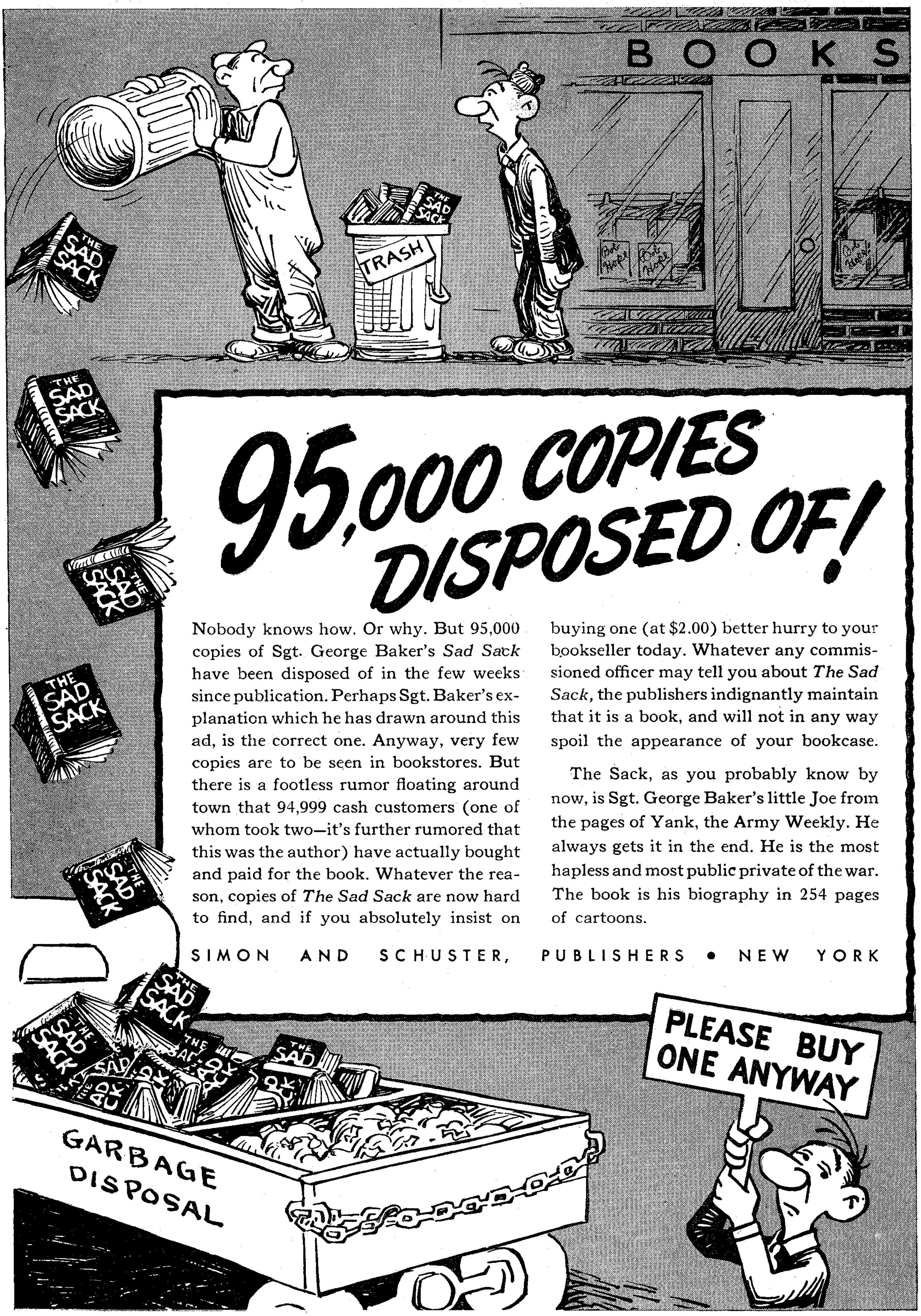

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Nobody knows how. Or why. But 95,000 copies of Sgt. George Baker's *Sad Sack* have been disposed of in the few weeks since publication. Perhaps Sgt. Baker's explanation which he has drawn around this ad, is the correct one. Anyway, very few copies are to be seen in bookstores. But there is a footless rumor floating around town that 94,999 cash customers (one of whom took two—it's further rumored that this was the author) have actually bought and paid for the book. Whatever the reason, copies of *The Sad Sack* are now hard to find, and if you absolutely insist on buying one (at $2.00) better hurry to your bookseller today. Whatever any commissioned officer may tell you about *The Sad Sack,* the publishers indignantly maintain that it is a book, and will not in any way spoil the appearance of your bookcase.

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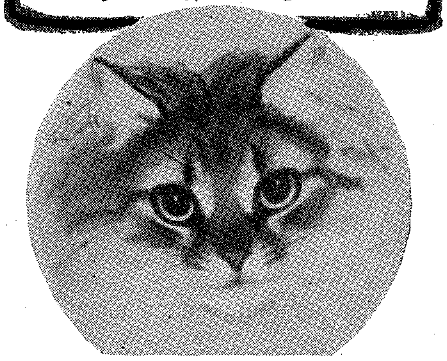

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and Masaccio to Renoir and Cézanne. Each is accompanied, not by a conventional description, but by a passage from Vasari or De Sanctis, Fromentin or Sir Joshua Reynolds, Huysmans or Baudelaire, Huneker or Aldous Huxley—by someone, in other words, who can really write about painting. The price—six-fifty—seems to me incredibly low.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GOLDEN ROOMS, by Vardis Fisher (Vanguard). Mr. Fisher has had himself plenty of fun writing about the earliest man, who was done in by the Cro-Magnons. The author probably does not throw any new light on the human race, but the book is suffused with an irony that comes through very neatly, especially when he is drawing our attention to the phenomena of race prejudice, dictators, and the workings of the artistic temperament among prehistoric men. Good reading, even though novelized anthropology may not be your passion.

THE BOLINVARS, by Marguerite Bayliss (Holt). A fancy super-romance about the handsomest, richest, most lovable, hardest-riding young man in New Jersey in the early part of the last century, and his cousin, the handsomest, richest, most lovable, hardest-riding young man in Virginia. Together the heroes unravel a family mystery involving murder and abduction, but that does not affect the cheerful and cozy tone of the story, in which fox hunting is the really serious preoccupation of all concerned. The book will undoubtedly be enjoyed by those who don't want to think about the war; it will be enjoyed even more by those who don't want to think at all.

THE WIND ON THE MOON, by Eric Linklater, illustrated by Nicolas Bentley (Macmillan). A rather contrived fantasy about two well-meaning little girls of eight or so who go on a spree of misbehavior with the best intentions in the world. Reads like a mildly amusing bedtime story, but the publishers say it's satire.

LOVE AND ADMIRATION, by Louise Field Cooper (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Twenty-five polished, lively short pieces, mostly concerned with a Mr. and Mrs. Findlay and their children, dog, baby rabbits, laying hens, white mice, English refugees,

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and other responsibilities. Nearly all of them were published in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

Lock, Stock, and Barrel: The Story of Collecting, by Douglas and Elizabeth Rigby (Lippincott). A detailed examination of the squirrel impulse, together with some notable manifestations of it. The Rigbys treat their subject with a solemnity that will occasionally seem heavy-handed to non-collectors—for example, when they try to establish the living organism's need for food as a type of collecting—yet even those who have never accumulated anything but old bills ought to be entertained by the stories and anecdotes the authors tell. Illustrated.

China to Me, by Emily Hahn (Doubleday, Doran). The old China hand is at it again. This time, in what she calls a "partial autobiography," Miss Hahn tells the continuous and chronological story of what—from 1935 until the Japanese let her leave, in 1943—she learned about China, the China on the other side of the street from Pearl Buck. She learned plenty, and she does not mince words in writing about it.

Verdict on India, by Beverley Nichols (Harcourt, Brace). Mother India as seen by an Englishman who spent a year there and didn't like it. Mr. Nichols goes through the motions of writing a report on India and comes up with a few sharp observations, but his book is more an attack upon India and almost everything (except British rule) in it. It is true, as Mr. Nichols suggests, that there has been considerable muddleheaded thinking about India. It is equally true, as he doesn't suggest, that his sort of petulant ill-humor isn't going to dry up the muddle or otherwise clear anyone's head.

•

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[*From the Times*]

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Other examples of the loss of German composure were cited.

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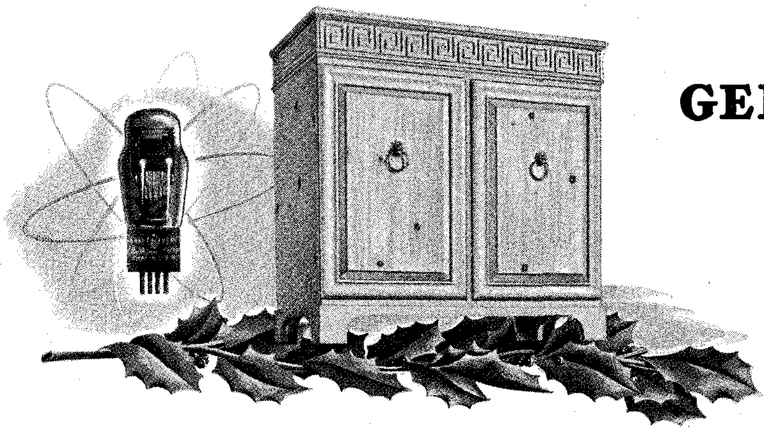

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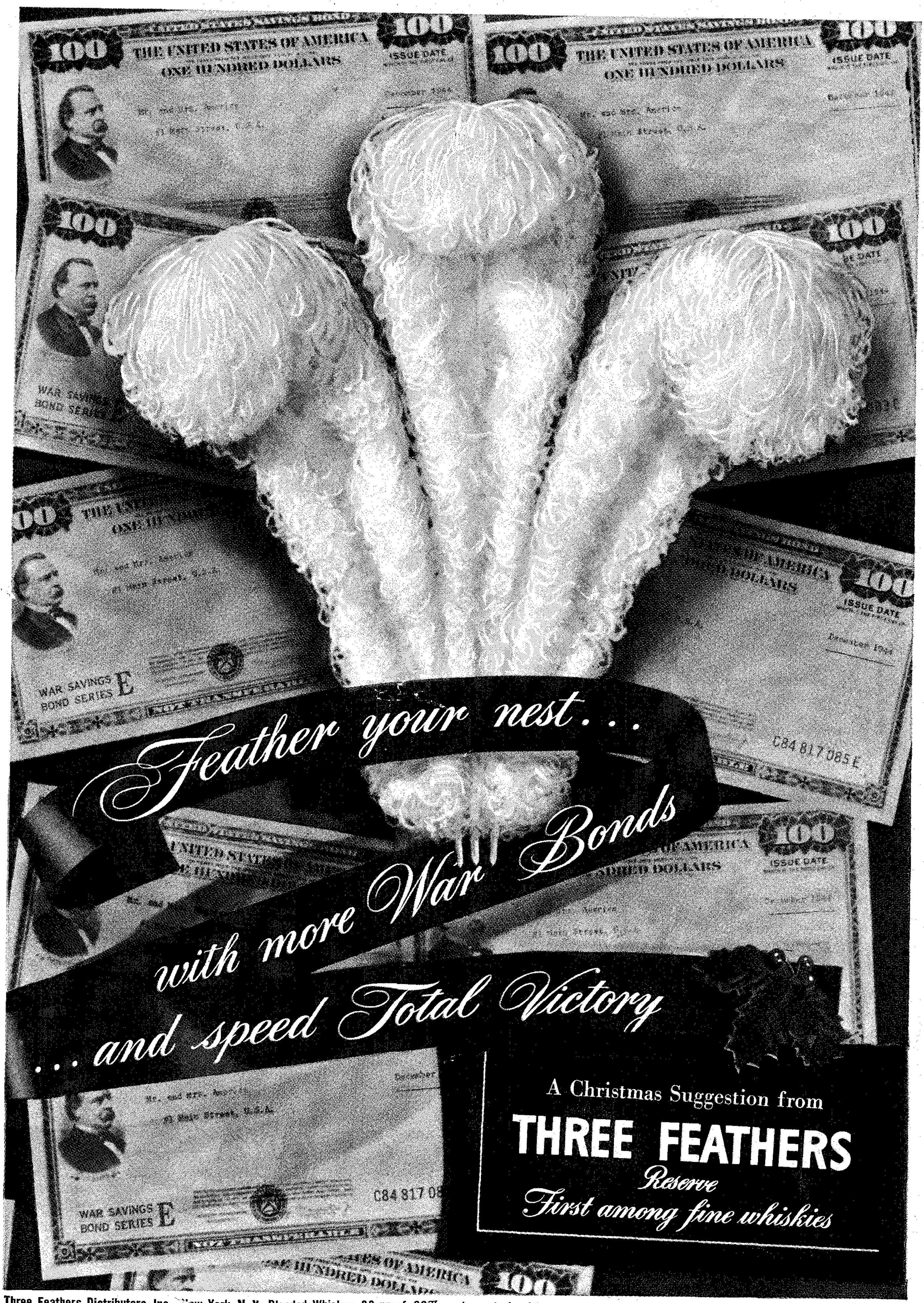
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